



# MUNSEY



## MAY, 1918

VOL. LXIII



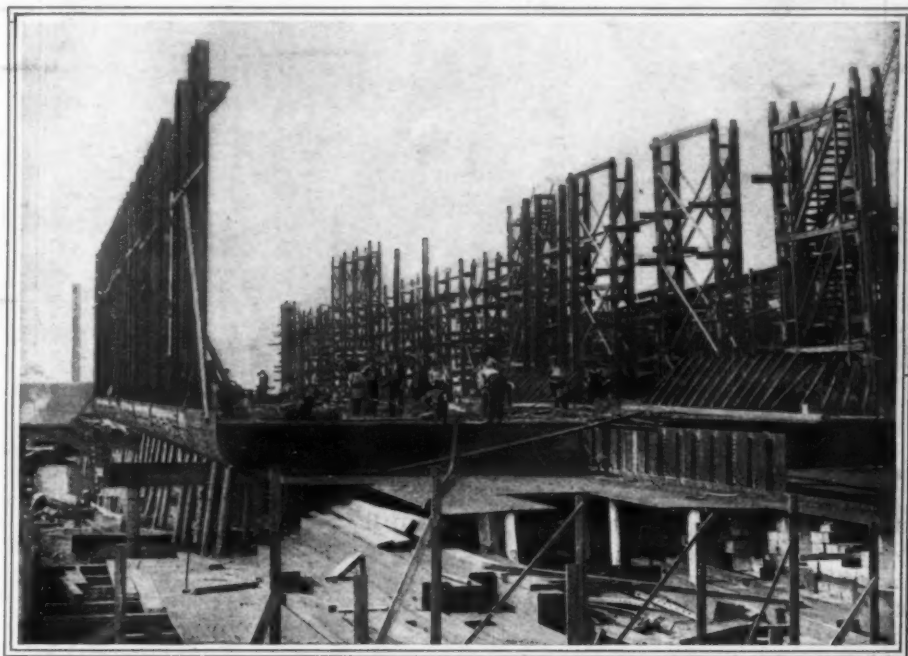
NUMBER 4

# The Ship-Building Problem

THE HEAD OF THE SHIPPING BOARD CONFIDENTLY PREDICTS THAT AMERICAN PATRIOTISM, SKILL, AND ENERGY WILL BRING SUCCESS IN THE GREATEST AND MOST VITAL OF ALL OUR WAR TASKS

By Edward N. Hurley, Chairman of the United States Shipping Board

**W**E have undertaken to build six million dead-weight tons of ships this year, and we are trying hard to do it. I am convinced that no one will permit the program of the United States Shipping Board to be upset by lack of American team-work. Our success in the war depends upon maritime tonnage; ton-



BUILDING THE HULL OF A TYPICAL STEEL CARGO-CARRYING STEAMER AT A SHIPYARD ON THE DELAWARE AT CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*



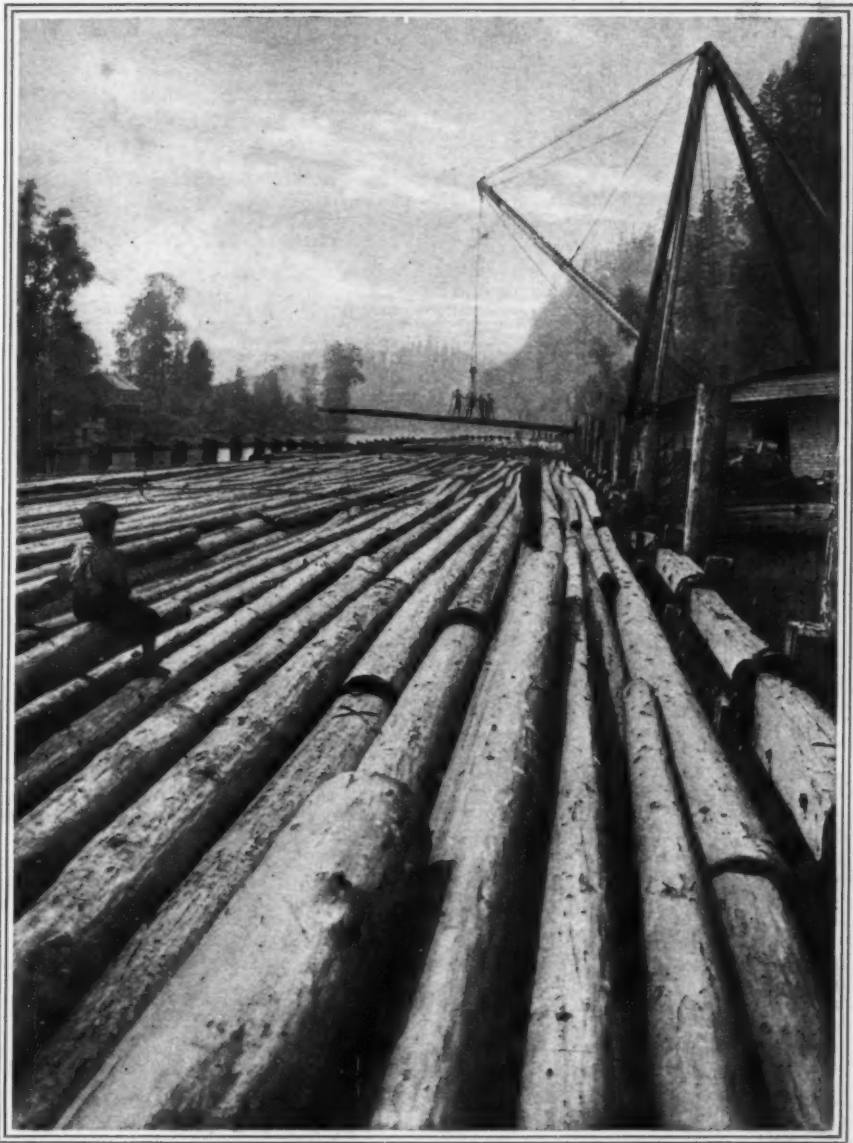
TIMBER FOR WOODEN SHIPS—AN EXPERT LUMBERMAN CUTTING OFF THE TOP OF A ONE-HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTY-FOOT FIR IN THE PUGET SOUND REGION

*From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

nage depends upon the efficient and faithful use of the nation's resources. Knowing that anything America sets out to do she does, and judging the ship-building future by the immediate past, I believe, at the time of writing, that by the end of the present year we shall have launched six million dead-weight tons of ships.

In the whole of 1916 we turned out a little more than three-quarters of a million tons of ships, dead-weight. Dead-weight is the total carrying capacity of the vessel; everything it can carry—coal, stores, freight, passengers. The new goal of our expectations is eight times the production of 1916.





FROM THE FOREST TO THE SAWMILL AND THE SHIPYARD—BUILDING A RAFT OF LOGS TO BE FLOATED DOWN ONE OF THE RIVERS IN THE PUGET SOUND REGION

*From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

We cannot achieve this goal by ordinary methods, by normal energy or average initiative. This is an extraordinary period in the country's history. We are confronted with an abnormal task and must apply abnormal methods. It is up to the people to consider fully the problem ahead of us, and to realize that every ounce of our en-

ergy and initiative must be directed toward the achievement of the greatest task ever imposed upon a nation at war.

The government alone, no matter how willing and anxious to do its part, cannot bring the production of ships to the maximum capacity of the United States. The shipyards alone, no matter how willing, can-

not do it. The labor of the country, no matter how intelligent, skilful, and patriotic, cannot do it. Working together, determined to forget everything but the national welfare, we can achieve our goal.

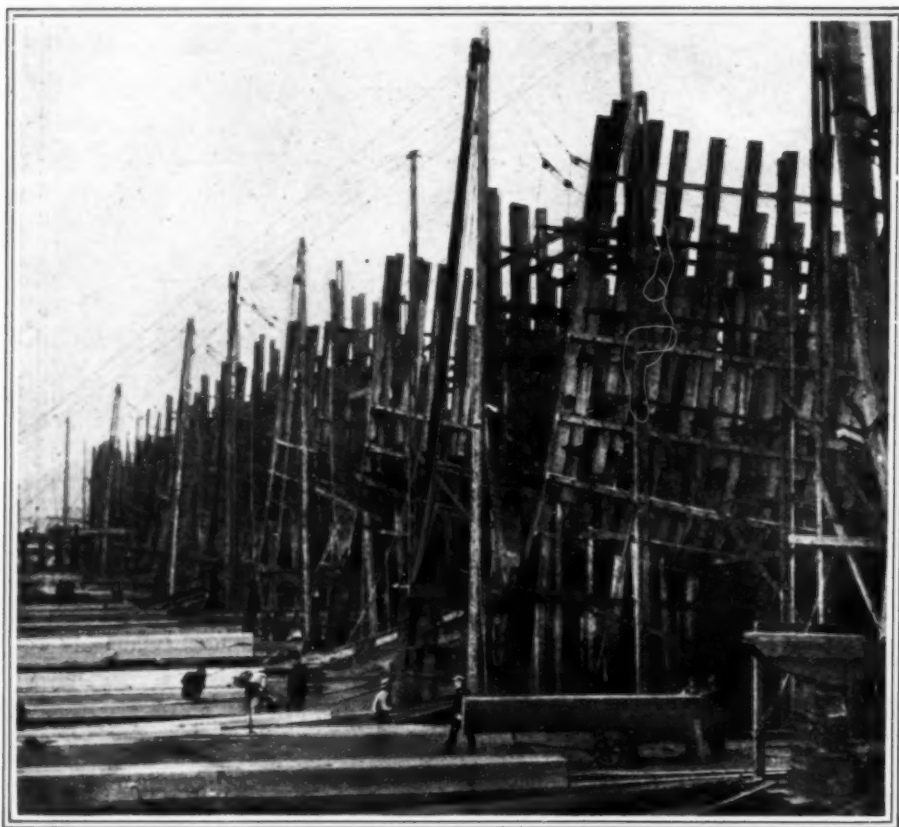
In any great enterprise of this kind there are always obstacles to be overcome. The biggest and best industrial concern in the world, if suddenly asked to multiply its output by eight, would have to strain every nerve to accomplish the task. It would have to build new plants, to find additional foremen, new labor, and new machinery, and to adopt new methods. If there were no obstacles to be overcome, however, there would be little credit in the achievement.

The immensity of the task of building vessels sufficient in tonnage to transport our army to France, to maintain it there, to supply the needs of our Allies, and at the same time to overcome the inevitable loss

from submarines, has been, until recently, lost sight of in our initial military, diplomatic, and economic activities. We are separated from the field of battle by the Atlantic Ocean, and the fundamental fact is that without adequate shipping we shall be wholly unable to do our share in winning the war.

#### BRIEF FIGURES OF A VAST PROGRAM

The immediate program of the Emergency Fleet Corporation includes 1,409 vessels of varying tonnages, with a total dead-weight tonnage of 8,636,808 tons. In order to carry out this huge program, dozens of new shipyards have been established. Yards are now in operation or under construction in twenty-five States, including practically all the States touching either the Atlantic, the Pacific, the Gulf of Mexico, or the Great Lakes.



A ROW OF WOODEN HULLS UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN A SHIPYARD AT ABERDEEN, WASHINGTON



QUANTITY PRODUCTION OF EIGHTY-FOOT MOTOR-BOATS IN A SHIPYARD AT BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY, FOR USE AS SCOUTS AND SUBMARINE-HUNTERS

The contracts of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, to be precise, have been let to 110 shipyards, of which 36 existed on January 1, 1917, and 74 have been provided since. In addition, the corporation has requisitioned vessels which have been or are building in 22 other shipyards, so that at present it controls the work in 132 yards, of which 58 are old and 74 are new. It has been obliged to render financial aid to 42 yards, and to direct the work of their extension and development. The remaining new yards are being constructed by private capital.

It must be borne in mind that this vast program of construction—not construction of ships, but construction of places where to build ships—was superimposed on a naval program which was the equivalent in dollars, and therefore in ship-building effort, of the construction of 2,500,000 tons of merchant shipping. The naval program and private contracts absorbed practically seventy per cent of the 18 prominent yards in existence at the beginning of the war with Germany, the remaining thirty per

cent of these yards being taken up with the construction of merchant shipping for both foreign and American account, which was requisitioned last summer. When we compare the total tonnage under construction for the navy and for the Shipping Board with the greatest output of American yards before the war, which experts have approximated at 615,000 tons, some conception of our undertaking will be had.

To this vast work must be added the work of repair on 109 German ships seized by the government. These ships are to-day in use, having added more than 500,000 gross tonnage to the transport and cargo fleets in our war service.

The destructive campaign of the German crews cunningly comprehended a system of injury which they believed would render it impossible to replace that which was ruthlessly battered down, or painstakingly damaged by drilling or dismantlement, without the shipment of new machinery from Germany. There is documentary proof that the enemy believed the damage to be irreparable. The scheme of destruc-



THE BOILER OF ONE OF THE SEIZED GERMAN VESSELS, PURPOSELY DESTROYED BY DRY FIRING

*Copyrighted by the Committee on Public Information*

tion was shrewdly devised and deliberately executed. It ranged from the plugging of steam-pipes to the utter demolition of boilers by dry firing, to say nothing of the removal of many standard parts from the engines—parts which were destroyed or thrown overboard.

#### BUILDING AND OPERATING THE SHIPS

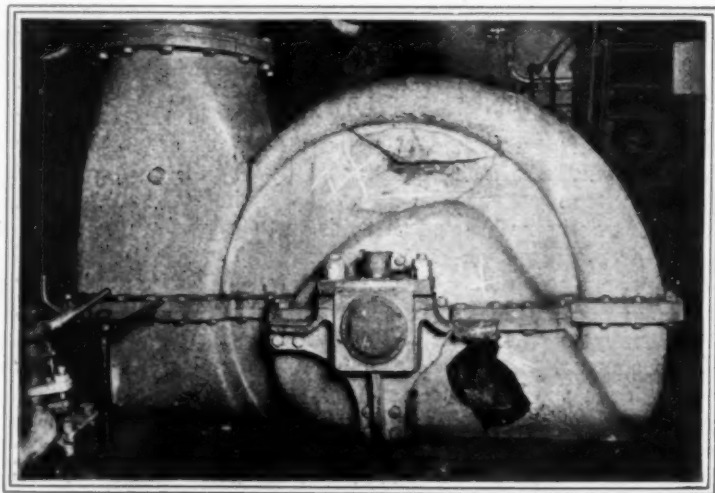
The great and constant increase in the number of yards and the amount of tonnage under contract has required a constant expansion of the organization of the United States Shipping Board and of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Briefly explained, the Emergency Fleet Corporation is the manufacturing part of the business, and produces the ships. After the vessels are completed, the Fleet Corporation turns them over

to the Shipping Board. The Shipping Board will operate them or make provision to distribute them among existing operating companies or others that will be organized to meet our requirements as they arise.

We have been compelled to make changes which the proper carrying out of the vastly expanding program made imperative, not

only with the idea of checking up and safeguarding the expenditure of the vast sum which Congress has appropriated and entrusted to our care, but with the idea of infusing into the ship-builders and their workmen the degree of enthusiasm that is absolutely essential to the carrying out of our purpose.

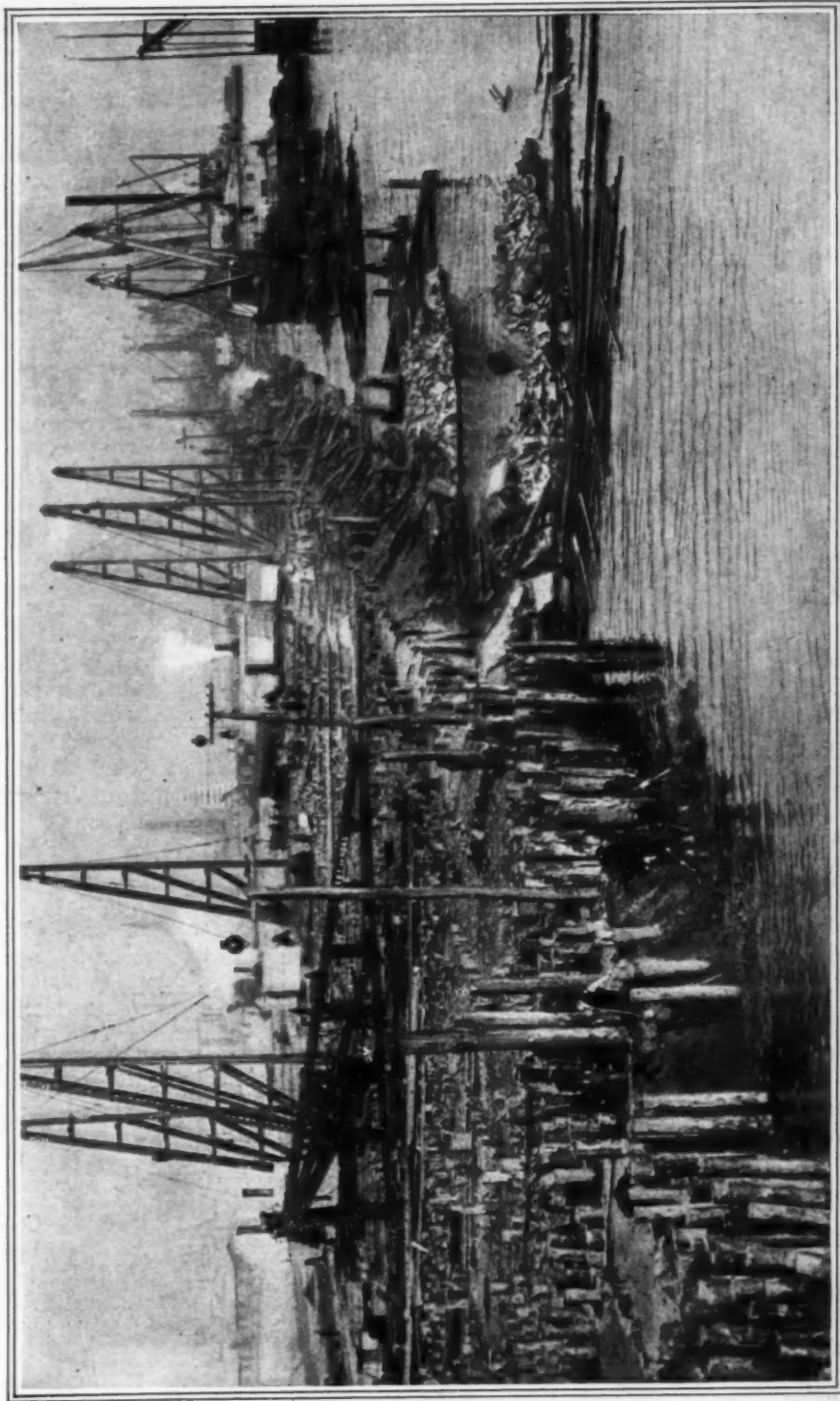
Obviously, we needed a vastly increased number of men, and it was therefore necessary to evolve a method of getting an ade-



MACHINERY OF ONE OF THE SEIZED GERMAN VESSELS, BATTERED AND BROKEN WITH A SLEDGE-HAMMER

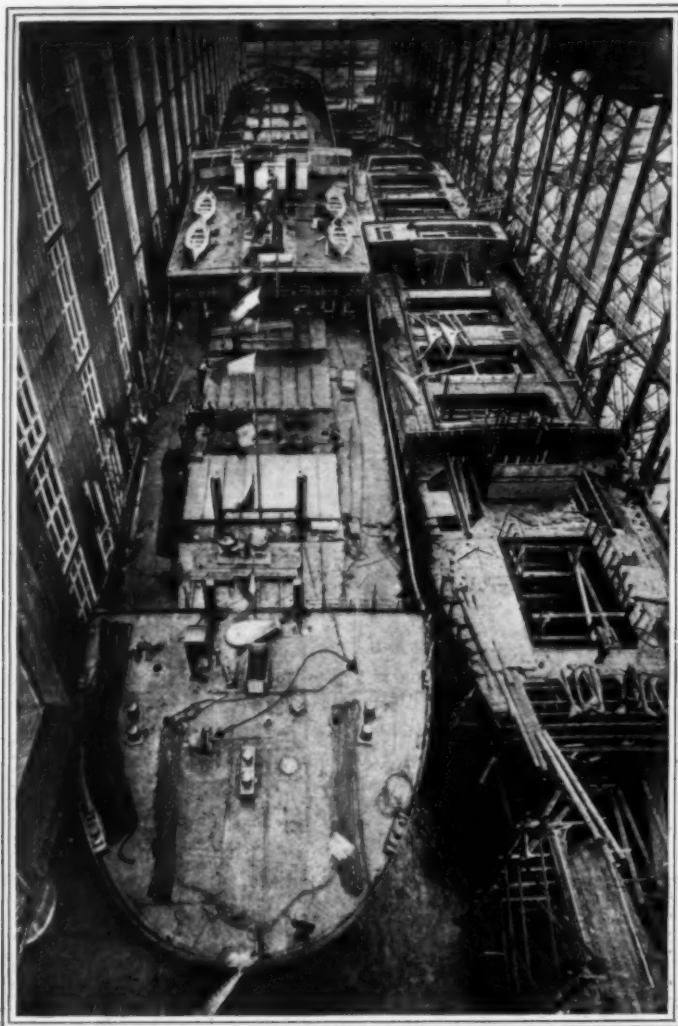
*Copyrighted by the Committee on Public Information*





THE BUILDING OF THE GREAT NEW SHIPYARD AT HOG ISLAND, ON THE DELAWARE, WHICH IS NOW TURNING OUT COMPLETED VESSELS FOR THE GOVERNMENT  
—THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS HOW A STRETCH OF EMPTY SWAMP-LAND WAS TRANSFORMED BY THREE MONTHS' LABOR, IN SPITE OF VERY SEVERE WEATHER





TWO STEEL HULLS NEARING COMPLETION IN A LARGE SHIP-BUILDING YARD ON THE DELAWARE AT CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

quate supply of labor, and of training it, if necessary. We also had to see to the training of the executive and technical organization in plants that have undertaken contracts for which their experience did not particularly fit them. Indeed, the big problem we have before us is to secure an adequate supply of experienced labor and competent shipyard organizations to direct it. Most of this work, of a constructive and administrative nature, must be done on the spot in each shipyard and in each shipyard community.

whether trained shipyard workers or artisans skilled in related trades and available for training in ship-construction.

#### MAXIMUM CAPACITY NOT YET REACHED

The task of the Emergency Fleet Corporation is not only the construction of new ships, but more particularly the fabrication of new facilities and the construction of new yards in which new ships can be built. It is only fair to state that with the tremendous expansion of the industry, with the relatively few experienced organizations

The task is a complicated one. It is necessary to make certain that the conditions in and about the yards are ready for an influx of mechanics, which means assistance in improving housing conditions and the utilization of the system of employment exchanges developed by the Public Service Reserve of the Department of Labor and the State Councils of National Defense. The feeling in shipyard communities must be that ship-construction is of the highest importance, and that the artisans in the yards must receive recognition from the public as patriotic members of the community, entitled to good living conditions, hospitable reception, and proper entertainment. All the while, however, a campaign must be carried on to recruit men for the ship-building trades,

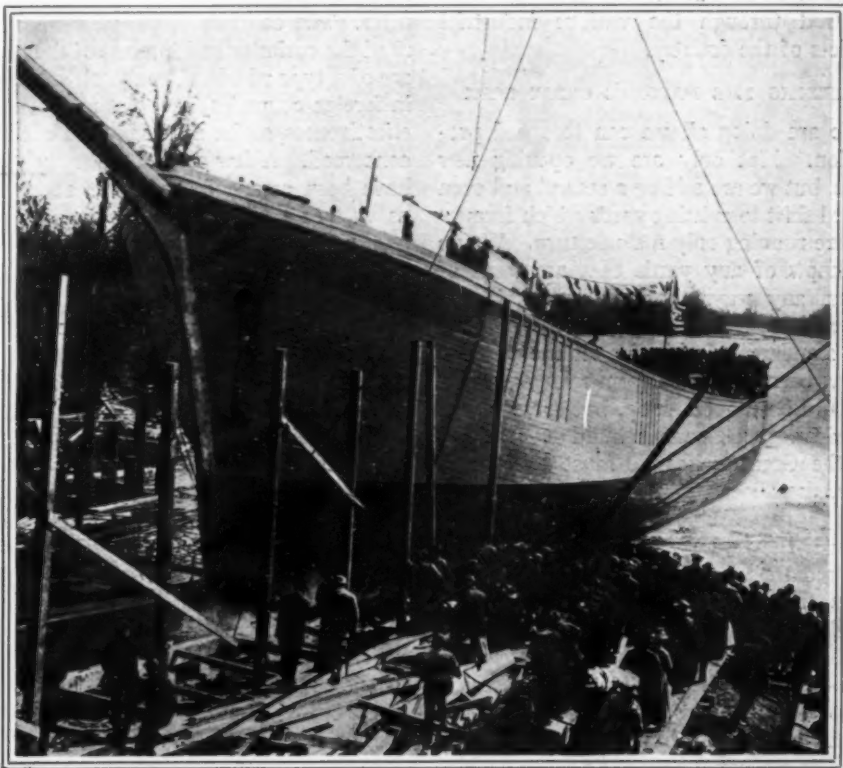
available, and the relatively small number of experienced workmen heretofore employed in our shipyards, some time must be granted for the proper expansion and development of the necessary labor and directing forces to man the newly created facilities. Time is necessary, in the case of any organization, both for the gathering of the necessary experience and for the development of the necessary team spirit, so essential to successful operation. It is hardly fair, therefore, to say that the newly created facilities shall from the very day they have been put into operation *produce ships at the maximum capacity*.

The plan developed by our predecessors for standardizing ship design, and for building large numbers of standard ships in specially equipped yards, in which the assembly of material fabricated in existing steel-works and machine-shops—often hundreds of miles inland—could be carried on,

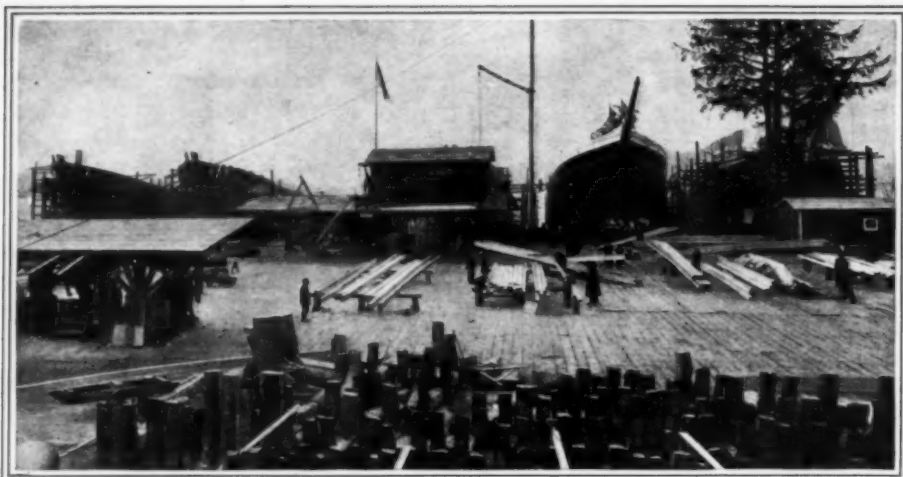
is sound. It will give a tremendously increased production of ships at relatively small expense for new construction, and without carrying with it excessive labor congestion at the yards.

A considerable portion of the effort of our organization has thus far been directed toward the completion of these so-called fabricated and other newly organized plants. The first three keels in those plants were laid last December. Thus far, in many cases, the work has been preparatory, and it has carried with it the usual amount of annoyances and disappointments; but the period of preparation is getting rapidly behind us, and the period of actual ship-construction in full accordance with our plans is immediately before us.

We are planning to keep every yard running to its maximum. At the same time it must be borne in mind that the scope of our effort is not confined to the shipyards,



LAUNCHING THE CITY OF PORTLAND, A THREE-HUNDRED-FOOT WOODEN MOTOR-VESSEL, AT A SHIP-BUILDING YARD ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER, NEAR PORTLAND, OREGON



WOODEN SHIPS UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN A YARD NEAR PORTLAND, OREGON—IN THE FOREGROUND IS A PILE OF "SHIP KNEES," THE ANGULAR TIMBERS USED TO CONNECT THE FRAMES AND THE BEAMS

and that a very large portion of the machinery, and many of the accessories, are built in manufacturing establishments scattered through the various industrial districts of the country.

#### SPEEDING THE NATION'S GREAT TASK

We are doing all we can to speed production. Not only are we opening new yards, but we are adding a second and even a third shift to existing yards which formerly were running only a single turn. We do not know of any yards that are short of orders, any ways that are vacant in the country.

A standardized ship for all the yards—as has been suggested from many quarters—would be a good thing, but some of our American yards cannot build large ships. On the Great Lakes we must have small ships, because we could not get them through the Welland Canal and into the ocean if they were very large. Thirty-five hundred tons is the limit there. In other yards the ways would not take a large vessel. So far as possible, however, we are tending to centralize toward a large-sized cargo-ship, which is the most economical to operate.

Our aim is to build ships—as many ships as we can build. We have decided on several types—the wooden ship; the

composite ship, combining a steel frame with a wooden hull; fabricated ships; and standard, modern ships of permanent character. The concrete ships, which have excited the curiosity and interest of the public, are of a type which, although already tested in foreign countries, have yet to prove their effectiveness, so far as our present needs are concerned. A few contracts for such ships have been arranged, and their acceptance, as well as their adoption in greater numbers, will depend entirely upon the result of the tests to which the Shipping Board will submit them.

One thing is paramount. We face the need of adding to our shipping a large tonnage in the shortest time possible. Ten years ago the United States occupied such an insignificant place in the ship-building world that the output of our yards was below that of Japan. In 1909 England led by producing three-fourths of the world's bottoms; Germany was a poor second; Japan was a worse third.

To-day the United States must furnish ships to supply its own urgent needs and to help its Allies in the great struggle of democracy against autocracy. The demand is the greatest and most pressing that has ever arisen. Can we meet it?

Yes—we must do our best to build six million tons of ships this year!

# Concrete Ships—A New Idea in Marine Architecture

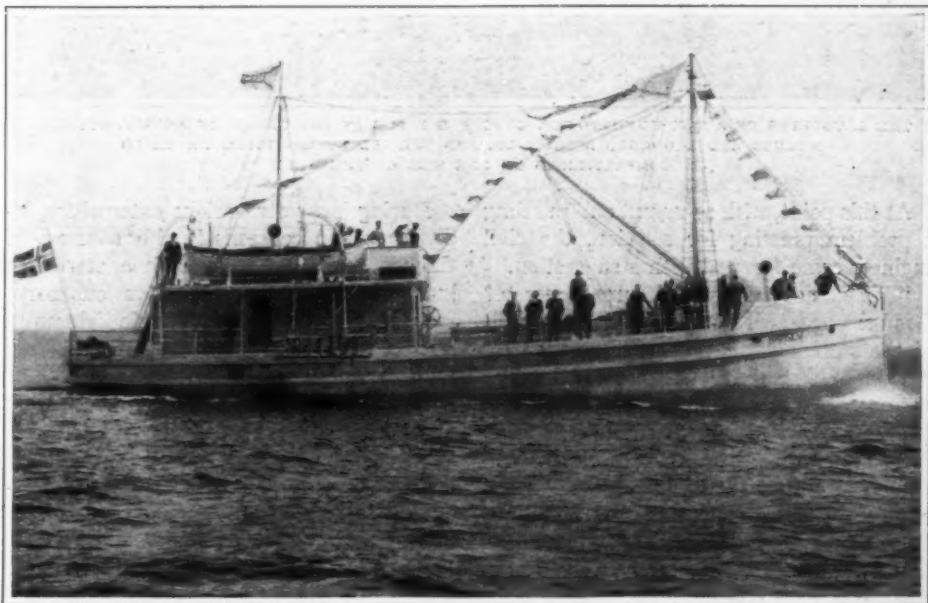
THE SUCCESS OF A NOVEL METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION WHICH MAY PROVE TO BE OF TREMENDOUS VALUE IN THE PRESENT URGENT NEED OF SHIPPING

By Robert G. Skerrett

THE stone age in ship-building is upon us! But, curiously, this does not mean that we have halted progress and turned the hands of time back many centuries. The modern stone craft—constructed of reenforced concrete—is a monument to engineering resourcefulness, and a striking evidence of what necessity may bring into being. Its successful introduction has laid the foundation of a new industry, which may grow to great proportions in the course of the next few years. In-

deed, it may prove to mark an epoch in ship construction as revolutionary as the advent of concrete in civil architecture generally.

The public knows that when the Emergency Fleet Corporation undertook to build many hundreds of vessels with record-breaking celerity, and found that our steel mills could not furnish all the necessary material without much delay, it decided to order a large number of wooden ships. But the ship-builder demands seasoned timber,



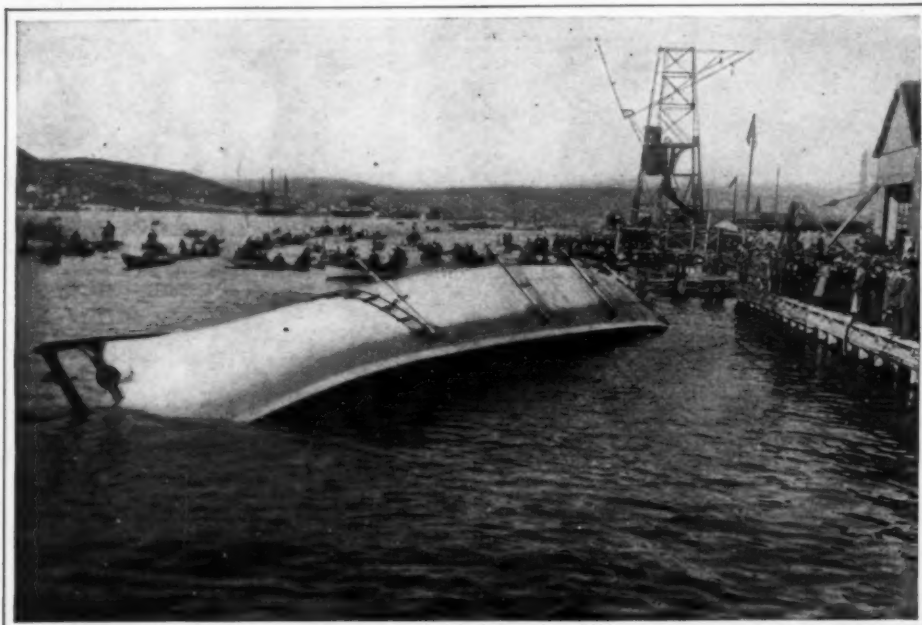
THE NAMSENFJORD, THE FIRST SELF-PROPELLED SEAGOING CONCRETE SHIP, BUILT AT MOSS, IN NORWAY, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1917, AND USED TO CARRY FREIGHT ACROSS THE NORTH SEA



and most of the lumber out of which our wooden fleet was to be made was still standing in the forests when the vessels were ordered. The naval architect knew that "green" material would not prove satisfactory. It was impressed upon him that the timber vessels were expected to face the rigors of the stormy Atlantic and to bear the racking motion of the billows in the "rolling forties."

bered that the raw materials are at hand well-nigh everywhere in ample quantities."

It was also pointed out that if rods or bars and wire mesh or lath were used for reenforcement, these very common steel products could be turned out by the more modest of our mills in measure to meet all demands. Such, in brief, are the typical arguments which led to the admission that the monolithic ship was well worth a trial.



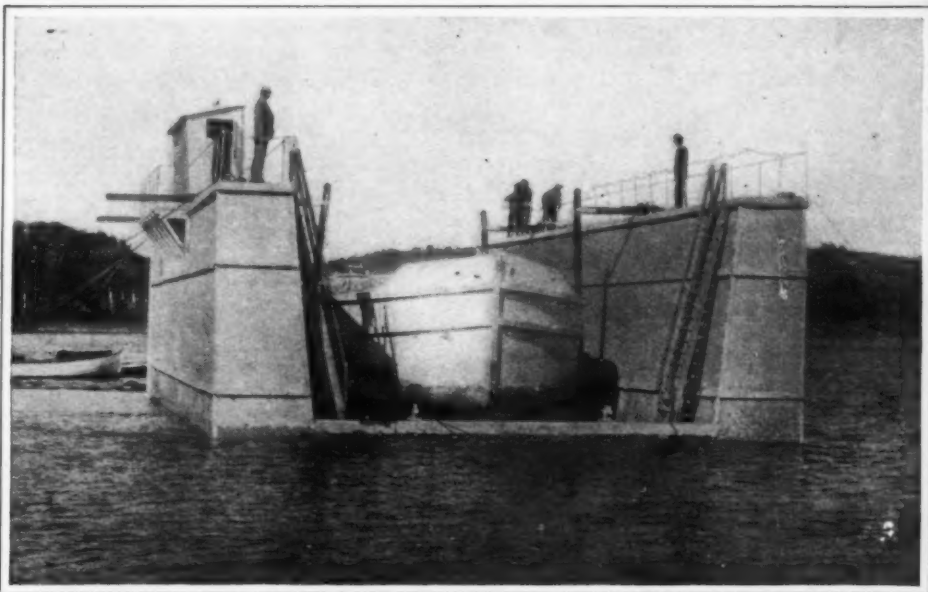
THE LAUNCHING OF A TWO-HUNDRED-TON CONCRETE BARGE AT FORSGRUND, IN NORWAY—IT WAS MOLDED AND LAUNCHED BOTTOM UP, AND RIGHTED BY ADMITTING WATER TO COMPARTMENTS ON ONE SIDE OF THE HULL

At this point, with so urgent and puzzling a problem pressing for solution, the civil engineer came forward with a suggestion.

"Why not try reenforced concrete? Good-sized barges have already been built of the stuff, and they have stood up well, despite hard usage." Continuing, the civil engineer urged: "Concrete is plastic and can be molded readily to conform to difficult shapes and curves. It is much easier to handle in this particular than either wood or steel. Besides, concrete is extremely durable, grows stronger and harder with age, and will resist severe shocks. When damaged, it can be repaired with little trouble, and quickly. And then it should be remem-

During last year various enterprising individuals and concerns in this country, in Canada, and likewise in Europe, started to build ferroconcrete craft of various sorts, ranging all the way from simple lighters to self-propelled ocean-going freighters. Probably the most ambitious of these essays is a vessel named the Faith, which was launched early in March at a California yard. She is a steam cargo-ship of nearly eight thousand tons' capacity. It was intended that she should make her first voyage under tow, but her builders are said to be so thoroughly satisfied with her appearance in the water that they are now installing her engines, and expect to start her





CONCRETE CONSTRUCTION AT THE FOUIGNER SHIP-BUILDING YARD, AT MOSS, NEAR CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY—A CONCRETE CARGO BOAT NEARING COMPLETION IN A FLOATING DRY DOCK, ALSO OF CONCRETE

under her own power within a few weeks. Furthermore, they are planning to build fifty similar vessels.

In Canada, at Montreal, a cement construction company launched last November a self-propelled cargo-carrier one hundred and twenty-five feet in length, and in Europe a number of monolithic vessels of less pretentious dimensions have been built and put in the water.

#### THE FIRST CONCRETE BOATS

It is a mistake to assume that these seemingly radical departures in naval architecture are without precedents. The truth is that the reinforced concrete boat can boast something akin to antiquity, because as far back as 1849 a small one was built in France. She still survives, and is said to be quite serviceable. For years after, however, nothing was done to promote the use of concrete for shipping—probably because more accustomed materials were to be had in plenty and at reasonable prices.

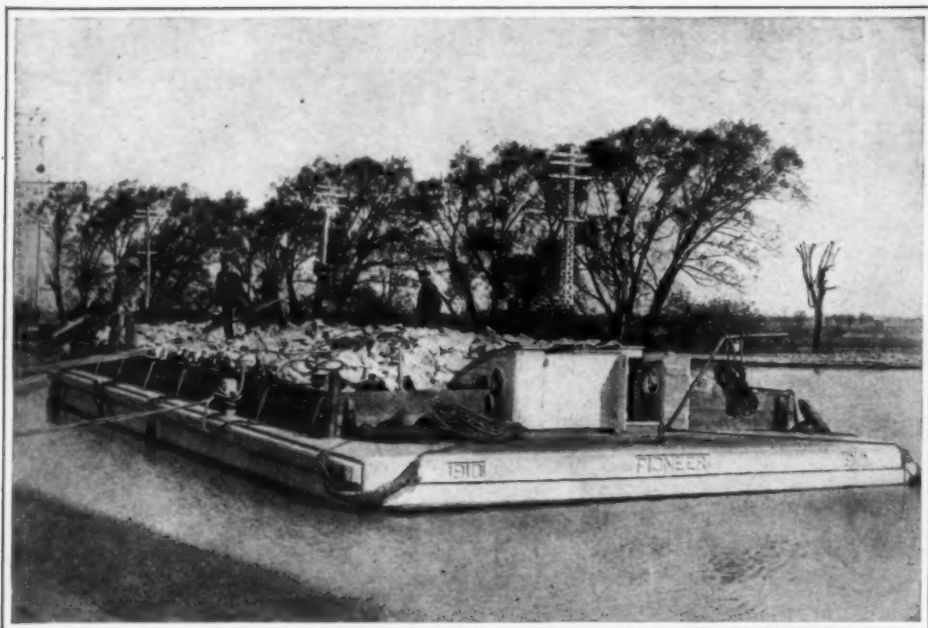
The thrifty Dutch eventually saw virtue in monolithic craft, and in 1887 began the construction of a number of canal-boats for their internal waterways. These started

with a capacity of eleven tons, and, proving satisfactory, were followed by others, sixty-four feet long and capable of carrying loads of fifty-five tons.

Carlo Gabellini, of Rome, undertook the building of concrete scows and barges in 1899, and in the course of the succeeding six years developed his method to a point where he turned out a one-hundred-and-fifty-ton barge for use in the port of Civitavecchia. By 1909 this ingenious Italian was producing car-ferry floats of reinforced concrete one hundred and fifty-four feet long. Gabellini's achievements, and the work of the Hollanders, spurred on German ship-builders, and in 1909 a concrete freighter of two hundred and twenty tons was fashioned at Frankfort-on-the-Main.

So far as the records go, the concrete vessel of commerce appeared in the United States about 1898, in the form of a schooner which was engaged for some years in the Atlantic coasting trade. She was looked upon more as a curiosity than as an example to be followed.

In 1910 the barge Pioneer, eighty feet long, twenty-four feet wide, and drawing seven feet of water, was built of concrete



THE CONCRETE BARGE, PIONEER, CARRYING A CARGO OF STONE ON THE WELLAND CANAL, IN CANADA  
—THIS EIGHTY-FOOT BARGE WAS BUILT IN 1910 AND HAS GIVEN EXCELLENT SERVICE

for service on the Welland Canal, in Canada, and used to carry broken stone. The durability of the craft has been established by continuous employment, and time after time she has withstood the dumping of whole car-loads of rock from a trestle twelve feet above her deck.

General Goethals had concrete barges fashioned for the Panama Canal in 1911; and in that year, or 1912, scows capable of carrying five hundred tons of sand or gravel were built for work in Chesapeake Bay. The Manchester Ship Canal, in England, has also found the concrete barge worth while, and the authorities there have reported that repairs can be made without dry-docking, and that the cost of maintenance is less than in the case of barges of other types.

In this country, at the present time, there is an urgent call for vessels suitable for use upon our inland or sheltered waterways, so that part of the traffic which now congests the railroads may be diverted to other channels. It is the belief of competent experts that reenforced concrete craft would answer admirably for this service, and would take much less time to build than

either wooden or steel boats of kindred types.

Furthermore, in regard to seagoing ships, some leading authorities assert that a concrete vessel would be better able to withstand the blow of a torpedo than the conventional freighter of steel. They believe that the structure of its hull would rob the explosive gases of much of their power to harm, and would to a marked extent diminish the probable area of injury. Be this as it may, the fact remains that the ferro-concrete ship has found favor with the United States Shipping Board, and the latest report has it that that organization has concluded to build twenty craft of this character, each of thirty-five hundred tons dead-weight capacity.

#### THE FIRST SEAGOING CONCRETE SHIP

Probably nothing has contributed more to this official decision than the notable success attending the operation of the motor-driven Norwegian freighter Namsenfjord. This vessel, of which an engraving appears on page 731, is the first self-propelled concrete cargo boat to navigate the high seas, and has been rendering excellent service

ever since she was put into use in carrying freight across the North Sea. While her dead-weight capacity is only four hundred tons, the principles involved in her construction have been thoroughly tested, and are believed to be susceptible of application to ships of at least four thousand tons. Moreover, her designer is positive in stating that he can build motor-driven freighters of from three to four thousand tons within the amazingly brief time of ninety days.

These results are promised because the several types planned by this ingenious Norwegian have been thoroughly standardized. Last December a thousand-ton freighter was launched at Moss, near Christiania, where the Namsenfjord was built, and another of sixteen hundred tons has since been put into the water.

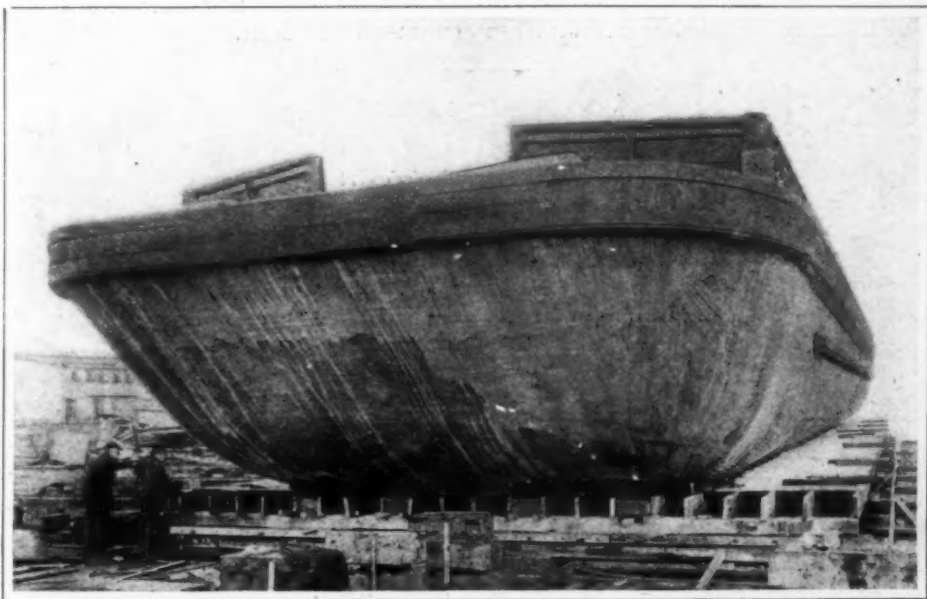
Confidence has been materially increased by the action of the officials of Lloyds, in London, who, after a painstaking inspection, gave the Namsenfjord a rating of A1. This attitude of the famous British underwriters disposes of the pessimists' assertion that the monolithic vessel would not be able to withstand the racking stresses of the open sea,

but would crack, open up, and probably sink like a stone.

The granolithic craft, like any other vessel, can be either badly built or so scientifically fabricated that it will meet every requirement quite as well as its sister ship of steel. The problem is to combine the concrete and the metal reinforcement so that there will be perfect contact throughout the entire hull. The best types have their steel completely embedded and beyond the reach of salt water or any corrosive moisture.

The ideal ferroconcrete boat is one having the least quantity of metal for a specified strength. The steel used should be such that ordinary labor—or, at any rate, men with a rudimentary knowledge of blacksmithing—can prepare it and put it in place in the monolithic structure. In some designs the concrete freighters require fifty per cent of the metal normally used in an all-steel craft of like capacity, while others, more expertly planned, need a much lower percentage of steel.

Strange as it may seem, a properly designed ferroconcrete ship, while stiffer than one of wood or steel, is yet elastic enough



A FIVE-HUNDRED-TON CONCRETE BARGE BUILT AT BALTIMORE IN 1912 AND SINCE IN USE FOR CARRYING SAND AND GRAVEL ON CHESAPEAKE BAY

to give sufficiently to the varied stresses of a stormy sea; but it flexes as a whole—not in parts, like its rivals of steel and wood—and for that reason is robust and able to withstand severe service.

#### HOW A CONCRETE SHIP IS BUILT

Various processes are used in modeling the hulls. In some of them the vessel is molded in adjustable forms; in others the steel skeleton is assembled, then covered with wire or metal lath to take the concrete, and finally plastered or coated, inside and out, with the cement mixture.

In the case of the Namsenfjord, parallel shells of wire mesh were shaped, between which the reinforcing bars were set up. Then concrete was poured into the space formed by the two mesh walls, thus binding all the metal and the plastic material into one solid mass. Lastly, the inside and the outside of the vessel were finished by hand. This operation has since been simplified and speeded up by the use of the cement gun.

The latest practise is to waterproof the cement. This may be done in two ways—by external coatings, or by making the concrete water-proof throughout. The latter process is deemed the more desirable, because it does not have to be renewed. When

the bottom is covered with an antifouling paint, barnacles and other marine growths will not attach themselves to the wetter surfaces of the granolithic vessels, and the marine boring-worm cannot eat into the concrete as it can into a timber ship. The concrete freighter is fire-proof, and, for a given strength, its hull is lighter than a similar one of wood.

Experts estimate that a five-thousand-ton monolithic cargo steamer would require sixty thousand dollars' worth of reenforced concrete for its hull, while a steel freighter of like dimensions would cost about five times as much. Moreover, while existing conditions make it difficult to estimate the speed at which any particular piece of work can be done, it is safe to say that under anything like normal circumstances a concrete hull can be modeled in one-half or even one-third of the time required for constructing one of steel. It is not surprising, therefore, that ship-builders are looking with growing interest upon the new departure in marine architecture. No wonder, then, that the United States Emergency Fleet Corporation, as stated in the preceding article by Mr. Hurley, chairman of the United States Shipping Board, has turned its attention to this new order of units for our merchant marine.

---

#### MOONLIGHT MOTORING

On through the night,  
Through the mystical, moonlit darkness!  
The breeze kisses cool on my cheek,  
And tosses my hair into riot.  
Ribbonwise, the road winds before us,  
White with moon-magic, while the shadows  
Of bushes and trees with gaunt, black arms  
Fall like specters over our pathway.  
We pass by long hedges of woodbine and pale-pink roses,  
Their fragrance so sweet—ah, so sweet it is almost heart-breaking!  
And ever I feel, with a thrill of tumultuous rapture,  
Your presence beside me, real, living,  
Your hand on the wheel, firmly guiding,  
While the motor purrs, catlike and fawning.  
Your hand, may it guide me forever,  
Just as to-night, through familiar fields that seem strange in the moonlight!  
Home—we are going home, newly wedded;  
Home—we are going home together!

Margaret G. Hays



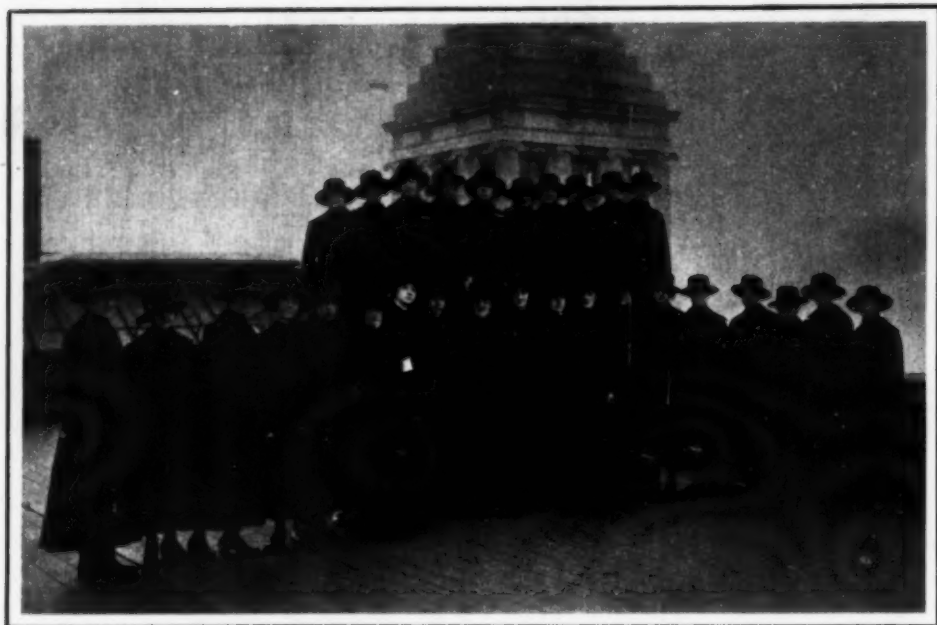
# *Told by the Camera*



THE LIVING-QUARTERS OF AN AMBULANCE DETACHMENT

Picturesque but inconspicuous shelters for stretcher-bearers in the woods of Hauts Batis,  
behind the French lines





#### A TELEPHONE UNIT FOR SERVICE IN FRANCE

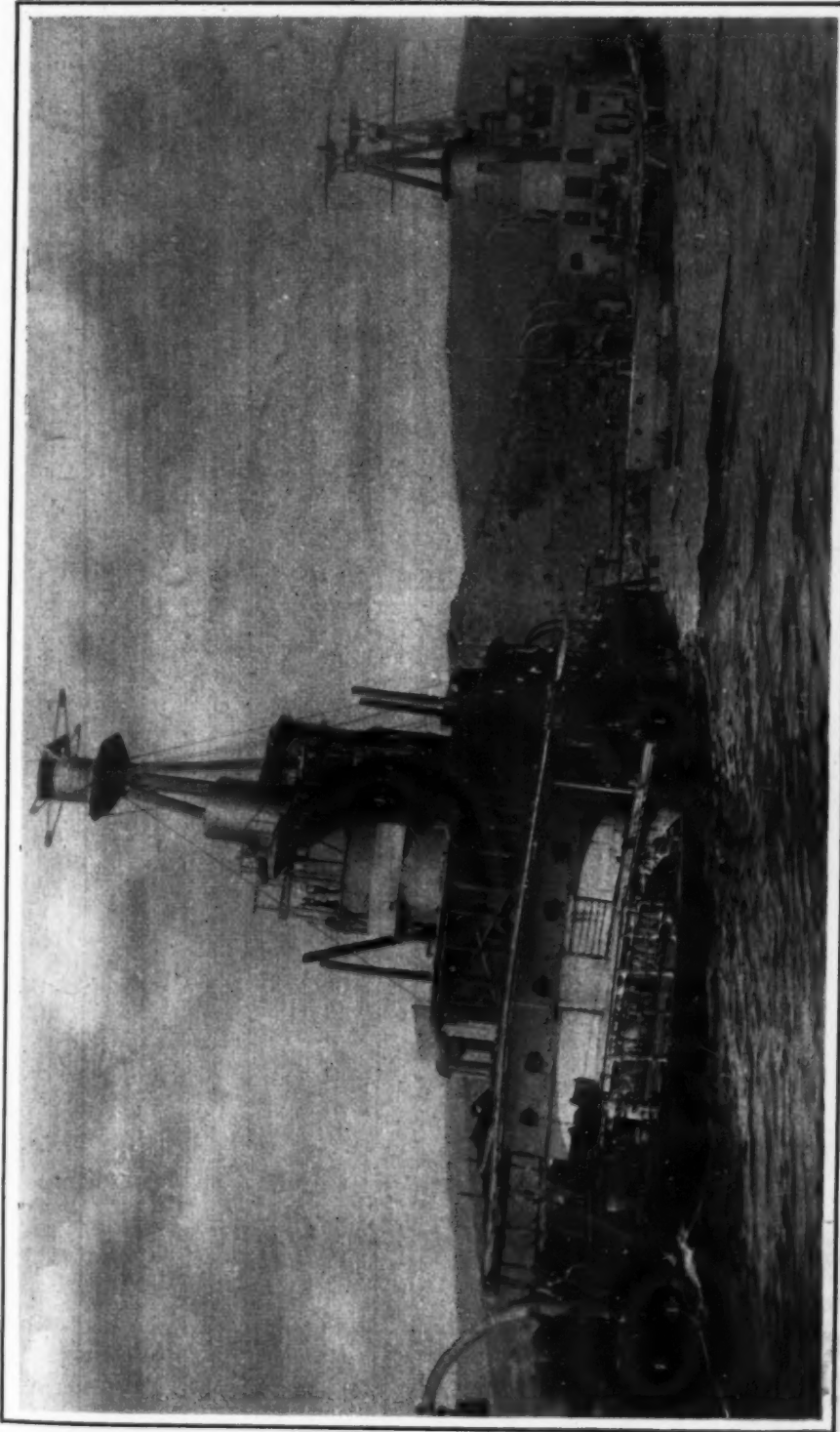
Twenty-nine expert telephone-operators, able to speak French, ready to sail for duty with the American forces



#### LIQUID FIRE—A NEW TERROR OF WARFARE

A form of "frightfulness" introduced by the Germans, and used in retaliation by the Allies—French soldiers experimenting with flame-projectors

Copyrighted by the Committee on Public Information



**TWO BRITISH DUMMY DREADNOUGHTS**

Wooden vessels, mere unarmed shells, built to deceive the enemy—After long service in the Mediterranean, these two were run aground to serve as a breakwater at a Greek port



**"FOR OUR MEN IN CAMP AND OVER THERE"**

A station on the steps of the New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street,  
for collecting books for our soldiers

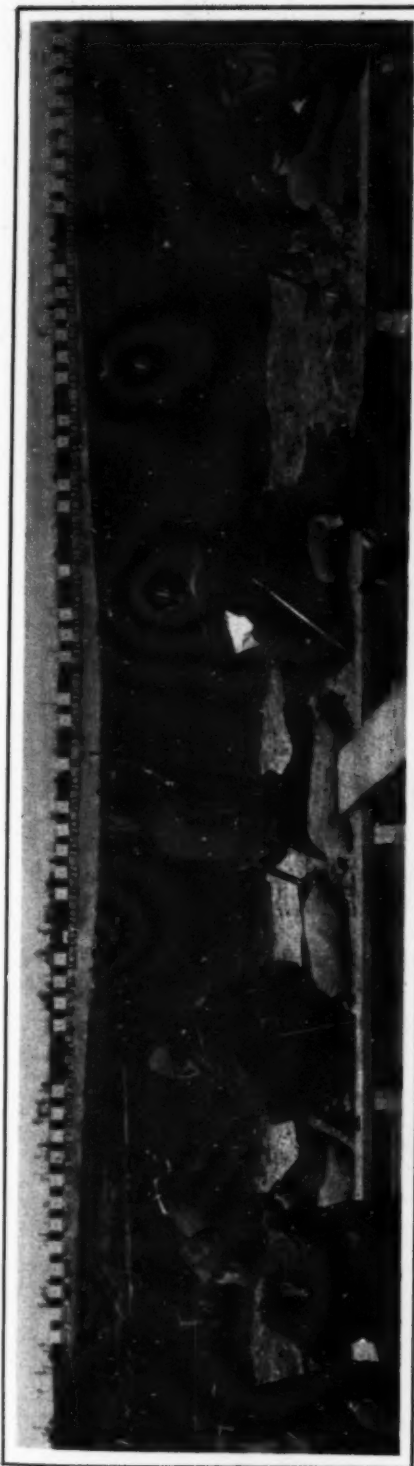
From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



**THE POLICE WHO GUARD NEW YORK HARBOR**

The police boat has stopped an unknown launch and is searching her, with a machine gun  
trained upon her occupants

From a copyrighted photograph by Kadel & Herbert, New York



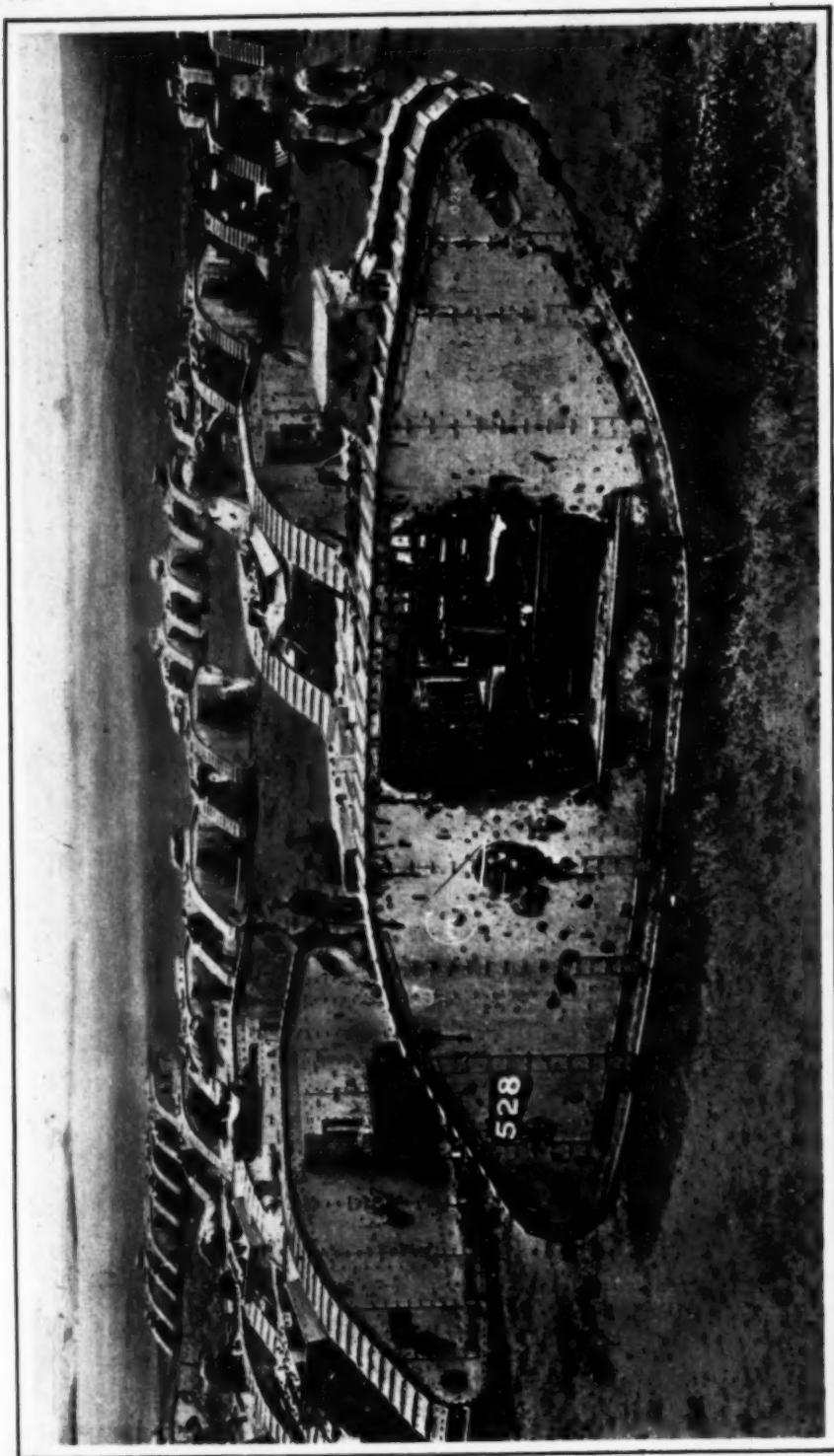
TARGET PRACTISE AT CAMP UPTON

Good marksmanship is a tradition with American troops, and General Pershing has urged that special attention should be paid to it  
From copyrighted photographs by the International Film Service, New York



"OVER THE TOP" AT CAMP UPTON

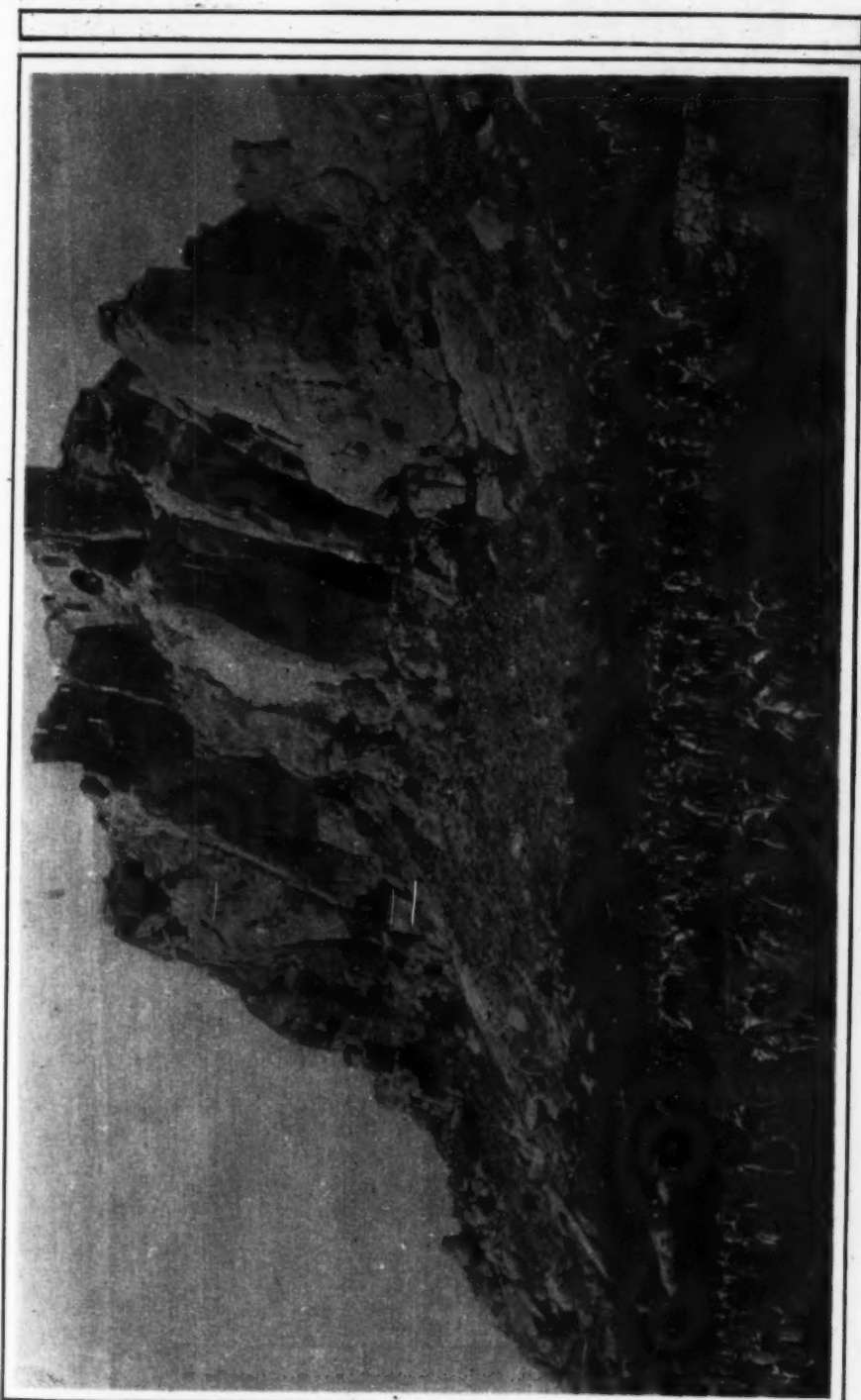
A striking photograph showing soldiers of the National Army jumping over the breastworks in a practise bayonet charge



A "TANKDROME" ON THE BRITISH FRONT IN FRANCE

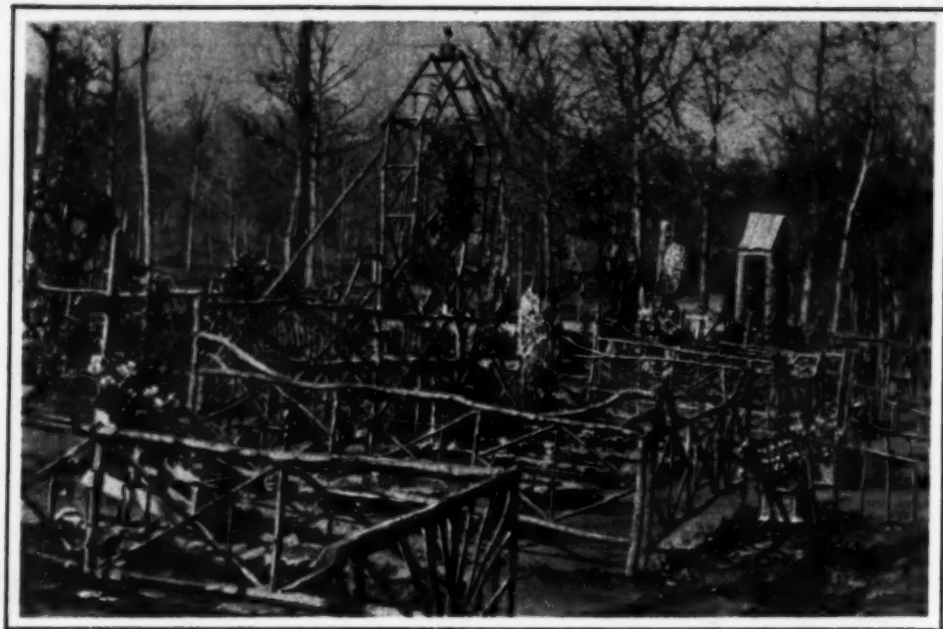
A photograph showing more than twenty of the British tanks, which at first sight look like a group of antediluvian monsters  
From a British official photograph—Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York





SPAHS, OR ALGERIAN CAVALRY, IN THE FRENCH SERVICE

There are three regiments of these picturesque Arab horsemen in the French army—This photograph shows a detachment of them in the south of France, at the foot of a rocky hill surmounted by a ruined castle



#### A SOLDIERS' GRAVEYARD AT LES EPARGES

The rustic decorations of this burial-ground, one of the many among the blood-drenched hills around Verdun, were made by French soldiers with their pocket-knives

From a French official photograph—Copyrighted by Kadel & Herbert, New York



#### TRAINING A DOG FOR THE FRENCH HOSPITAL SERVICE

The dogs do excellent work in finding wounded soldiers on the battle-field and bringing up stretcher-bearers to carry them in

From a French official photograph furnished by the Committee on Public Information

# Social Spying in Washington

OUR CAPITAL AS A HOTBED OF GOSSIP AND A PARADISE FOR SPIES—THE ELABORATE ESPIONAGE SYSTEM OF WHICH THE GERMAN EMBASSY WAS THE CENTER

By Fred C. Kelly

"WASHINGTON officials" — so ran a recent news despatch from the national capital—"say they have evidence that Count von Bernstorff used his position in society to further his secret propaganda against the United States. His position as German ambassador gave him access to sources of information that the professional spy could not reach."

When that bit of information was given out from the State Department it was not intended to insinuate that the former German ambassador to the United States went tiptoeing about the corridors of the White House and the Capitol, applying a surreptitious ear to keyholes. What was meant was that Count von Bernstorff lost no opportunity of collecting, through various unobtrusive but effective agencies, information that could be turned to the use of Germany and to the detriment of other nations. That the ambassador was an apt hand at obtaining such information the government has ample evidence.

For example, it is known that dozens of obsequious waiters regularly employed at exclusive affairs in private houses at Washington were spies employed by the German embassy.

What guest, occupied in conveying a choice government secret to his fellow guest on his right, would notice that the silent, unobtrusive waiter who was taking away the remains of the fish course at just that moment lingered over the gossiping one's shoulder a shade longer than necessary? But whatever was said at these affairs that might be of interest to the Kaiser was promptly reported to one of Count von

Bernstorff's aids—or, as was done in a number of known instances, to the ambassador himself.

However, much of the cream of inside information was obtainable by Bernstorff in a much simpler way—by personally attending exclusive dinners and listening with an unconcerned, disinterested air to the talk about him. That was where the use of his social position came in. He had the entrée to the innermost circle of exclusiveness in Washington society, where important people are thrown together, and the small talk about the dinner-table is quite likely to have an international bearing. All Bernstorff had to do was go where he was invited and wait for the gods to shake information into his lap.

## WASHINGTON A HOTBED OF GOSSIP

Washington society simply cannot keep a secret. For that matter, gossip is a ruling American passion. We all crave the prestige which comes from showing the other fellow that we have been able to find out something of great importance which he didn't know. The more noteworthy the information, the greater the satisfaction in telling it.

Hence it comes about that when events of great moment are in the making at the capital, professional and amateur gossips are of more consequence than they themselves realize. Just how much unintentional harm has been done to the United States by the repeating of little titbits of gossip in the presence of Bernstorff might be an interesting field for speculation.

Confidential information of all kinds spreads through Washington society with

astounding speed. Well-guarded state secrets become public property so quickly that heads of executive bureaus throw up their hands in despair. When the State Department referred to the fact that Bernstorff had made use of his social connections to get hold of facts valuable to Germany, it may have caused surprise to the American people, but it is safe to say that it caused no surprise in any of the great foreign offices of the world. It is generally agreed that Washington is the most loose-tongued of all capital cities. Every foreign chancellery is keenly aware that there is a vast amount of substantial, confidential information to be had there merely for the trouble of listening.

#### A TYPICAL STORY OF BERNSTORFF

Several weeks before this country entered the war, a young man connected with the State Department had occasion to make a trip to a city in New England on an important secret mission. He had been charged to get certain facts having a bearing on the already strained relations between the United States and Germany. The official completed his errand, went to New York, and took the Congressional Limited for the trip back to Washington.

While staring idly out of the car-window, the man felt a tap on his shoulder. He looked up into the smiling face of Count von Bernstorff, whom he knew pretty well. Bernstorff sat on the arm of the chair for a few moments and chatted. Everybody was talking about the weather, for it was a cold, stormy day, and all the trains were late.

"I dare say you found it good and cold coming down from New England," remarked Bernstorff.

That was the first allusion to the State Department man's errand. Obviously the German ambassador had been keeping tab on his movements and had known in advance where he was going. Whether it was a slip of the tongue on Bernstorff's part, or whether he did it purposely, to let the young man see that he knew what was going on, was never ascertained. There is, however, a probable explanation of the way in which Bernstorff learned of the trip to New England.

The State Department man and his wife had been invited to a dinner. The wife declined, saying that her husband had to go to New England. An evening or two later the hostess at the proposed dinner was herself dining out, and she remarked to a woman across the table that the Blanks weren't coming to her dinner, as the husband was about to make a trip to New England.

Bernstorff happened to be at the table, and the innocent conversation meant much when it fell upon his trained ear. If the department official was going to New England, it was doubtless on official business; and the ambassador could make a good guess about the nature of the business. So he had the man watched, and ascertained by what train he intended to travel. Then the count notified a German agent in New York to meet the train there, to follow the official to his destination, and to find out just what persons he went to see.

This rather trivial case is cited to illustrate how much one can learn if he will only keep his ears alert at the dinner-tables of Washington society.

#### A CLEVER CAPTAIN OF SPIES

Count Johann von Bernstorff was in many respects an ideal man, from the German point of view, to handle Berlin's secret campaign against the United States. He was gifted with an agreeable personality, and, though of aristocratic lineage, was a good mixer. He could confer with a waiter and place the waiter at his ease, besides being perfectly at ease himself. He was entirely at home in exclusive society. He had an air of graciousness and was full of politeness and all the little *après-vous* kinds of courtesy.

Even the seasoned Washington correspondents, who strongly suspected all along that Bernstorff was plotting against us while professing friendship, were slow to work up any great degree of hatred for the ambassador. On the day when he received his passports, a group of Washington newswriters went to the German embassy almost on the heels of the White House messenger, to hear what comment Bernstorff had to make.



Bernstorff told them how sorry he was, how he hated to leave Washington, and how unfortunate was the whole situation.

"But," he added, "there was nothing else for the President to do."

In that way he got a note of friendliness into his final conference with the newspaper representatives. He was clever enough to know that a sportsmanlike utterance like that would be the only wise thing to say.

Moreover, because Bernstorff was of the nobility, there were plenty of people in Washington willing to do him favors for the sake of social recognition. Let me explain that when the war began, in 1914, formal diplomatic society in Washington was split right in two. On the one side were the ambassadors from England, France, and Russia; on the other side were those from Germany and Austria.

According to diplomatic precedent, the representative of a warring nation must not come face to face with the envoy of that nation's enemy. This made matters socially difficult, not only for the diplomats of the belligerents, but for the neutral elect who were eligible for invitations from both camps. Some of these frankly alined themselves with one side or the other, according to their sympathies. Others attempted the hazardous, tight-rope-walking experiment of continuing their intimacy with both sides. This offered big opportunities for getting into trouble, and for some, at least, it proved disastrous.

#### WOMEN IN THE WORLD OF SPIES

There was a well-known society woman, long a resident of Washington, who attended the entertainments of both groups. The Allies began to suspect that she was strongly in sympathy with certain plans of the German ambassador. They suspected, further, that she maintained her social connections with their side for the purpose of hearing gossip and carrying it to Bernstorff. It was observed that she never missed an opportunity to attend any kind of affair where she would meet the diplomats of the Allies or their adherents.

Finally there was definite proof that she was indeed a tale-bearer to Bernstorff. She was subjected to the humiliation of being

invited to attend a very private conference, where she was rather dramatically branded as a spy. Now, of course, she is ostracized from Allied society in Washington for all time to come.

The Countess Bernstorff, wife of the German ambassador, occupied for many months the most difficult social position in Washington. She is an American woman, presumably not without some little love for her native land; yet her husband was treacherously plotting against America, and whatever charm she possessed as a hostess aided him just so much in getting into close touch with people from whom he could gain secret information useful to the Kaiser.

Whether she knew what was going on, or even suspected that the ambassadorial dinners at which she was hostess were an instrument in the hands of her native country's enemies, is something that the American public may never find out. Bernstorff may have been a man who confided everything to his wife. On the other hand, his diplomatic training in keeping things to himself may have led him to tell her practically nothing.

#### SECRETS TOLD AT STATE DINNERS

The diplomat with ears pricked to catch information is surrounded by people who at least seem to have information to give. Because of the freedom of Washington gossip and the American propensity for whispered garrulity, the foreigner who wishes to find out things needs no special degree of cleverness. The main essential is the social *entrée* necessary to nudge into the exclusive circles where inside facts are discussed.

Of all the sources of inside gossip perhaps the most productive are the state dinners. The younger people prefer the dances, but their elders, who are more likely to know important facts, usually content themselves with gathering about a table and consuming expensive food. These affairs average up about the same. At ten minutes past eight o'clock, or thereabouts, cocktails are served to the company in the salon. The guest of honor then leads his lady to the dining-room and the other guests follow, great stress being laid on proper precedence.

Ordinarily a conventional minimum of courses is served, though a lavish host may do more than is required in this direction, and there are always red wine, champagne, and a liqueur—this last usually served with the coffee, when the party has retired to the smoking-room. Promptly at about twenty-five minutes past ten the guest of honor concedes that a most delightful time has been had and makes his formal adieus, after which the others follow his example as rapidly as their automobiles can be driven up to the porte-cochère.

Sometimes a dance is given, to which guests from other dinners come in. Occasionally, when the company is small, select, and intimate, there are cards after the dinner.

Several years ago, during one of these dinners, an Ohio Senator sat next to the diplomat who was the chief representative in this country of an important nation then engaged in a great war. The Ohio Senator and the diplomat discussed the war in a quiet way. There had been rumors that the other powers of the world might step in and stop the carnage. Consequently each of the two nations at war was keenly anxious to obtain the good-will of the United States and other leading nations, hoping to arrange that the halt should be called at the time most favorable to its own interests.

The Ohio Senator had mentioned the fact that a well-known American newspaper had suddenly espoused the cause of the nation that was normally the less popular of the two at war. He casually spoke of this to the diplomat. By that time the champagne had passed two or three times, but it happened that the Ohio statesman was not in the habit of drinking anything.

"Ah, yes!" whispered the diplomat into the ear of the astonished Senator. "And is it any wonder that the paper takes up our cause when we have subsidized it to the tune of nearly fifty thousand dollars a year?"

Thus do secrets sometimes get out. Nowhere, except at a dinner, would that bit of information have passed the lips of the diplomat, trained for years at guarding such things.

There is much less mystery about social spying than the motion-pictures have led the public to believe. The foreigner who wishes to learn something of vital interest to his government is less likely to have it whispered to him from the rouged lips of an alluring, scantily garbed adventuress, than from the thoughtless utterance of some well-meaning little débutante.

Shortly before the United States entered the war, there was a dance in Washington, and among the guests was the daughter of a member of an important Congressional committee. The girl might have been seen whirling by in the arms of a dashing foreign officer. She was eager to show that she could discuss important subjects as well as dispense idle small talk, and she told the young officer about certain things she had heard commented upon by her father. Her innocent remarks, concealed in an official cipher despatch, were placed on the cables ere the dawn of another day.

#### BERNSTORFF'S MOST SERIOUS MISTAKE

But it is one thing to hear gossip and another to interpret what one hears. It was in the matter of interpreting his information that Count von Bernstorff was least successful. He made the mistake of taking too seriously the opinion that he heard so many society people express—that President Wilson was a weak-kneed pacifist who would tolerate any national insult rather than fight.

Of course, during the series of crises which preceded the final break with Germany, it was Bernstorff's duty to make every effort to ascertain the temper of the President and the American people. Had he used better judgment in regard to his sources of information he might have learned the truth—that, as much as the American people deplored war, they vastly preferred it to continued submission to the wrongs inflicted upon them by a despotic and malignant European ruler.

From his conversations with people in his own social environment Bernstorff received a prejudiced view regarding the President. Exclusive society in Washington—the circle in which the ambassadors move—has never been any too friendly

toward Mr. Wilson. Bernstorff failed to realize that it does not represent the typical or normal American point of view. In accepting the idea that the President would not fight, no matter what the provocation, the German ambassador unintentionally played a grim practical joke upon his countrymen.

For a great many years before the war broke out the United States had been one of the least suspicious of nations regarding espionage, and the most open-handed with military information. It was an open secret that there were German agents in our army, but we refused to believe that they were actually serving the treacherous purposes of a foreign government, or else excused our toleration of them on the ground that we had no secrets to conceal. Until the last year or two, anybody could walk into most of our forts or arsenals or navy-yards without a pass, and no questions were asked. They were almost as public as the average barber-shop. We exchanged military and naval attachés with other governments, but it is safe to say that we always gave such officials more information than ours got in return.

These military and naval attachés may be regarded as licensed or tolerated spies. They come and stay a while, and are then called home for a vacation—during which they and the officers of their general staff go over all manner of information about us, including detail maps which have been freely handed to the attachés by our official bureaus. We tolerated the German attachés, Captain Franz von Papen and Captain Karl Boy-Ed, up to the time when we had conclusive evidence that they were having our industrial plants set on fire and dynamited. Then at last we decided that

they had committed rather too flagrant a breach of our hospitality.

#### A SUBTLE FORM OF GERMAN PROPAGANDA

One of the forms of German propaganda in the United States—and one of the most dangerous forms, in a way, although outwardly legitimate enough—was handled in years past by the Kaiser himself. It has been his custom, when a prominent German-American was in Germany, to do something to flatter the visitor. A number of wealthy German-Americans have even been entertained at the imperial palaces. The Kaiser said to them, in effect:

"We are so proud of the wealth and accomplishments that Germans like you have piled up in the United States that we want you to come right out to dinner and tell us all about it."

It is difficult even for a good democrat to resist royal cajolery, and these German-Americans fell in with the Kaiser's plan to make use of them—some of them, no doubt, altogether unwittingly. They did not know what well-informed people know to-day—that if the Hohenzollern autocrat had ever been able to attain his dream of world dominion, and to levy tribute from the United States, German-Americans would receive less consideration than the rest of us. The ruling class in Germany would have held that a special penalty was due from those who, as they expressed it, had stooped so low as to forsake the Fatherland and take up allegiance to the United States.

At heart, the rulers of Germany have only contempt for the Germans who have found fortune in the United States and remained here, but they are willing to use them so long as they may be made to serve a Teutonic purpose.

#### SERVICE STARS

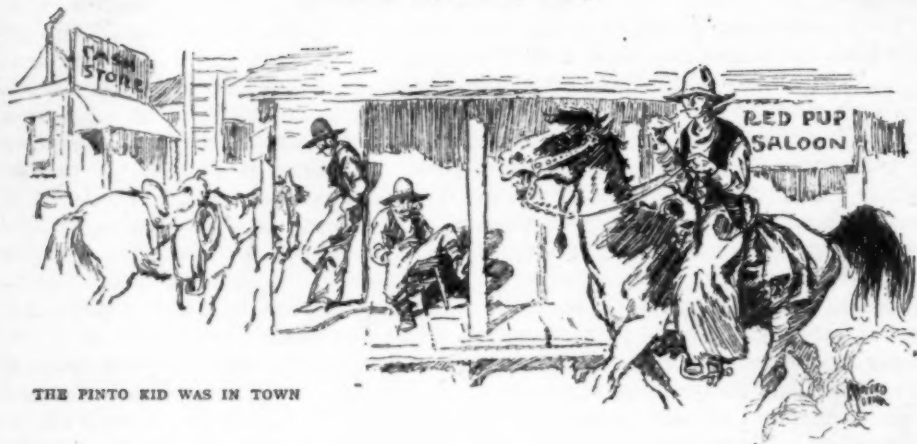
ALL through the troubled night the service stars  
Of God shine in the windows of his heaven.  
Where battle-lines by thunderbolts are riven,  
Great Jupiter, enthroned, his scepter wields;  
Good Saturn watches over flocks and fields;  
Neptune is on the sea  
Bird-winged is Mercury,  
And Venus lights the way of armored Mars.

*Mabel Kingsley Richardson*

# The Two Men He Killed

BY WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT

Illustrated by Crawford Young



THE PINTO KID WAS IN TOWN

THE burden of manhood rests heavily on the shoulders of a child. The Pinto Kid was a child. He rode a man's horse, did a man's work with rope and branding-iron, and drew a man's pay; but years are years, and in years the Kid was a child. His sixteenth birthday was not a month gone, and yet his life and work were those of a hard man.

The Kid was keenly conscious of his duties to the manhood that circumstance had thrust so early upon him. The custom that he knew decreed that a man in his position should drink and play poker when in town. Compelled to an honest statement of preference, he would probably have confessed that castor-oil was less offensive to his palate than whisky. He was—as yet—immune to the gambling fever, and poker was therefore merely an unpleasant social obligation, and usually a costly one.

But the Pinto Kid was in town, and he felt called upon to conform strictly to the customary routine of cow-men in his position. The business that had called him to the little, one-street Arizona border-town completed, he entered the Gold Ledge Saloon, and, with a properly casual and in-

clusive gesture of his left hand, invited the half-dozen men in the place to have a drink with him.

His duty at the bar performed, the Kid turned his attention solemnly to poker. Mark Freeman, the gambler, was ready and waiting for him. Mark was a traveling gamester, a free-lance of the green table, who traveled from camp to camp, plying his trade in saloons, and paying over a percentage of his winnings to the proprietor in return for the privilege of play. He sat before a green-topped table alongside the wall opposite the bar—a dark, thick-set, coarse, handsome fellow in the middle twenties, profusely barbered, overdressed, and professionally supercilious, whistling softly to himself and puzzling over a solitaire layout. A hand-painted sign on the wall above the table priced Mark's chips at ten dollars a stack.

The Kid crossed from the bar to the table, glanced at the sign, and tossed out a ten-dollar gold piece.

"Customers always welcome, son," the gambler droned, as he raked in the coin and passed over a stack of chips. "No trouble to show goods. Draw or stud?"



"Draw," the Kid said briefly, as he slipped into a chair. "They call me the Pinto Kid. If you was old enough to have a son my age, an' I was him, I'd take poison. You've misnamed me once, an' once is plenty!"

"Only a slip of the tongue," the gambler apologized, as he riffled the cards. "Here we go!"

The Kid won. He won steadily while the sun went down and the moon rose. He won while the rumble of a thunderstorm piling up out of the southwest grew loud and ominous. He won till Freeman dropped his assumption of a cynical indifference to the run of the game, and growled an accompaniment of profanity to the play of each hand.

The onlookers chuckled with delight at the Kid's success. It amused them to see the beardless stripling outluck and outgame the professional gambler.

The Kid played as he understood a man should play. He gave each bet due consideration, played deliberately, and accepted his winnings with no show of elation. Finally there came a pot that was raised to sizable proportions prior to the draw. The gambler took two cards; the Kid stood pat.

"Think you're going to put over a 'sandy' on me?" Freeman snarled nastily. "Bet 'em, an' watch me call!"

The Kid bet heavily, and Freeman threw his hand into the discard.

"I ought to have called you," he growled as he shuffled the cards. "I think you stole that one on me!"

The Kid shook his head as he raked in his winnings.

"I had 'em that time," he said; "a king-high heart flush."

"You're a liar!" Freeman snarled. "You didn't have anything!"

He was a fool, was Freeman, but not so far gone in folly as to mistake the expression of the Kid's face—a look which preceded the action it foretold by only the fraction of a second. Freeman dropped his hand toward the gun that lay ready in the half-open check-drawer before him, but a finger of flame flashed up over the opposite rim of the table ere his fingers reached it.

Freeman sagged forward on the green cloth, sighed heavily, and lay still, his head resting on the Kid's disordered pile of chips.

The Kid kicked his chair from behind him and backed against the wall, holding his smoking gun ready at the hip, quiet, solemn, waiting to do whatever became the man he played at being.

"Dead center!" the bartender announced gravely, after an examination of the gambler's body. "Perfectly good shot, Kid!"

The Kid made no reply. He stood quiet—waiting. The grumbling roar of the approaching storm grew louder. The men who had witnessed the shooting exchanged uneasy glances.

"Freeman made a grab for his gun, all right," one of them ventured at length. "I'll testify to that. The Kid beat him to the draw—that's all."

"It won't do with Buck Anglin as prosecutin' attorney," the bartender said soberly. "He got the office on the promise to put an end to the free an' easy gun-play that's been goin' on around here. This is the first killin' in the county since he was elected, an' he'll put on the screws."

"I met the marshal as I was comin' into town this afternoon," one of the men said. "He was on his way out to Hefley's. I reckon he ain't back yet."

The bartender looked at the Kid thoughtfully and shook his head.

"Better drift," he advised. "If they get you, Buck 'll stick you for a term of manslaughter, at the least. Got any money on you?"

"Couple o' hundred," the Kid said huskily.

Fright and horror were combining within him to force the boy he was into view from beneath the mask of manhood he wore.

"Get across the border, an' get quick," the bartender went on. "It's tough, but it's better'n doin' time."

"He called me a liar," the Kid justified himself. "If that ain't shootin' talk, I dunno what is!"

"I ain't blamin' you," the bartender answered; "but that won't be no good defense when Buck Anglin gets hittin' the high spots in the dictionary, with folks around here feelin' the way they do now

about these shootin's. You better give us a breeze while there's nothin' holdin' you back, Kid."

The Kid waited a moment more, thoughtful, solemn, the mere hint of rigidly repressed panic showing in his eyes. He nodded agreement, and walked out into the night.

## II

THE storm broke over him as he vaulted into the saddle. The rain came in solid, wind-blown sheets that drenched and confused him as he urged his reluctant mount out of town on the road that led southward to the border. The lightning play was incessant, the thunder a deafening, ceaseless roar.

Alone on the desert in the storm the Kid leaned forward, hugging the horse's neck, and cried like the child he was. He cried with horror of the thing he had done and fear of that dread, smothering thing—the law!

His sense of horror was instinctive. It rose from no teaching that the thing he had done was morally wrong. The gambler had called him a liar. According to the Kid's understanding, he would have been something short of a man had he failed to reply with a bullet.

His fear of the law was a very panic of the senses. He had spent the years of his short life in open places. His fear of the law was as vague and terrible as a superstitious negro's fear of ghosts. The law throttled without killing; it imposed a living death; it buried alive; it was a hideous, clutching, impalpable enemy that dealt unthinkable terrors, but never justice. That was the Kid's conception of the law, and from the grasp of that conception he fled, a wild thing alone in the wild night.

For an hour he urged his horse frantically on, while the initial fury of the storm swept on into the northeast, leaving a wake of steady downpour lit only by an occasional stroke of lightning. In the light from one of these belated flashes the Kid glimpsed, on the trail just ahead of him, something which set his flesh acrawl. He saw a small, bowed figure weaving forward through the rain.

He reined in his horse and waited, straining to see into the wet dark ahead. A multiple-pronged display veined the sky, and the Kid again saw the thing that had so startled him. He saw the slight, bent figure of a young girl, her thin, white, fear-stricken face upturned to the lit sky as if in supplication.

The Kid spurred his horse forward and dropped to the ground beside her. The girl screamed as he caught her by the arm, and struggled to free herself.

"I ain't goin' to hurt you!" the Kid shouted. "I was just comin' along, an' I seen you."

"I won't go back!" the girl moaned. "No, please! I won't go back! Oh, let me die!"

"I ain't goin' to take you back no place," the Kid assured her. "There's an old cabin just a little piece ahead. I got my horse here. You just lemme take you up there, will you?"

"Oh, let me go!" the girl begged. "Let me die!"

"Aw, you don't want to die," the Kid argued awkwardly. "There ain't no sense in that. You come along with me, now, an' I'll get you where it's dry."

"Did he send you after me?" the girl questioned fiercely, after a moment's thought. "Did he? I won't go back to him. I'll die first!"

"Nobody sent me after you," the Kid assured her. "I was just comin' along, an' I seen you all wet an' all."

"I won't go back to him!" the girl declared desperately. "If you take me back, I—I'll just kill myself somehow. When you first touched me, I—I thought you were him."

"Who you runnin' away from?" the Kid asked.

"Mr. Freeman," the girl whimpered. "I won't go back to him!"

The Kid made no answer. His silence added to the girl's fear.

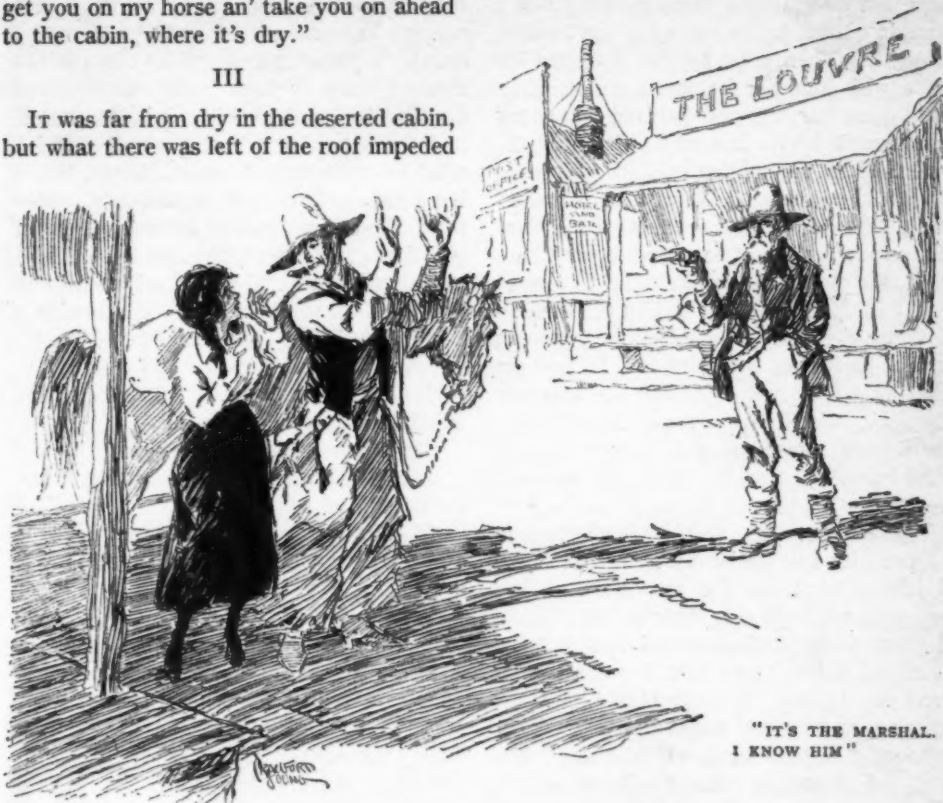
"You're a friend of his," she cried, again attempting to wrench herself free of the Kid's grasp. "I won't go back, I tell you! You know him, don't you?"

"Yeh," the Kid admitted briefly. "I ain't goin' to take you back to him. I'll

get you on my horse an' take you on ahead to the cabin, where it's dry."

## III

It was far from dry in the deserted cabin, but what there was left of the roof impeded



"IT'S THE MARSHAL.  
I KNOW HIM"

the rainfall to a certain extent. The Kid found and lit a dingy old oil-lamp. In the light of it the two so strangely met took stock of each other.

The Kid saw a slip of a brown-eyed girl, certainly no older than himself; a frightened, pretty child. The girl saw a grotesque figure, for grotesque the boy surely was in his high-heeled boots, huge bearskin chaps, and wide-brimmed, floppy hat. He was grotesque, even ludicrous, this thin-faced, slender boy in the conventional habiliments of a cow-puncher; but the fear went from the girl's eyes as she studied him, and she sighed with relief.

The Kid managed a fire in the box-stove with wood split from an old table and some shelves. The girl drew off her soggy shoes and sat close to the welcome warmth. The Kid squatted on his heels, his back against the wall, and whittled intently, darting an occasional glance at the girl from under the down-drawn brim of his wide hat.

"You some relation o' Freeman's?" he asked at length.

"No," she answered. "We—we were going to be married, but—but—"

Sobs rose in her throat and choked her speech. The Kid whittled faster the while she cried. The girl wiped her eyes with the sleeve of her wet dress and looked furtively at the boy from the corner of her eye. Had he been older than he was, her confession would have come harder; but she saw a child, and she spoke as children speak to children.

"His folks lived right up the street from us," she said. "I didn't know him before he ran away. I guess maybe I was just a baby then. Anyhow, he came back home for a while last spring, and I met him then. My—my aunt told me about him, but I didn't believe her. He was just as nice to me as he could be. He told me he had some mines out here some place—I forget where he said. He wanted me to go with

him and be married, when he left; but I wouldn't then, 'cause my aunt was so mad about it. Then, after he left, I wished I'd gone with him like he asked me to. My aunt kept harping and harping about my going around with him while he was home, and she kept saying that no good girl would have had anything to do with him, and all that. He was writing to me at the general delivery. When my aunt found out about that, she went and got right up in church and told them all about it, and asked them to pray for me. I hadn't done anything except go around with him, and he told me that what they said about him was all made up. He said they were all mad because he'd gone away and made some money. And he was just as nice to me as he could be, too!

"When my aunt went and asked them to pray for me, 'cause she said I was bad, I just couldn't stand it any more. I had my—my mother's ring that she left me, and I went down to Boston and sold it for a hundred dollars, and then I came on out here to—to him. I telegraphed him I was coming, and he met me at the train. That was only this morning. He'd been drinking, and as soon as I saw him I was scared. He took me up to the little house he was living in, and told me that we'd be married there. Then, when he got me up there, he told me that—that we—he couldn't marry me, because he—he already had a—a wife. He just wanted me to—to stay with him. He was just like they all said he was back home. He laughed at me, and told me he played cards for a living. He thought I wouldn't dare to leave him then, because I didn't have any money to go any place with, and my aunt would know I'd been with him if I went back. He said if I tried to go back to my aunt, he'd write and tell her and all the folks back home that I'd been with him.

"He laughed at me and tried to make me drink some whisky or rum, or something he had there; and when I wouldn't, he laughed and tried to kiss me and hug me, and—and I just slapped his face and ran off. He came to the door and laughed at me some more, and told me to come back when I got ready, 'cause I was his girl, and

I didn't have any money or anything and no place else to go. I walked out in the country a piece, and then I lay down in the shade by one of them bushes with thorns on it, and I lay there and cried a long time, and wanted to die. I saw a snake, and I tried to make myself let it bite me, but—but I just couldn't make myself do it, somehow. And then I walked some more, and it got dark and began to thunder. I was scared, and ran and ran—and then—and then you came along, and—oh, I wish I could die! I just wish I could die!"

"Aw, there ain't no sense in dyin'!" the Kid argued earnestly. "That's foolish. Where does your aunt live?"

"In Vernon, New Hampshire."

"Gosh! That's a long way from here, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Ain't you got any folks besides just her?"

"No."

"Gee! I ain't got any, either. If I had a mother livin' around, I might take an' put you up with her for a spell; but I ain't. Hadn't you best go back an' make it up with your aunt?"

"Oh, I don't believe she'd even let me inside the house now! I can't go back to her. Anyhow, I haven't any money left to pay my fare with."

"If you had the money, ain't there somebody you could go an' stay with for a spell?"

"I might go an' stay with Jane Gilbert, in Boston, if I could get back there," the girl said after a moment's thought. "She's married now, and I know where she lives down there. She used to spend her summers up at the lake near our place, and I got to know her real well. Her husband's got lots of money, and she's awful kind and nice. She wouldn't believe I was bad if I told her I wasn't. I might stay with her, and maybe she'd get me a chance to hire out with somebody. I can cook good, and—but what's the use? I can't get back to where she is now."

"I got some money," the Kid said tentatively.

"Oh, I couldn't let you pay my way!"

"Aw! That ain't nothin'!"



The Kid stepped to the door and peered out. The storm had passed, and the moon showed intermittently through the ragged scurry of clouds overhead. He looked sharply back in the direction from which he had come, and listened attentively. Then he turned his head and stared longingly across the desert in the opposite direction. The border was only a few miles distant. His heart was pounding painfully, but when he turned back to the girl he bore no external evidence of the panic that was in him.

"I can let you have a couple o' hundred dollars," he said slowly. "You can get back to Boston on that, an' maybe get fixed up somehow."

"Oh, I'll pay you back," the girl said tremulously. "Honest, I will! I can't prove it to you now, but—but I will."

"Aw! That's all right," the Kid said largely. "Any time 'll do. I'm—in an awful hurry, or—or I'd go back to town with you, but—"

"Oh, I can't go back there," the girl cried. "I'd meet him and he might—might—"

"He ain't there."

"Not there?"

"No." The Kid looked thoughtfully at the floor. "He left this evening. I—I seen him go."

"Where did he go?"

"I—I can't rightly say; but he won't be back."

"But he—he might be. I'm afraid!"

"He ain't comin' back—I'll promise you that."

"But I—oh, I'm so scared! I'm scared of this country—everything is so funny-looking—and the snakes—they're everywhere. Please! Oh, please go back with me! I can't help it. I hadn't ought to ask it, but—please!"

The Kid stepped to the door again and looked out. The fear of that terrible, intangible monster—the law—was rioting in him. Only by the most rigid exercise of will and pride was he able to keep himself from insane, wild flight. He wanted to scream aloud and run—run for his horse and ride at top speed for the shelter of the border.

He felt a touch on his hand and looked down. The girl was on her knees beside him. She was crying weakly. She caught his hand in both of hers and clung tight.

"Please!" she begged. "I'm so scared. Oh, please!"

The Kid drew a deep breath and then laughed aloud.

"Why, sure! If you feel that way about it," he said heartily, "I'll go back with you. I didn't know it mattered so much."

"I'm sorry," the girl whimpered. "Am I putting you out so terribly?"

"Nothin' much," the Kid assured her. "I was just—in a kind of a hurry—that's all. There's an east-bound train stops at three thirty-six. You get dried out for a spell, an' then we'll—we'll start back."

"Do you suppose I can get my things?" the girl questioned. "They're—everything's in a suit-case there where he—he lived."

"I'll get 'em for you," the Kid assured her. "I don't reckon he took any of your stuff with him when he left."

#### IV

THE first pale flush of dawn was brightening the eastern horizon when a man with a metal star pinned to the lapel of his vest, and a gun held poised in his upraised right hand, stepped out from the shadow of a building into the quiet street and told the Pinto Kid to throw up his hands.

The girl accompanying the Kid cried out. The boy dropped the suit-case he was carrying and held up his hands.

"It's the marshal," he said in an aside to her. "I know him. Most likely he thinks I'm somebody else. Just wait till I speak to him a minute."

With his hands held high, the Kid calmly approached the astonished officer.

"Lift my gun an' then listen to me a minute," he begged.

The marshal took the Kid's gun from its holster, and the Kid spoke rapidly in an undertone.

"Well, I'll be dawg-goned!" the marshal exclaimed wonderingly when the boy had finished. "Is that a fact? I wondered how come you was hangin' right around here in arm's reach o' me."



"That's the straight of it," the Kid declared. "Now, gimme a white man's chance, will you? I don't want her to know it was me done it. You just lemme see her down to the train an' help her aboard of it, an' then I'll pike along with you. There's no reason for gettin' her messed up in this thing. She wasn't there when I killed him, an' she didn't have nothin' to do with it. She's a good, straight girl, an' she's got a chance to get out o' this now an' get back to where she belongs. I don't want her to know it was me that killed him. Gimme a chance, will you? You can walk right along behind an' keep me covered, an' I'll promise you I won't try to get away. Will you gimme a chance?"

"By cracky, I'll do it!" the marshal exclaimed. "But no shenanigan, Kid! I'm goin' to stay in easy shootin' distance, an' if you make a wrong move—"

"I'll behave," the Kid assured him shortly, and walked back to where the girl was waiting.

"He's lookin' for a fellow, an' he thought at first I was him," the Kid explained to her, as he picked up the suit-case. "Come on. The train 'll be in pretty soon now."

Showering the Kid with tearful protestations of gratitude, the girl climbed aboard the east-bound train. She stood on the platform waving to him as the train pulled out. It was well under way when she gave a startled cry.

"Your name?" she called back. "What name? Who'll I send it to—the money? What name?"

The Kid smiled and shook his head. The marshal stepped up beside him, and, standing together, they watched the train out of sight.

"Well, I'll be dawg-goned!" the marshal reiterated wonderingly. "If that don't beat anything I ever see! What did you say her name is, Kid?"

"I didn't say," the Kid answered shortly. "I—I forgot to ask her."

"Well, I'll be dawg-goned!" the marshal declared yet again.

The Kid shrugged his shoulders hopelessly, and the light died from his eyes.

"All right," he said wearily. "I'm ready now."

The Pinto Kid was found guilty of manslaughter, and served two years before the Governor pardoned him.

## V

IN the northern part of a certain Middle Western State there is situated a very unusual university. The operative purpose of this university is to furnish an education to any person who craves learning earnestly enough to work for it. The social life of the institution is a bit drab and backwoods in comparison to that of Harvard and Yale. The athletic situation is unsatisfactory to a boy who matriculates with the vision of personal glory on gridiron or diamond in his mind. In fact, there isn't any athletic situation.

Only a monarchy can be really unusual—unusually good or unusually bad. The controlling influence of many minds is productive of the conventional and mediocre average of many minds. The university in question is a monarchical institution, and its ruler is a man who believes that a university is primarily a place to study. Therefore the absence—regrettable or otherwise, according to one's mental slant—of competitive athletics.

The ruler of this peculiar academic monarchy also believes that any person desirous of education who applies for admission should be admitted, irrespective of previous lack of opportunity to gain the customary credits necessary for entrance to any other institution of its kind. In consequence, one may find there an ambitious immigrant studying only English, between jobs of furnace-tending or dish-washing, by which means he obtains his bed and board. When he masters English, he may take up any elemental studies in which he is behind, and eventually become a full-fledged freshman with his course clear before him.

At one time forty-eight nationalities were represented in that university. The place is a haven for those who waken late in life, and light in purse, to the desire for a college education.

On a certain September morning, as the way freight groaned to a stop at the little town in which this university is located, David Garber crawled from the rods be-

neath a box car, slipped warily from the track to the street, and inquired his way to the express office. He was a well-set-up, weather-worn, reserved young fellow of twenty-six. The condition of his clothes, his hands, and his face, all of which were grimy with oil and dust, was natural and unavoidable, for he had just finished "bumming his way" from Los Angeles.

He entered the express office and claimed a suit-case which he had forwarded to himself three weeks before, when he was leaving California. He proceeded to a cheap hotel, discarded his road clothes, bathed, and donned the fresh garments that he took from the suit-case.

Within an hour of the time of his arrival in town *via* the rods of a freight-train, he emerged from the hotel clean and neatly appareled. He walked to the university offices, asked to see the president—the ruler of the monarchy in question—and was admitted to the office of that magnate.

"I want to study to be a doctor," the visitor explained without preamble. "I haven't had much chance to study, and I'm pretty far behind, but I understand that I can enter here and make up in the things I'm deficient in. I've been to night-school

in Los Angeles some, and I've done what I could by myself."

"I think we can fix you up," the president encouraged him. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-six."

"Um! I suppose you realize that with all the back work you have to do, it will take you some time to get your M.D.?"

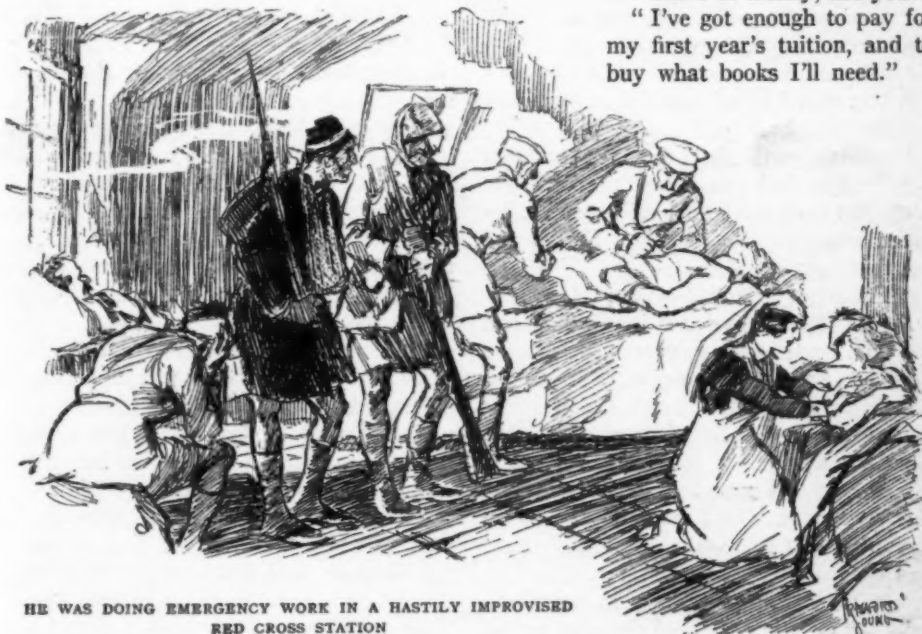
"Yes."

"Young fellows entering college at the normal age of nineteen or twenty will have a considerable advantage over you in the matter of time."

"Yes. I would like to have started sooner. I've been trying to get a stake together for several years, but I didn't make it. I've been prospecting off and on since I was nineteen. I've had some things that looked pretty good, but nothing ever came of them. Finally I decided that if I was going to college at all, the best thing to do was to take a chance on getting through on what I could earn as I went along. I met up with a sailor out on the coast, who was here for a couple of years. He told me about this place. He didn't have as much to start on as I have, but he got along somehow. He didn't have the nerve to stick it out, but I—I think I have."

"Short of money, are you?"

"I've got enough to pay for my first year's tuition, and to buy what books I'll need."



HE WAS DOING EMERGENCY WORK IN A HASTILY IMPROVISED  
RED CROSS STATION

"What about your living expenses?" inquired the president.

"I'll get by somehow. This sailor told me a man could get some sort of work around here to pay for his room and board. I'll get by!"

"I believe you will," the president said with a laugh. "I'll turn you over to the secretary, and you can arrange your courses with him. In regard to references," he added. "Never been in the insane asylum or the penitentiary, I suppose?"

Garber's face went very white, and his lips drew to a thin, straight line.

"I did two years for killing a man," he said harshly. "It happened when I was sixteen. I was pardoned."

The president picked up a blotter from his desk and carefully tore it into strips.

"Justifiable, was it?" he asked after a long silence.

"No—though I thought it was at the time. I did a lot of thinking while I was locked up. It was then I got the idea of being a doctor. I was sick for a while, in there, and the prison doctor was a nice fellow. I got the idea I'd like to be like him. I'd never known anything but the cattle business before that. Will that—what I did—keep me from entering here?"

"You didn't need to tell me this," the president reminded him tentatively.

Garber managed a wry smile.

"The man I killed died for calling me a liar," he said huskily.

"I think you'll do," the president told him. "I'm glad you were frank with me. We'll just keep the matter a little secret between ourselves, eh? Surely! Yes, indeed—I think you'll do!"

"I'm mighty glad," Garber said earnestly. "I've been afraid that that killing, and the time I put in for it, would always keep me down somehow or another. I paid a certain price for what I did, and if I owe any more, I'm willing to pay that; but when I'm all paid up, I'd like to amount to something. It's come to my mind at times, that maybe—maybe I wouldn't be able to shake it—that it would always hang to me and drag me back, no matter what—"

"You'll do!" the president said emphatically. "Get those morbid thoughts out of

your mind, my son. Take my word for it—you'll do!"

## VI

WHEN Dr. David Garber returned from the French front, he was *minus* his right arm. A fragment of shell had taken it off while he was doing emergency work in a hastily improvised Red Cross station under fire. He felt the loss of that arm keenly, for it marked the end of his active surgical practise. He was in his forty-third year, but he had begun practise so late in life that he felt as if his career was over before it had really begun.

He was corrosively bitter against the fate that had turned him aside from his chosen path in the profession. Only he knew the intensity of the struggle that had been necessary to earn his right of way on that path; and to be brushed from it by the touch of a flying bit of stray steel filled him with a deadening sense of unjust loss.

Then, at a friend's house in New York, he met Miss Wentworth. She was a woman near his own age, a trained nurse who had graduated into social-settlement work, and from that general activity into the special study and care of girls who needed help. She was a sane, wholesome, intelligent woman of large sympathies, and she roused the first fine flame of love that had warmed the stern man's meager, rigidly disciplined life.

Some fall in love, while others are dragged in. The doctor jumped. It seemed to him that some whimsical law of compensation had granted him love in return for the loss of his ability to practise the branch of the profession that he had chosen for his own. He would have willed it so, he thought, had the choice been given him.

His courtship was swift, awkward, voicelessly ardent; the dumb, bungling wooing of a sincere man sincerely in love.

Calling at Miss Wentworth's one afternoon, he met her at the door of her apartment, ushering forth a weeping girl.

"There!" she exclaimed irritably, as she led the way back into her drawing-room. "It does seem at times as if everything I do, or ever have done, is utterly futile! That girl! I have taken such a deep inter-

est in her, and I believed in her so thoroughly. I got her into a business college, and I will say for her that she studied hard. She did try. She became an excellent stenographer, and for the last two years has held a good position. She was in line

destroyed a great deal of my inherited Puritanism, Dr. Garber. I hope I'm not narrow; but any one who takes life—God's own gift—ah, it's the one sin I can neither understand nor forgive. I simply can't!"

"It was a case of premeditated murder, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! He killed in anger. The affair was the modern city gangster's idea of a duel, I imagine."



"SOME DAY THAT MAN  
FREEMAN MIGHT APPEAR.  
I COULDN'T BEAR IT!"

for promotion soon, and now—pouf! The man in the case is out, and she will go back to him. He dragged her down to the lowest depths once, and he'll do it again. Argument is useless. She will go back to him, and, if you please, she wants my blessing on her return—wants my indorsement of her folly!"

"The man is out, you say?" Dr. Garber questioned. "He's been—"

"In prison, where he belongs. He's been there five years, and he should have stayed for the rest of his life. A pardon was secured for him by some piece of political trickery. He's an incorrigible gangster. If he had done anything else, perhaps I could sympathize for the poor child in her obstinate love for him; but the man is a murderer! He's blood-guilty. Experience has

"You think there's no chance for him and the girl who loves him to—"

"Begin life over again, and all that sort of thing? I'm afraid not, doctor. I believe in the strict application of the Mosaic law to the man who takes life."

Dr. Garber rose and stood very tense, looking straight before him and seeing nothing; standing as a doomed man stands, waiting, before a firing-squad.

"I killed a man."

"You—killed—"

"It is so long ago! I was only sixteen then. I love you! I wanted you to be my wife, but—I killed a man."

Miss Wentworth sat perfectly quiet. In her eyes was the dazed, vacant, uncomprehending expression of a docile insane person.



"The man I—shot wasn't the only man I killed," Dr. Garber continued haltingly. "The other man whose life I destroyed was the man in me that had done the shooting. I strangled him for years with discipline, clean living, and hard work. And finally I killed him—that other man who was the part of me that took life in anger. I have hoped that the man of me that lived might—might—"

Miss Wentworth gave voice to a faint moan and covered her face with her hands. Dr. Garber stepped softly into the hall and took up his hat. His hand was on the knob of the outer door when she called to him.

"I love you," she confessed tremulously. "I do! I want to be—your wife—more than I want anything in the world. I don't care what you've done, I—oh, I'm properly punished! 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' I didn't—understand. I judged that poor child for her loyalty to the man she loves. No! Wait! I can't marry you—not because of what you may have done, but because—ah, that I should judge any one! I must tell you."

She told him the story of the Pinto Kid and the little New England girl who ran away from a tyrannous aunt to wed a gambler in Arizona.

"I—I can't marry you," she finished.

"I don't dare. Some day that man Freeman might appear. I couldn't bear it! If he should tell! People would pity you. They'd believe only the worst. They would sneer at you behind your back. He—a common gambler! A cheap, vile, drunken thing! People would—"

Dr. David Garber interrupted her. He spoke, not in the voice of David Garber, but in the long disused, drawling dialect of the Pinto Kid.

"He ain't comin' back; I'll promise you that."

Miss Wentworth started and gasped, as suggestion plucked certainty from the storehouse of her memory.

"You? The boy who—I can't believe it! You've known all along that I was the girl who—"

"No, not till you told me. It's a long time ago, and we've both changed."

"You! Then you know that—that—"

"That you're a million times too good for me; but even so, you're going to be my wife. I know you're the finest woman in the world, and I know that Freeman is never coming back to cause doubt of it in any one's mind. I promise you that."

"You mean that he is—is—"

"Never coming back. The man who meant to wrong you was—the man I killed."

#### MEMORIAL DAY, 1918

THE day of the dead—of America's sons

Who have given the ultimate gift!

Their souls, riding out on the smoke of the guns,

Call to us where the battle-clouds drift.

The flag of our fathers, how proudly it pleads,

How it bids the bold spirit advance!

The faith of our fathers is kept in the deeds

Of the sons who are somewhere in France.

A flag and a tear for the Grand Army's dead,

And a flag and a cheer and a prayer

For heroes who followed the flag when it led

To the camp and the field over there!

The day of the glorious dead who have died

For America's honor! And lo,

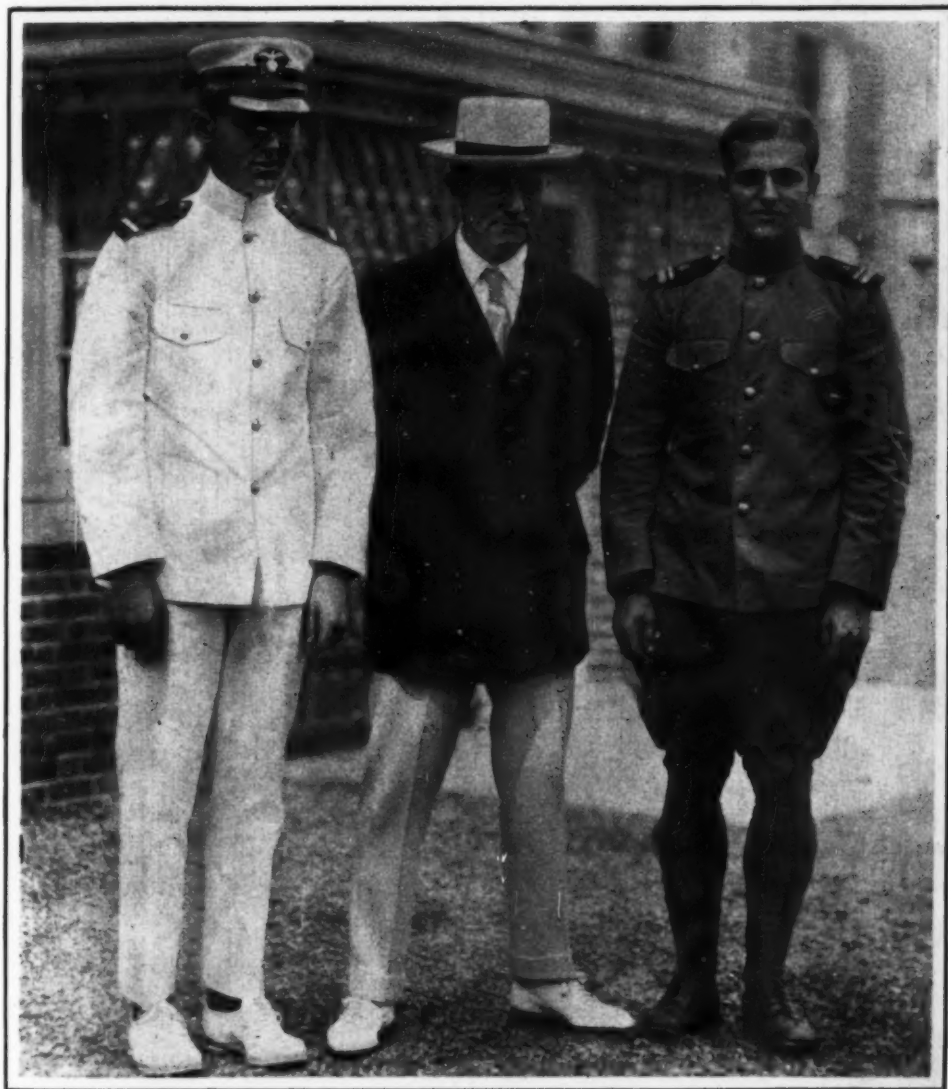
In the rain of our tears the full sun of our pride

Arcs the sky with a liberty bow!

Edward N. Teall



# *Sons of Well-Known American Families in the Service*



Henry P. Davison, chairman of the Red Cross war council, and his two sons, Frederick T. Davison and Henry P. Davison, Jr., both of whom are in the service

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



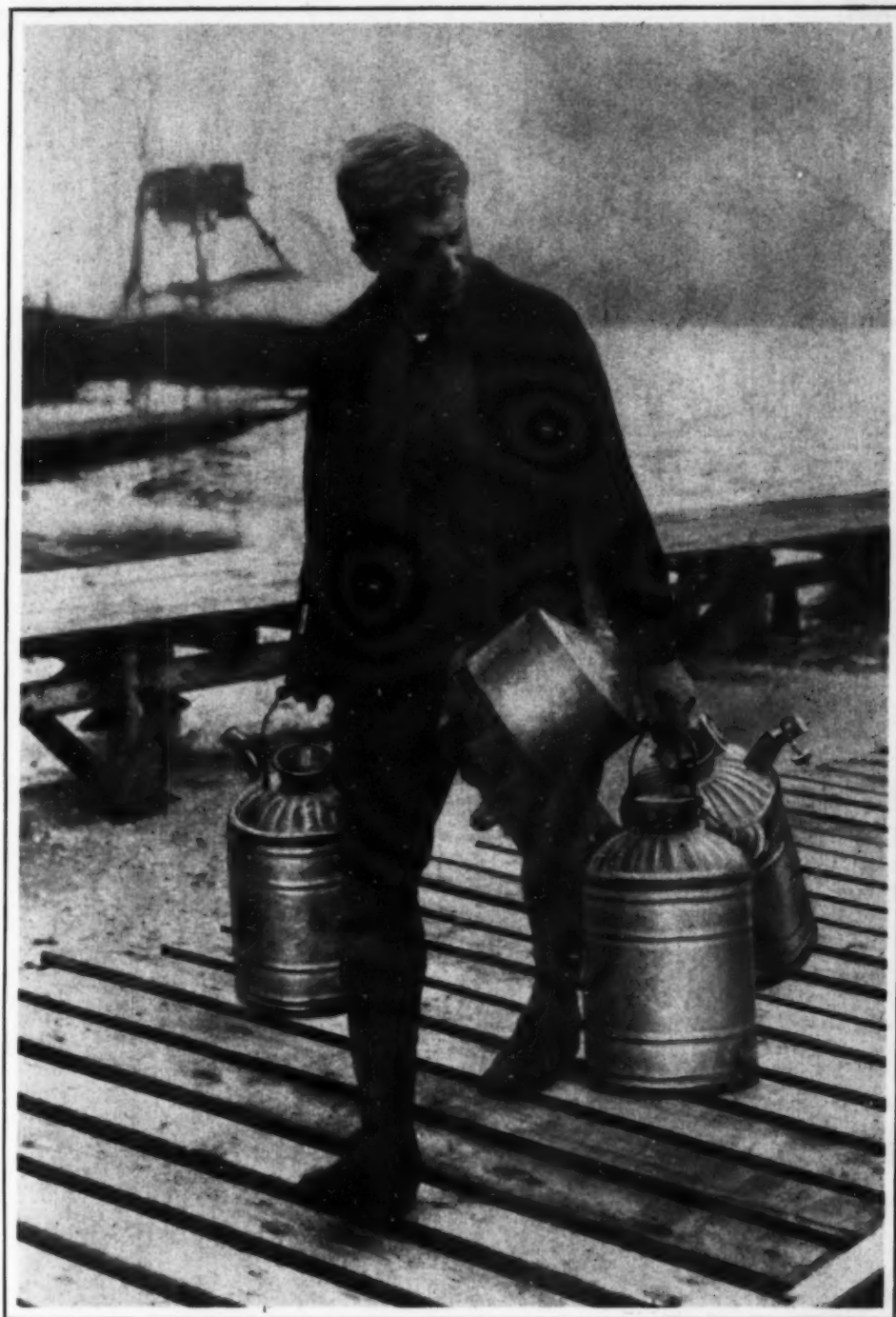
Arnold Whitridge, son of the late Frederick W. Whitridge, of New York

Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York



Louis Swift, son of Louis F. Swift, head of the firm of Swift & Co., of Chicago

From a photograph by the Western Newspaper Union



William A. Rockefeller, son of William G. Rockefeller, and grandson of William Rockefeller,  
at the Aerial Coast Patrol Station, Huntington, Long Island

From a photograph by the Western Newspaper Union



Major Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., now serving with his regiment under Pershing in France

From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service



Captain Kermit Roosevelt, now serving with the British forces in Mesopotamia :

From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service





Captain Archie Roosevelt, Colonel Roosevelt's third son, recently wounded at the front in France  
From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service



Quentin Roosevelt, Colonel Roosevelt's youngest son, now serving in France as an aviator  
From a copyrighted photograph by the Western Newspaper Union



John G. Milburn, Jr., son of John G. Milburn,  
of New York

From a photograph by the Central News Service



Kingdon Gould, eldest son of George J. Gould  
of New York

Copyrighted by Kadel & Herbert, New York



Ensign Vincent Astor, son of the late John Jacob Astor, of New York, at the Training-Station of  
the First Aero Squadron, New York Naval Militia, Bay Shore, Long Island

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



Lieutenant Harold Vanderbilt, youngest son of William K. Vanderbilt, of New York



Charles M. Schwab, 2nd, nephew of Charles M. Schwab, serving in the Naval Reserve



Ensign William H. Vanderbilt, son of the late Alfred G. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Elsie French Vanderbilt  
From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York





Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., son of Colonel Cornelius Vanderbilt and great-great-grandson of Commodore Vanderbilt  
From a photograph by the Central News Photo Service



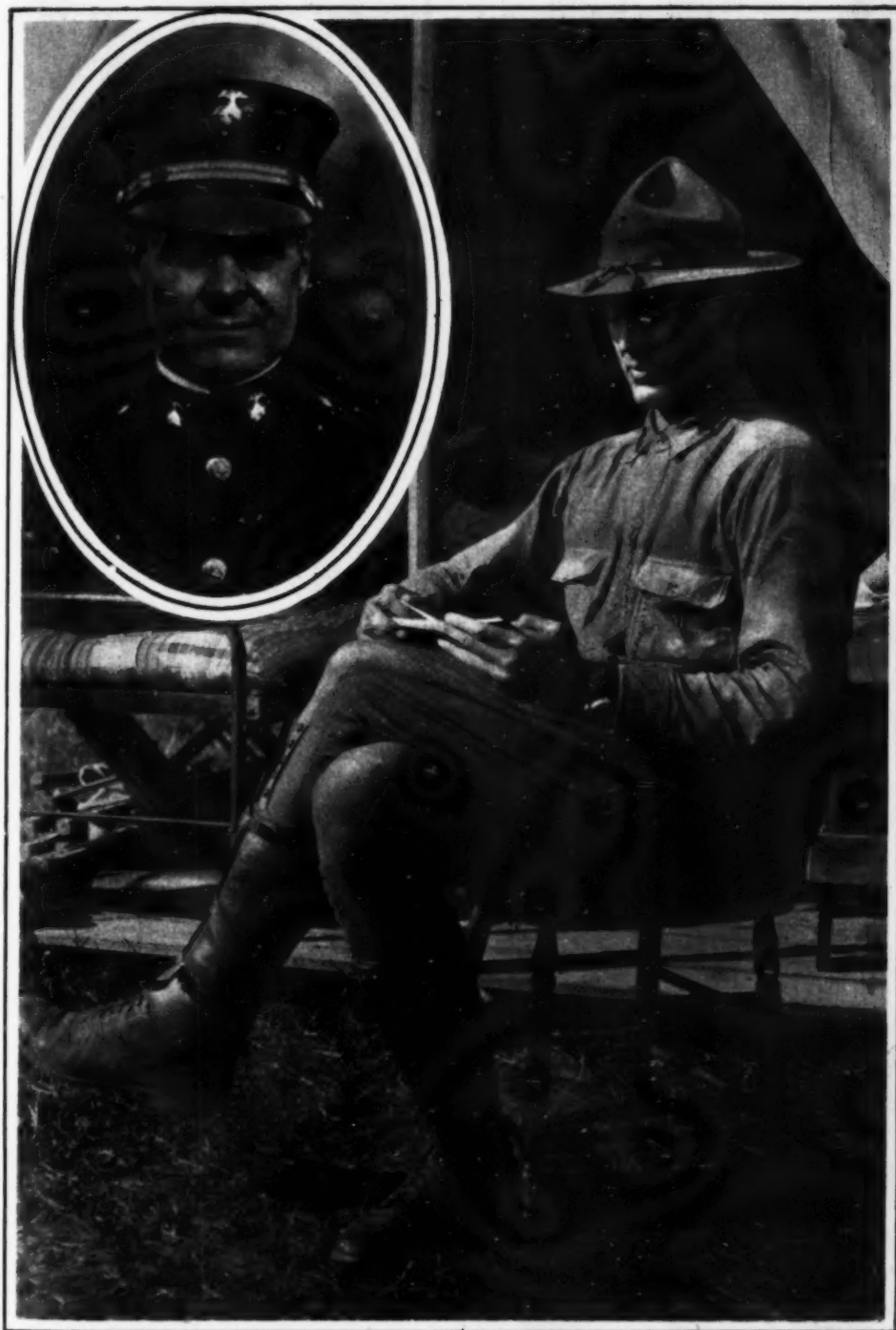
Ensign Junius Spencer Morgan, eldest son of  
J. Pierpont Morgan

From a photograph by the Western Newspaper Union



Thomas Hitchcock, of the Escadrille Lafayette,  
now a prisoner of war

Copyrighted by the International Film Service



Captain Hamilton Fish, Jr., of New York, and his tent at Camp Dix—in the oval, Captain  
A. J. Drexel Biddle, of Philadelphia (Marine Corps)

From copyrighted photographs by Kadel & Herbert and Underwood & Underwood



Seth Low, son of the late President Low, of  
Columbia University



John Wanamaker, Jr., son of Rodman Wanamaker  
and grandson of John Wanamaker



# The Appearance of Evil

A STORY OF LITTLE PINEY MOUNTAIN

BY EMMET F. HARTE

Illustrated by J. Scott Williams

**I**N the hills men still follow the primitive wood-trails that wind in and out among the scraggly knobs and tree-shadowed hollows, but they do their thinking along straight lines. And there are those who are believers in a stern moral code—which same should rightly serve as the thread out of which to spin a moral story.

Old Mark Sanborn lifted his rifle from the wooden hooks above the smoke-blackened fireplace in his cabin. As the years are reckoned, Mark Sanborn was an old man. He was seventy, at least; yet he could not well have been called ancient. His body was still strong, erect, and, as he himself termed it, "supple as a boy's." His eyes were still clear and keen, and his mind active and alert. Time had touched his hair and beard with gray, but otherwise seemed only to have seasoned and ripened him.

There was a little droop, as of sadness, at the corners of his mouth as he balanced the heavy rifle in his hands, as his lean fingers fell familiarly into place about its worn stock. For an instant he seemed to visualize scenes of other days—trials of skill at the target and in the dim, leafy woods. In his mind's eye flashed a picture of a strutting wild turkey, and of an antlered buck silhouetted against the skyline at dawn. He sighed.

It was a sigh that held a double regret—a hungering for the things that were not, while he deplored at least one thing that was. For old Mark Sanborn had an unpleasant task to perform. He was about to act in an official capacity at the execution of a friend. Lest the rapid-fire reader too

readily discern a melodrama of the modern motion-picture type, let one and all be reassured. The friend's name was Rover, and Rover was a pure-bred collie, ten months old.

On the day previous the old man, who lived alone in his cabin—alone save for the company of his motley flock of chickens, certain half-wild pigs of the razorback breed, and three dogs—had walked in to the "settlement," as he called it, otherwise the sleepy little town of Shelby, for a few trifling supplies. "Sweetening" for his matutinal tin cup of coffee, also salt, and soda, and plug-tobacco, and black powder, and a bar of lead, seeing that the young squirrels were beginning to frisk tantalizingly on the rail fence that bordered his very dooryard.

Returning in the evening, he had ridden part way home in the wagon with Caldwell Bratcher, who lived across the mountain.

"I lost fo' sheep las' night," the latter had confided. "Dog-killed! That makes ten since the first of April. Hit's gittin' right aggravatin'. I reckon me an' the boys will have to set up fer a few nights an' do a little houn'-shootin'."

"I sho' would," the old man assented. "Sheep-killin' dogs is varmints. The sooner they're shot, the better fo' all concerned."

Then, just after breakfast next morning, he noticed something white in the corner of the collie's mouth. He called the dog to him. The latter came, meek-eyed, cringing after the manner of pups and evil-doers whose sins have found them out. The tell-tale white thing in his mouth was a shred of sheep's wool.

The dog was of pure blood of his kind. The postmaster in Shelby had vouched for it when he sold him the puppy for two dollars.

"Full-blood Scotch collie, without a blemish," were his words.

As the puppy grew in strength and beauty, acquiring his golden-brown coat of shining hair, so grew the old man's affection and pride in him. And now he was a proved vandal, a sheep-killer, a prowling night marauder, a "varmint," whose ways merited one end and one only!

Carrying the rifle in the crook of his arm, Mark stepped outside and whistled. The three dogs came quickly to his call. With sharply spoken command he sent the two older dogs back. Rover leaped and gamboled ahead of him as he walked toward the grove of trees beyond his small garden-patch. Arrived at the fence he climbed over and stood still.

"Here, sir!" he said. "Come here, sir! Stand thar now!"

The dog eyed him questioningly, ears aloft, one nervous paw half-lifted to "shake hands"—a puppy trick he hadn't forgotten. The old man took aim abruptly. The rifle spoke a sharp staccato note.

The dog cried once, and floundered for a little time in the grass and fallen leaves. Old Mark Sanborn climbed the fence, and with bent head, walked back to the house, where, having reloaded the gun, he replaced it on its hooks over the fireplace.

And presently, armed with the kindlier weapon of a garden-spade, he returned once more to the grove beyond the fence, and dug a shallow grave in the moist, black leaf-mold—a grave which, when finished, its occupant interred, and the earth replaced, he trampled over with seemingly heedless boot-soles.

## II

Two figures moved side by side along the shaded road which wound around a shoulder of Little Piney Mountain. Of the twain, one was a man of twenty-five or twenty-six, tall and rather heavily built, square of jaw, cold of eye, and by the cut and set of his clothes evidently not mountain-bred. His dark hair, short but thick

and curling, was uncovered, for he carried his soft-brimmed Panama hat in a careless hand.

The figure beside him was that of a girl. By her plain gingham dress and heavy shoes, she was evidently a girl of the hills. Eyes of velvety brown had she, and a skin



AN OLD MAN WHOSE PRESENCE WAS UNSUSPECTED—

whose glowing tints of youth and health no harsh touch of wind or sun could mar. At nineteen, Harmony Fields was beautiful with the rich, colorful, fresh, radiant beauty of a dew-wet wild flower or sunlit clouds at dawn.

If she was unconscious of this boon that the gods had bestowed, as one who studied her might have been led to believe, there was no mistaking the fact that the young man with her saw and appraised it at its par value. Every glance of his somber eyes turning upon the soft, flushed cheek of his companion, or lingering upon the full curve of her throat, was eager, devouring, ardent.

They presently paused, these two, where the rocky trail dipped into a hollow and

a little spring branch prattled among tumbled stones. They tarried to sit for a space on a fallen tree beside the trail and to talk in low voices of nothing in particular, unseen—or so it seemed.

But an old man whose presence was unsuspected saw and watched them from the

Their living was of the simplest and scantiest. Of comforts they had not many, of luxuries none at all; often they were forced to forego even the necessities. In such surroundings nature sometimes chooses to bud and bring to blossom her rarest orchids; and Harmony Fields, while yet in the new glory of her flowering, had been seen by outland eyes.

Those in the hills do not take strangers for granted. The ostensible business, the political preferences, the social status, the apparent honesty of motive of the city idler, Douglas Hyland, was a topic that had already been freely discussed. And if certain conservative souls held themselves aloof from him—a Northerner, and therefore to be suspected—at least he was per-



—SAW AND WATCHED THEM FROM A HAZEL CLUMP A LITTLE WAY UP THE HILLSIDE

safe secrecy of a hazel clump a little way up the hillside. And when the young man's arm stole tenderly around the yielding form of the girl, and she gave him her lips in a lingering and trustful caress, there was a slight movement in the hazel thicket, and a glint as of the sinking sun's rays striking on a rifle-barrel.

Harmony Fields lived with her mother in their log cabin in its clearing on Little Piney. The girl had neither father nor brother. Once she had had both. The boiler of the sawmill in the valley near the river ford had blown up some three years ago, and Harmony's father and brother had met an untimely end, leaving the mother and the daughter alone.

mitted to wander abroad as he willed, unmolested.

Douglas Hyland met Harmony Fields on one of his rambles over Little Piney, and soon he had become an open wooer. Harmony had never encouraged the young men of the countryside. Her mother did not encourage the attentions of the stranger. She viewed his advances with a disaffection which, while unspoken so far, might readily become openly condemnatory.

But Harmony was nineteen, and the glamour of romance had worked its spell upon her. She was as clay, plastic to the molding of the man—of any man whom she might deify with the dream magic of her pristine passion.

Old Mark Sanborn lived on the winding trail from Shelby to the river ford, where, a mile farther on, was the Field cabin. He was a ranger of forests and a fisher of streams when the weather permitted; but he was not one to follow the traveled trails. He was a taker of short cuts as the crow flies, in thought as well as in way-faring.

His eyes, which were keen enough to pick out a squirrel's ear in the leafy covert of the tallest tree, could hardly fail to observe the tall figure of the city man as the latter rode along the winding woods road on a certain morning. The rider was proceeding in the direction of the ford.

The old man paused at his hoeing to stare at the well-dressed, handsome figure. As he stared, his brows met in a frown, and he spat savagely at a potato-hill.

"A varmint is a varmint," he muttered. "Two legs or four don't make no difference. Too bad the gal's men-folks is dead, and cain't look after her."

A little later the rider returned, retracing his way toward Shelby. His posture and countenance registered disappointment, if not chagrin. He struck viciously at the nearest twigs with his riding-quirt. When the traveler and horse

disappeared around a bend in the road, the tiller of potato-hills set his hoe against a convenient stump. Then, having secured his rifle from the cabin, he struck off over the mountain.

It was not long until the barking of dogs—his own two, and the ancient retainer at the Field place—announced his arrival at that domicile. Harmony's mother, sun-bonneted, her face exhibiting a heightened

color, greeted him briefly but with no lack of neighborly kindliness.

"A warm mornin'," observed the old man perfunctorily. "The crops need rain. Whar's the little gal this mornin'?"

"She took a bucket an' went a black-berryin' jest a minute ago," the woman replied. After a short pause she added: "Harmony's a gittin' to be a sight of worry to me. I don't know what I'm goin' to do with her."

"U-m—h-m! What's the main trouble with her now, mostly?"

"Hit's that there No'the'ner. He's makin' a fool of the child. She's lettin' him wheedle her into believin' whatever he's a mind to tell her. Hit's no use tryin' to reason with her. I tried to, a while ago, after he'd come ridin' up an' I told him to go an' keep away. He went finally, an' then she turned on me in a reg'lar tantrum—me that's her mother an' loves her!"

"You warned him to make himself skeerce?" The old man held to the paramount issue, as it seemed to him. "He didn't talk back to you—he warn't on-civil to you, now, was he?"

There was a note of repressed excitement in the questioner's voice.

"No, he didn't git sassy. In fact, he acted more polite and good-mannered than I did myself, I reckon."

"H-m!" replied Mark, apparently disappointed.

"An' then Harmony, she railed

out on me, an' flounced off to the woods. I jest don't know what to do. I don't seem to like that No'the'ner. He appears to have plenty of money an' clothes, an' he acts like quality, but I suspicion that he's jest playin' with my child's heart. An' hit ain't right! We-all have had enough sorrow an' tribulations already, without that."



"WHAT'S BOTHERIN'  
MY GAL NOW, I'D LEE  
TO KNOW?"





"I'll be goin' on." The old man shifted his rifle to the crook of his arm. "It might be I'll run across her d'rectly. I might talk to her."

"I do wisht you would, Uncle Mark," the woman said earnestly. "She's always thought a lot of you. I wisht you would talk to her."

### III

HARMONY was seated on the gnarled root of a tree. Chin in hand, she stared across and beyond the far valley to the purple merging of earth and sky. Her hair, a heavy, braided rope, hung between her drooping shoulders. Roused by the dogs' friendly approach, she looked up to see their master near. The light glistened on tears yet wet upon the peach-bloom of her cheeks.

"Why, Harmony!" the old man said. "Cryin'? What's botherin' my gal now, I'd like to know?"

She sighed.

"Nothing, Uncle Mark." Her voice was low and rich with the soft music of the South. "Nothing at all. I—I am only just a little sort of blue, I reckon."

"Blue?" The old man set his rifle against a tree-bole and stood looking down at her averted face. "Folks ain't never blue 'thout some kind o' cause. You wouldn't want to tell me all about it, would you, honey?"

"Oh, Uncle Mark, there's nothing to tell. I'm just miserable, that's all."

"Harmony"—after a minute's pause—"child, don't you wonder sometimes if it wouldn't be better if you'd try to put that young man clear out of your mind?"

She looked up with widened eyes.

"No," she said. "No! I love him, and he loves me. I—I have promised to marry him."

"You have? Well, then thar's nothin' to cry about, is thar? Does folks git the blues when they're fixin' to git married? That is, supposin' that everything's all fa'r an' squar' between 'em—"

"No-o—I guess not, usually. And everything is all fair and square between Douglas

and me, Uncle Mark. He wants me to marry him and go live up North. He says I am to be a grand lady, and live in a big house with servants to wait on us and everything fine. He loves me—"

"It's easy enough fo' some fellers to say that!"

"But he does. I know it. What do you mean?"

The old man waited for a space before replying.

"Thar was Jim Caldwell's gal," he said musingly. "What was her name? Susie, warn't it? She run off with a feller from the city that said he loved her; but she come back home to stay, after a bit—her an' her little baby; an' she warn't never married at all, Harmony."

"But, Uncle Mark, Douglas is a gentleman. You—you seem to be trying to make me mad at you!"

"No, I hain't, Harmony honey. I was jest projectin'. A gal like you cain't risk takin' chances. The safest way is not to play too close to the fireplace. Yo' own mother is the best pusson in the whole world fo' you to listen to. She ain't never goin' to tell you nothin' that ain't fo' yo' own best int'rests, never. Yo' ought to recollect that when yo're feelin' mad to'ds her."

"So she put you up to talk to me, did she? Well, I know she doesn't like Douglas. She never has. She told him to go away and never come back. He is gone, too, by this time. He went back to the city this morning—or that's what he aimed to do. I'll tell you the same as I told her. I love him and he loves me, and I'll never, never give him up. Nothing any one can say against him will make the least bit of difference. When he comes for me, or sends for me to come to him, I'll go; for he is mine and I am his. As long as he lives I'll never change, for I believe him when he tells me that I am to be his wife!"

The girl's voice was trembling with feeling as she ended.

Old Mark Sanborn stared stolidly across and beyond the far valley. His face was



expressionless, but a light gleamed in the depths of his eyes. From the torrent of Harmony's passionate words his mind had caught and clung to a single phrase.

"As long as he lives—"

In his mind, as a logical complement, another thought slowly took shape and substance. What if Douglas Hyland were to cease to live? Would not Harmony, innocent and self-deceived, be saved from that which threatened? Stern emergencies demand grim remedies; and after all, a varmint, man or lesser beast, is—a varmint.

"H-m!" he said aloud. "I started out to git me a young squirrel fo' dinner, an' here I stand a gallivantin' with the fust pretty gal I run acrost. I reckon I better be a movin' on. You run on home to yo' mother, child, an' cheer her up. Thar ain't but the two o' you left, you recomember; an' yo' mother sets a heap o' store by you, Harmony."

He picked up his rifle and strode off along the rock-strewn slope of the mountainside without a backward glance at the girl.

But once he was out of her sight, he quickened his pace, proceeding in a straight course toward his own cabin. Arrived there, he at once busied himself with the preparation and ingestion of a plain but substantial meal. He then fed the two dogs, and loosened a slat at the bottom of the pigpen so that the occupants thereof could range the near-by woods at their own discretion. Returning to the cabin, he brought out from some cranny in the log wall a small tin can, whose contents—a soiled roll of greenbacks and a few silver coins—he transferred to his pocket.

Lastly he took from the top shelf of his cupboard a heavy revolver, and, after narrowly inspecting the weapon and each of its six cartridges, slipped it inside his waistband under his coat. Drawing the cabin door shut behind him, and latching it by means of its strap and whittled peg, he paused only for a moment to bid the dogs not to follow, and took his way with long strides on the road to Shelby.

#### IV

THE tall, shabbily-dressed, and seemingly awkward figure of old Mark Sanborn looked

oddly alien and incongruous as he paced the brick-and-stone-hedged thoroughfares of the great city. The din and clangor, the many-odored, fetid breath of it, oppressed and disconcerted him. He was elbowed, thrust upon, hurried, and impeded by countless animated marionettes that scurried ant-like in an ever-augmented, never-pausing, haste-mad processional. But the old man, if awed or annoyed by the unreality of this pageant of which he was a part, was not shaken in his resolve. He had come a long way, nearly two days' journey, moved by the singleness of a set purpose; and until he had achieved the objective he sought, everything else was relative and beside the issue.

As the hours passed, his eyes and ears, accustomed as they were to the green vistas and gentler sounds of the mountains, grew weary. The city, like a tidal wave, surged over and around him. Against its turbulent flood he strove blindly, doggedly, but without definite plan or method. His senses were dulled by ear-splitting roarings; his brain grew dizzy at the spectacle of sheer walls where row surmounted row of windows, and tier topped tier, rising at last until the very clouds of the sky were pierced.

So it was only a tired, dazed, footsore old man, who walked at random, that the meshes of the law's drag-net caught soon after nightfall and deposited in the sorting hopper of police headquarters. A patrolman, scenting trouble in the grimness of the wayfarer's face, had caught sight of the revolver when a vagrant wind-puff lifted the suspect's coat.

The cage which received him was one wherein many birds of motley plumage already roosted. The night's catch had been fairly liberal. Sullen and ribald, ragged and bedecked in the gaudy trappings of sin, these uncouth combings of the shadows crouched or strutted.

As one who gropes in the misty mazes of some absurd dream, the old man sat down upon a bench. A dark disconsolation weighed upon his spirit. He stared around him dazedly and waited—for what, he did not even try to conjecture.

Burly giants in uniform came from time

to time to lead or drag forth a sodden wretch or a bedizened woman. These were conducted away to some dim chamber of inquisition, and did not return; but old Mark Sanborn did not consider the fact. The scenes around him had become a moving panorama which revolved and twisted and danced before him like the sequence of fevered fantasies in delirium. He had ceased to wonder or even care.

A man, blue-clad and gruff, presently made him understand that his turn had come to appear before the tribunal of the night court. He rose, docilely apathetic, and was led and pushed along a corridor and into a room whose air was heavy with the kennel-like stench of sweating bodies, of stale tobacco-smoke, and the nauseating fumes of liquor.

He was vaguely conscious of certain figures of men seated or standing about a raised rostrum, where one sat behind a court bar like the one in the county court-house in Shelby; and there were other shadowy shapes of spectators whose faces gleamed white in the light from dusty electric bulbs. With averted eyes, he stood before the court dais, and heard the droning rumble of a voice speaking his name and stating the charge against him.

"The prisoner had the gun on him, yer honor, stuck down inside his pants, under his coat. You can see for yerself, it's a young cannon. An' he looked kind o' wild out o' the eyes besides, yer honor. He says he's from somewhere down South—a place called Shelby. 'Tis likely he's a dangerous nut, from his looks."

"Shelby!" It was the voice of the judge speaking now. "Did you say Shelby,

officer? And what name did you say he gave? Ah, yes, Sanborn—Mark Sanborn. And he was carrying this gun—concealed, I suppose?"

"Sure, concealed, yer honor."

"Yet you saw it, nevertheless?"

"Why, yer honor, you see, it was hid an' it wasn't. It was—"

"The man is discharged," the judge said briefly and decisively. "Call the next case!"

## V

OLD Mark Sanborn raised his eyes to the speaker's face. The face was that of a young man, square of jaw and cold of eye, whose short, dark hair lay thick and curling on his head. A half smile bent the firm lips as their owner leaned forward to pass the

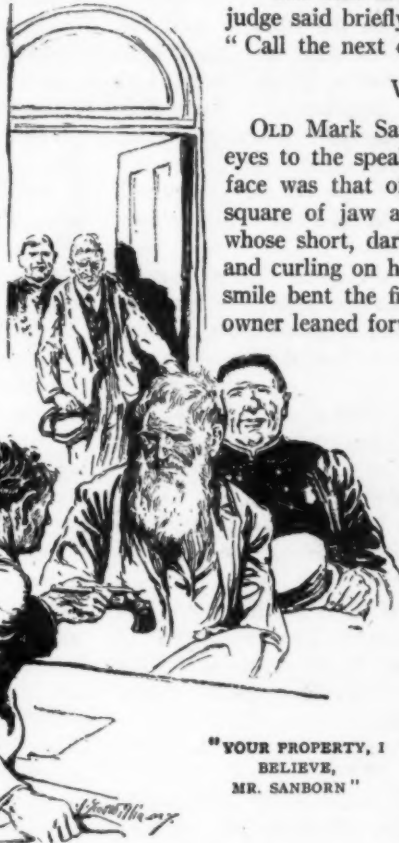
heavy revolver to its late possessor.

"Your property, I believe, Mr. Sanborn," said Judge Douglas Hyland. "Perhaps you shouldn't carry it on your person, you know. One moment—my work will be finished to-night in a

very short time. Sit down over there, please, and wait for me. I've something special to say to you."

The mountaineer took the weapon mechanically. He carried it in his hand as he walked to the chair indicated and sat down. As in a dream he saw the man he had journeyed far to kill sitting there before him. He looked at the loaded revolver in his hand.

The droning murmur of voices reached his ears. Once again the moving panorama was passing before his eyes.



"YOUR PROPERTY, I  
BELIEVE,  
MR. SANBORN"

"John Darby, arrested while disturbing the peace by being drunk and disorderly and beating his wife!"

The wife was present. She came timidly from the spectators' benches to plead for the man who had beaten her.

"He is good to me—always," she said, "except when he is drinking. And he works hard at his trade—"

"Thirty days on the island!" said the judge. "With a stay—on conditions. Down on your knees, John Darby, and ask your wife's forgiveness! Remember this—if you are brought before me again, you will serve your time. And if you lay the weight of a finger on this woman, I shall thrash you in addition with my own hands. Now go!"

In an instant the scene changed again. A painted woman stood before the bar. She wore a shimmering dress of some clinging material, and jewels flashed in her ears and on her hands.

"So, Blanche, you're here again! The last time you were closed up you were warned."

The woman laughed harshly.

"Cut out the solemn stuff, judge," she said. "Go on and fine me the limit. I can pay it."

"Two hundred dollars. The clerk will give you a receipt." The woman turned with a toss of her head. "And two hundred days," added the judge coldly. "Maloney, lock her up."

Again the stage was emptied and new actors appeared.

"James Wylie, alias Silky Wells, alias Jimmy the Dude. Charged with enticing from her home in the village of Clayborn, under bogus promise of marriage, Mabel Jones."

The girl, Mabel Jones, stood before the judge. Her face was pinched, tear-stained, frightened, abject. The man who had won her by soft words and plausible promises leaned nonchalantly against the bar of justice, unmasked, contemptuous, a sneer on his lips.

"We got the wire from the girl's father at nine thirty, and the train come in at ten minutes before ten," said the arresting officer. "They was just gettin' into a taxi,

your honor, when we spotted 'em. We trailed 'em all right, and he took her to a place over on the East Side. We nabbed 'em in front of it while he was payin' the shoffer."

"Miss Jones, you have done no wrong," the judge said gently. "Yours has been only a slight error of judgment. Let us be thankful, officer, that you were in time. Escort the young lady to the matron's quarters and explain the situation. She will know what to say and do until her guest leaves for home."

"But you, sir"—the voice grew steely-hard and pitiless—"have a different road to travel. You unspeakable cur, gladly would I give you a wall to stand against and a firing-squad, if I could. For you and your kind no adequate provision has been made in the criminal code. We are handicapped by a false sense of justice. Yet, Jimmy the Dude, or Silky Wells, as may be, I shall try to get you a proper hearing before the right tribunal. I'll place this matter before the district attorney in the morning and see what can be done. Some one take this cur and put him in a tight kennel for the present!"

Later, old Mark Sanborn was cognizant of leaving the night court, with its lights and its shadows, and breathing the tepid outer air of the street once more. Douglas Hyland walked at his side, carrying his soft-brimmed Panama in a careless hand.

The old man had a hazy impression of riding in a cushioned equipage that floated rather than rolled over the smooth asphalt of the city streets, of alighting from it in a wondrous avenue of mansions, and of entering an *Aladdin's* palace. Then a sort of a bird-cage carried him skyward to some strange, soft-carpeted aerie, where presently he slept in a snowy bed of softest down, at the head and foot of which rose barred gates of solid gold.

And afterward he dreamed of a room carved in flawless marble, where water issued from silver tubes, hot or cold as desired; and of a vast, vaulted chamber, where food no man could name or describe was brought for the asking, and where a regular band played while one ate.

Finally he again entered one of those



floating, wheeled vehicles, to be whisked with the speed of the lightning express past mile on mile of closely-packed houses, with an occasional State capitol building sandwiched between, until they stopped before a modest palace which was nearing completion. Douglas Hyland, with boyish enthusiasm, led him through the edifice.

"This is to be Harmony's home and

"Doug, son, you jest leave that thar to me! I'll fix it all up for you," the old man promised earnestly.

## VI

ONCE again the tall form of old Mark Sanborn darkened the doorway of the Field cabin in its clearing on Little Piney. Once again he leaned his rifle against the



"HIT SEEMED KIND O' LONESOME ON THE MOUNTING WHILE YOU WAS AWAY, UNCLE MARK."

mine," he said. "Here we will establish our Lares and Penates. You say you live not far from her mother's farm, and you've known her since she was a baby? Do you think she will like this house?"

"Like it?" said the old man. "She'll be a tarnation eejut if she don't! Yes, I reckon she'll git used to sich high-toned fixin's quick enough—wimmen do."

"There's one thing I want to ask of you as a favor, Uncle Mark," the young judge begged. "Harmony's mother doesn't like me, I'm afraid, and I wish you'd speak a good word for me, if you get a chance. You know I intend to bring her here to live with Harmony and me; and I want her to come willingly."

log wall under the lean-to porch, and greeted the sunbonneted woman who came at the sound of the barking of the dogs—his own two and the ancient retainer of the Fields domicil.

"We need a shower," he said perfunctorily. "It's hot and dry."

"My sakes!" the woman said. "We-all heard you'd been gone abroad. Hit seemed kind o' lonesome on the mounting while you was away, Uncle Mark."

"Whar's Harmony? Gone blackberryin' as usual, I 'spose?"

"Yes, or maybe to Shelby to git the mail. She ain't forgot that No'the'ner yit."

"An' she won't, nuther, I reckon. I chanced to run acrost him durin' my travels,

an' him an' me got right well acquainted. I'll say this much, ma'am, in his favor—he's a hard-headed feller, an' set in his ways; an' he's planning' to marry Harmony. Speakin' as a disinterested party an' with malice to'ds none an' charity fo' all, I'd say, let him. Whenever he comes or sends, day-time or night-time, hot or cold, you-all have yo' lamps trimmed an' burnin', fo' Doug Hyland aims to take him a wife, an' the gal in the case is named Harmony!"

"I have wondered," the woman said. "I never could jest decide positively in my mind whether he was a quality gentleman or a sheep-killin' houn'-dog."

The old man held up a hand.

"I've always been a little quick on the trigger," he said regretfully. "Thar was my pup, Rover. Thar'd been a sheep killed over on yon side o' the mount'in, an' I seed wool caught in Rover's teeth. I shot him without givin' him a runnin' chance. I set a heap o' store by him, too; an' he was as free from what I thought he'd done as I was myself. Only this mo'nin' I found the old sheepskin saddle-blanket in the bresh-patch, whar he'd played with it when he was a puppy-dog an' cuttin' his teeth. An' he was hardly mo' than a puppy-dog yit when I killed him!"



### BOYS, NOW GROWN TO MEN

Do you remember, boys, now grown to men,  
The old green orchard, on the hillside, when  
The first ripe apples came in early fall?  
It seemed as if a fellow'd eat them all!

They used to ripen earliest near the lane,  
Through which you drove the cows in sun and rain;  
And, stopping there to get a hasty bite,  
One sometimes lingered till 'twas almost night.

Old Rover, faithful dog, stayed with the herd,  
Content with chasing now and then a bird;  
But milking-time would find the cows in place,  
Locked in their stanchions; then the milking race,  
The hired man trying hard to outdo dad,  
While you pitched down the hay, content and glad.

Then mother'd blow the horn—supper was spread;  
And oh, the "taters" and salt-emptyings bread!  
A vigorous wash with soft soap at the pump,  
For mother's supper made a fellow hump!

The wood-box filled, the chores all duly done,  
Oh, boys, now grown to men, think what you've won  
Of character and health in simple life!  
It stands you well now, in the care and strife  
Of parlous times, when over all the earth  
The clarion call goes forth for men of worth!

*George A. Hand*

# The Odd Measure

Major-General  
Goethals as  
Quartermaster-  
General

*His Very Important  
Share in the Making  
of Our Great New  
Armies*

THREE or four months ago the fact became demonstrated in the War Department that the greatest need of that important agency of the government was the service of a few master executives at the head of the chief branches of its vast business organization. The administration, admitting this need, looked the field over for the men whose capacities along this line had been most signally demonstrated. Its eye, quite naturally, fell upon Major-General George W. Goethals. As builder of the Panama Canal, Goethals had administered the greatest and most difficult engineering undertaking of the ages, and had won the praise of the whole world in its accomplishment.

The task of most exasperating detail in the whole war game was that of the administration of the office of the quartermaster-general of the army. For one thing, his office pays their monthly stipends to all the men in the service. It follows the wish of each, gives each the proportion of his pay he draws for personal use, and sends the desired amount to his family. For Uncle Sam's million and a half men under arms the quartermaster-general buys every stitch of clothing that they wear, the blankets in which they sleep, the tents that shelter them. Then the whole army must have its three square meals a day of wholesome, strength-giving food, and the kettles in which to stew it.

This was the primary task assigned to the canal-builder when he was made acting quartermaster-general. The stupendous amount of detail it involved, and the sudden expansion of a comparatively small organization into an immense one, had up to that time caused no small amount of confusion.

But to the office of quartermaster-general, as handled by General Goethals, a new sphere of authority was to be given. Congress, in making appropriations for the ordnance corps, the engineering corps, the signal corps, the quartermaster corps, and the medical corps, made each independent of the others in its purchases, sent each into the market to buy against the others. On the ground of "military necessity," the President, acting through the Secretary of War and the general staff, found a way to bring all the purchases of these bureaus under a common head. This was done by formulating a system in which the various phases of the work are centralized in the hands of Brigadier-General Palmer E. Pierce, director of supplies; Edward R. Stettinius, surveyor of supplies; and the quartermaster-general.

Having found its master executive, the War Department thrust yet other tasks upon him. As there had been rivalries among the bureaus in purchases, so had there been in getting materials transported and stored. Transportation of supplies was a huge task. It was given to Goethals, who, by authority of the general staff, was made director of storage and traffic. In this capacity, it is the authority that determines what supplies shall move, demands the cars of Mr. McAdoo, and shuttles them down to seaboard.

Then again it is Goethals who demands vessels from the Shipping Board, and hurries the supplies overseas. It was Goethals, too, who introduced a system of handling the freight traffic which is said to have shortened the average time of a vessel's round trip by ten days. Then there is the administration of endless warehouses—warehouses at the point of production, at concentration points, at the water's edge, reserve warehouses behind the front in France. Goethals administers them all.

As quartermaster-general, Goethals directs the field quartermasters, is commander-in-chief of the cooks of the army, and chaperons their clothing

to their very backs in France. Then, through his versatile hosts of subordinates, he becomes laundryman, cobbler, ragpicker, reclamation agent in general.

These are tasks of infinite detail, but order has been steadily coming out of what threatened to become chaos. It is said that each morning, for a time, the neighborhood of the quartermaster-general's office was littered with the fallen heads of the incompetent. A feeling of greater confidence that we are getting the job done is permeating the atmosphere about the War Department; and Major-General Goethals is largely responsible.

A good portrait of the quartermaster-general appears on page 846 of this magazine.

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Gospel of Goods and Services

*Dwight Morrow's  
Clear and Simple  
Statement of an  
Important Principle*

**P**OLITICAL economy—"the dismal science," as it has been called—is a subject from which the average man, and especially the average woman, shrinks in something like terror. And yet its principles—principles that underlie sound finance and successful government—need only clarity and simplicity of statement to be recognized as being nothing more than crystallized common sense.

There is no more fruitful source of economic errors than the general prevalence of false ideas on the nature and function of money. Adam Smith's main thesis was that labor is the sole creator of wealth, the function of money being to give its possessor control of the labor of others; but though his famous volume has been a text-book for nearly a hundred and fifty years, comparatively few people seem to have assimilated this fundamental doctrine. Much wrong thinking on war-time problems might be avoided if we would talk, not in terms of money, but in terms of labor and its products—in other words, of goods and services.

Because of its clear and simple explanation of this principle, we reproduce part of an address recently delivered by Dwight Morrow, the New York lawyer and financier, on behalf of the War Savings Committee:

Wars are not fought with money; wars are fought with goods and services. And when a peace-loving nation, a peace-trained nation, goes to war, that war is largely fought with goods produced and services rendered after it gets into the war.

What the government wants is not money, but goods and services. What the government wants from these men who go to France is a service. What the government wants from the man who works in a munitions-factory, of a man who works in a copper-mine, of a man who runs a railroad, of a man who sells bonds or war savings certificates, of a woman who works for the Red Cross—what the government wants from them all is services. What the government wants is service that can be brought into effective use at the point of contact with the enemy, and that can be so brought into effective use before it is too late.

If you can imagine some one coming from another planet and putting into the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury all the money that can be conceived of, if you can imagine that that money had all the purchasing power that money had theretofore, the Treasury would not be one whit better off in fighting this war unless, with this money, it could command goods and services utilizable at the point of contact with the enemy, and utilizable before it were too late.

That is proposition Number One—that the nation does not want money at all, except so far as that money can induce or command goods and services. Proposition Number Two flows directly from this, and is at the basis of the whole war savings movement.

At a time when the government is demanding from the industrial capacity of the country fifteen or twenty billion dollars' worth of goods and services that were never demanded before, obviously the government cannot get these goods and services unless either the productive capacity is enormously increased, or some one does without goods and services that he formerly had. There are only two ways in which the government can get what it needs to save its life—by greater production or by less consumption. As there is a limit to production,



we must rely in great measure upon less consumption of those things that do not directly add to the welfare and efficiency of the nation in the carrying on of the war.

But if people must do without goods and services in order that the government may have the goods and services that it needs to save its life—yea, to save civilization—that means that we all must do without, for every time you buy anything you are commanding some one to work for you.

The gospel of "goods and services" can be summed up in a single sentence—"Nobody buys anything without making somebody else work for him." That is a fundamental principle of economics. Somewhere, somehow, somebody else is working for you when you buy anything.

The War Savings Committee, therefore, asks you to refrain from needlessly spending money which will compete with your government at a time when there are not enough goods and services to go around. Every dollar that you spend for something not necessary to your health and efficiency is competing in the labor market against the war demands of the United States government.

\* \* \* \* \*

### In Charge of the Personnel of the Medical Corps

*Colonel Robert E.  
Noble, Who Has  
Directed a Great  
Work of  
Organization*

**W**HEN the United States declared war against Germany, the medical corps of the army consisted of sixty-five hundred officers and enlisted men. To-day it contains a more numerous personnel than did the entire military organization a year ago. Exact numbers are not to be given, but, roughly speaking, the corps is twenty times as large as it was before we entered the fight, and is still growing.

The general health of the army, the sanitation of its camps, its protection from the diseases that have heretofore taken terrific toll in times of war, are the marvel of the age. They are a demonstration of the possibilities that have developed since the Spanish-American War, during a period which will go down in history as the era of sanitary development.

But the building of the machine that administers the sanitary and medical affairs of a nation at war requires a particular genius for the accomplishment of a particular task. This assignment Surgeon-General Gorgas has given to Colonel Robert E. Noble, in charge of the personnel of the medical corps. It has been a task of infinite administrative detail. Steadily, day by day, month by month, the organization has been expanded, the original body of trained men has been diluted with recruits new to their task. The dilution has all the time been the utmost possible without endangering the general level of efficiency. Successive increments have been added, brought up to standard, made the basis upon which to build further.

Colonel Noble, who has controlled this phenomenal growth, came into the medical corps eighteen years ago. He was an active young surgeon looking for new fields to conquer at the time of the Boxer uprising. As the troops of the nations went into China, a call was sent forth for sanitary officers. Dr. Noble, not long out of college, heard the call, and hastened to Yokohama; but when he reached that distant point the campaign was over. Determined to see service with troops, he went to Manila. There he became a contract surgeon with the American forces, and six months later was commissioned a lieutenant in the medical corps.

He served three years in the Philippines. For seven years he was stationed in the Canal Zone. There he came to know Surgeon-General Gorgas well, and a comradeship of participation in the conquest of the jungle grew up between the two. When Gorgas undertook a sanitary mission to South Africa, he was accompanied by Colonel Noble. When American troops went into Vera Cruz, Noble was a part of the expedition.

His life of eighteen years in the army has been a full one, and ripened him into the man whom General Gorgas regarded as fittest for the administration of the great work of expansion. Under his direction sixteen thousand men have been commissioned for active service in the medical corps, practically all of them as surgeons. The number of dentists commissioned and in active service is approaching two thousand. There are a thousand men

with commissions as veterinary surgeons, and another thousand officers, not surgeons, assigned to the sanitary corps. The ambulance corps has one hundred and forty-two commissioned officers. Under these is an enlisted personnel that may be expected soon to mount to something like two hundred thousand men.

Colonel Noble is the chief of the largest army of American women in existence. He has recruited and mustered into service about eight thousand trained nurses; and this is but the nucleus of a force which eventually will be five times as large. In the United States there are about eighty thousand trained nurses with the qualifications and of the age required by the medical corps regulations. It is estimated that seventy thousand of these are capable of passing the required examination; and more than half that number are expected to be serving with the army before the war is over.

The administration of hospitals is a task requiring great executive ability. Colonel Noble has supervision of the personnel responsible for the scores of establishments that have come into being during the last year. In peace times a hospital with four hundred beds is a good-sized institution, and one with a thousand beds would be considered a very large one; but the new war hospitals at the cantonments usually have about two thousand beds. At the time of writing two of them had twenty-six hundred beds apiece. To administer such a hospital requires the devoted attention of a rare executive.

In the vast expansion of his working organization Colonel Noble has relied largely upon the young physicians and surgeons of draft age. Practically all of these who have been summoned go into the medical corps. The profession has already contributed twenty-five per cent of its men of military age—a fact of which Colonel Noble is justly proud.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Sir Auckland Geddes as a Professor of Anatomy

*The British Minister for National Service Was Lecturing at McGill When the War Began*

**M**CGILL UNIVERSITY, in Montreal, has had much to think of during the last four years, for it has done its share, and more, in Canada's splendid effort for the cause of liberty; but it has not forgotten an incident that occurred on September 30, 1913—ten months before the great war began. A new professor of anatomy—a young Scotsman named Auckland Geddes—had just taken up his duties at the famous Canadian college. The occasion was the annual opening ceremony of the medical school, and according to established custom the newcomer was asked to give the lecture that was the chief part of the program. In pre-war days such lectures were usually on technical subjects—recent discoveries in the medical field, and the like—but Professor Geddes departed from the beaten path. Tall, long-faced, clean-shaven, with high, domed forehead, firm mouth, steady chin, and deep-set, friendly eyes, he was a striking figure on the platform. His theme was "National Defense," and he spoke with impressive seriousness.

"On three recent occasions we have been within an ace of a general European war," he said. "It is this strained international situation that has given the impulse to the movement that is developing subordinate officers for military service in the universities of all parts of the British Empire."

Then the tall, keen-eyed professor, whom the medical students saw for the first time that day, urged the young men to whom he spoke to join the McGill Officers' Training Corps. He had had no previous acquaintance with McGill's little military organization; he was not pleading for an enterprise that he himself had fathered. He was passionately interested in the problem of imperial defense.

"We have good men, but we have not the trained officers of other countries," he told the students. He continued in the same strain, and his words, when read now, seem to have a touch of the prophetic in them. "The Officers' Training Corps is an imperial unit, and by its means the training of subordinate officers has been standardized so that imperial coop-

eration will be possible in a time when citizens from all the dominions may be called upon to rally to the side of the mother country."

Little did the students who heard the words dream that within a few short years McGill men in their hundreds would have fallen on European battle-fields. As little did they dream that the new professor of anatomy would in three years be called to the stupendous task of economizing and distributing the man-power of Great Britain; for he is now Sir Auckland Geddes, an active and important member of Mr. Lloyd George's government, with the title of minister for national service.

\* \* \* \* \*

### The Swift Promotion of the Brothers Geddes

*Within Three Years  
They Rose from  
Obscurity to Fame  
and Power*

IT was Sir William Peterson, the veteran principal of McGill, who brought Professor Geddes to the Montreal university. The two men met while the principal was visiting England in the summer of 1912, and Sir William, having heard that Dr. Geddes, then professor of anatomy at the Royal College of Surgeons in Dublin, would not be averse to coming to Canada, had talked to him of McGill. Not long afterward the chair of anatomy at McGill became vacant, and Sir William, who had been impressed with the young Scotsman's power, arranged that the post should be offered to him. Geddes accepted, and came to Montreal with his family in the summer of 1913.

He already had a military record. While still a student he had issued a little manual of drill. He had left college to see service in the South African War—as a combatant, not as a medical officer. He had established an Officers' Training Corps at Edinburgh University, when a professor there, and he had done the same thing at Dublin. During his first year at McGill, however, he was too much occupied with the reorganization of his department of anatomy to have time for military work.

"When war broke out I was in England," Sir William recently said, in speaking of Geddes's career. "When I returned to Canada I was not in the least surprised to find that Professor Geddes had emerged from his department and had put himself at the head of a movement to broaden the basis of the O. T. C., and to take in hand the organization of a McGill Battalion. The professor of anatomy had at once been accepted as the man with the necessary experience and organizing power to produce results.

"Within a few months Professor Geddes came to me," continued the principal, "and told me that he could not resist the appeal to cross the seas and offer himself for military service. I am glad that I did not say a single word to restrain him, knowing at the time what a splendid example he would be to the others who have since followed in his steps."

In England the former professor of anatomy joined the Northumberland Fusiliers and went with them to France, where he spent the winter of 1915-1916 in the trenches as a line-officer. Injured through accident, he was sent to England, and upon recovery was appointed to the general staff. He rose with lightning rapidity.

"When I saw him last, in the summer of 1915," said Sir William, "he was resplendent in the uniform of a brigadier-general at the War Office, where he filled the position of director-general of recruiting for Great Britain." His functions were expanded to a general control of British man-power when he was appointed to his present office and received a knighthood from the king. His rise has been nothing less than meteoric; but Sir William Peterson says that "those who know him best will wonder at it least."

Clear vision, tireless energy, and great administrative power are the qualities that have forced him to the front. His brother, now Sir Eric Geddes, first lord of the Admiralty, was equally unknown before the war, but in the great fighting organization that has been evolved in Britain both men have found places of great power and heavy responsibility.

# Evian-les-Bains, the Gateway of the French Repatriates

THE PITIFUL CONVOYS OF REFUGEES RELEASED FROM GERMAN CAPTIVITY, AND  
THE GOOD WORK DONE FOR THEM BY THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

By George Buchanan Fife

**I**N all the heroic drama of determination and resourcefulness that France is living behind her roaring battle-lines, there is nothing at once so touching and so grotesque as the scene she has set at Evian-les-Bains.

For this, the garden hamlet of Lake Geneva, once the most expensive watering-place in all France, with its countless and irresistible temptations to extravagance, its gay life in luxurious hotels, its Casino, whose concerts, dancing, and gaming drew the wealth and fashion of the continent—all this has been transformed into a refuge for the homeless thousands whom Germany suffers to trickle between her iron fingers from the war-tortured provinces that she holds in her fierce grasp. It has become the gateway through which, after three years of humiliation and hardship, the refugees return to a happier, unconquered France, free of domination and espionage, free at last, for all their weariness, to show their courage and their loyalty to her.

They are permitted to come back because Germany can find no use for these worn-out old men and women, these lame and sick ineffectives, these hungry, wondering children. The sturdiest have already been taken for German tasks in mill and field. Those who remain are the useless mouths, the unprofitable lives, and France is wel- come to the burden of them.

So, from time to time, by military proclamation which, in some instances, has granted them less than twenty-four hours wherein to arrange their affairs, they are

ordered out in droves from countryside and village, with no more of all their possessions than they can carry in their hands. They and their lagging children may first be driven away into Belgium. There, quartered upon an already distraught people and fed by overtaxed relief committees, they are moved about from district to district, wondering what is next to become of them. They have seen other convoys made up in their own villages, they have watched them straggle off with many backward looks, and have heard later, in a vague, whispered way, that some returned to France. But for themselves, this, save as a hope, is almost incredible.

Sometimes they remain so long undisturbed in their new surroundings that they come to believe themselves quite forgotten, and even the thin edge of hope frays out. Then, one day, another curt official notice is posted on the walls. There have been so many of these—restrictions, regulations about this and that, threats of punishment—that they have little heart to go and read the new one until somebody comes all breathless with the news that they are to be sent back to France! And thus is begun the journey which takes them with courageous hearts, whatever their privations may be, down through Alsace and kindlier Switzerland, and brings them at last to the gateway of Evian-les-Bains.

Twice a day the convoy trains arrive at Evian, one at six o'clock in the morning, the other a few minutes after four o'clock in the afternoon. Each brings about six



hundred and fifty repatriates—in all, thirteen hundred homeless, exhausted creatures passing through the gateway every twenty-four hours, save for the interval of Sunday, and cared for with such prompt efficiency that there is never a moment's confusion or a single oversight.

#### THE AMERICAN RED CROSS AT EVIAN

The American Red Cross plays an important part in Evian's tense drama. It is on the stage at the rise of the curtain—the arrival of the convoys—with physicians and nurses and a fully equipped section of ambulances in which to transport the aged and the lame to the Casino and the sick to the hospitals. And, for that matter, it is always on the stage, for the curtain never falls at Evian.

Its chief work is among the refugee children, every one of whom—and they average at least forty per cent of each convoy—is examined by its physicians and placed

immediately under whatever treatment may be required. Most of the children are in poor condition, undernourished and pitifully unclean; many are tuberculous, and a large number have skin disorders. Acute infectious diseases are by no means uncommon among them.

Those too ill to be taken from the railway station to the Casino have already been noted by the French surgeon who boards each convoy train at St. Gingolph, on the Swiss border, about ten miles away, and makes the first inspection of the incoming repatriates during the forty-minute run to Evian. These children are transported at once by ambulance to the American Red Cross hospital, as are those disclosed by the examination at the Casino to be in need of attendance.

In order to maintain the effective service that this requires, the Red Cross established its hospital early last November in the new Hôtel du Châtelet, which looks out across



A FAMILY GROUP OF REPATRIATES AT EVIAN-LES-BAINS—THE GERMANS RELEASE NO MEN EXCEPT THOSE OVER SIXTY, UNDER SIXTEEN, OR BROKEN IN HEALTH



Lake Geneva to the rugged Swiss Oberland from the crest of a rising, wooded park. It has a capacity of one hundred and sixty patients, with fifteen nurses and fifteen aids in attendance, and up to January 1, it had cared for three hundred and seventy-nine children, out of the fourteen thousand examined by its staff. Of these only four had died, and they had reached the hospital far too late to be saved. Two, indeed, were dead within an hour after their arrival.

As there are about ten or twelve orphans in each day's convoys, the American Red Cross becomes foster-parent to them while they are in Evian, housing them in a cheerful, roomy cottage in the Châtelet park until they can be transferred to the government's orphan bureau at Lyons, which eventually finds homes for all of them. In another small building near the cottage is that immemorial juvenile bugaboo, the dentist's lair. But, for all that, it has a well-worn sill, because nearly all the children in the convoys have bad and long-neglected teeth, and most of them receive here, at the hands of the Red Cross, the first dental care they have ever known.

This, then, is the argument and the setting of the drama of Evian-les-Bains, unchanging, day in, day out, save in the unhappy players who hold the stage for their brief hour and then pass on, for there are others already upon their heels.

In the clear dark of a January morning a file of American Red Cross ambulances rolls to the crest of Evian's steep high street and swings into the snowy plaza in front of the railway-station. It is more than an hour before dawn, but the station and all the village streets are brilliant with lights. It seems a daring illumination after one has groped about in the night gloom of Paris; but Evian is far from the bomb-raiders' ragged line of destruction, and war's only echo here is in the empty hearts of women and men.

From the ambulances the physicians and nurses clamber down and hurry to the warmth of the waiting-rooms. The drivers gather up their ominous stretchers and carry them into the deserted train-shed. Although train-sheds, as a species, submit indifferently to decoration, the one at Evian

is so generously picked out with lights, tri-color shields, stands of French flags, and banners of welcome, that it has lost all its severity.

At this hour there is no sound about the building save an occasional footfall and the low, steamy breathing of an unattended engine on an outer track. One porter alone is visible, and he only when he rubs the frosting from a door or pane to see who is tramping about the platform.

Then the dull bell in the venerable tower of Ste. Jeanne sounds six lagging strokes, and the station comes to life. Figures seem to materialize in the train-shed in twos and threes—the American doctors, nurses, and ambulance men, representatives of the French hospitals, soldiers in dusty gray and blue, and people from the village. They stamp about to keep warm, and now and then go to the edge of the platform to stare down the curving tracks.

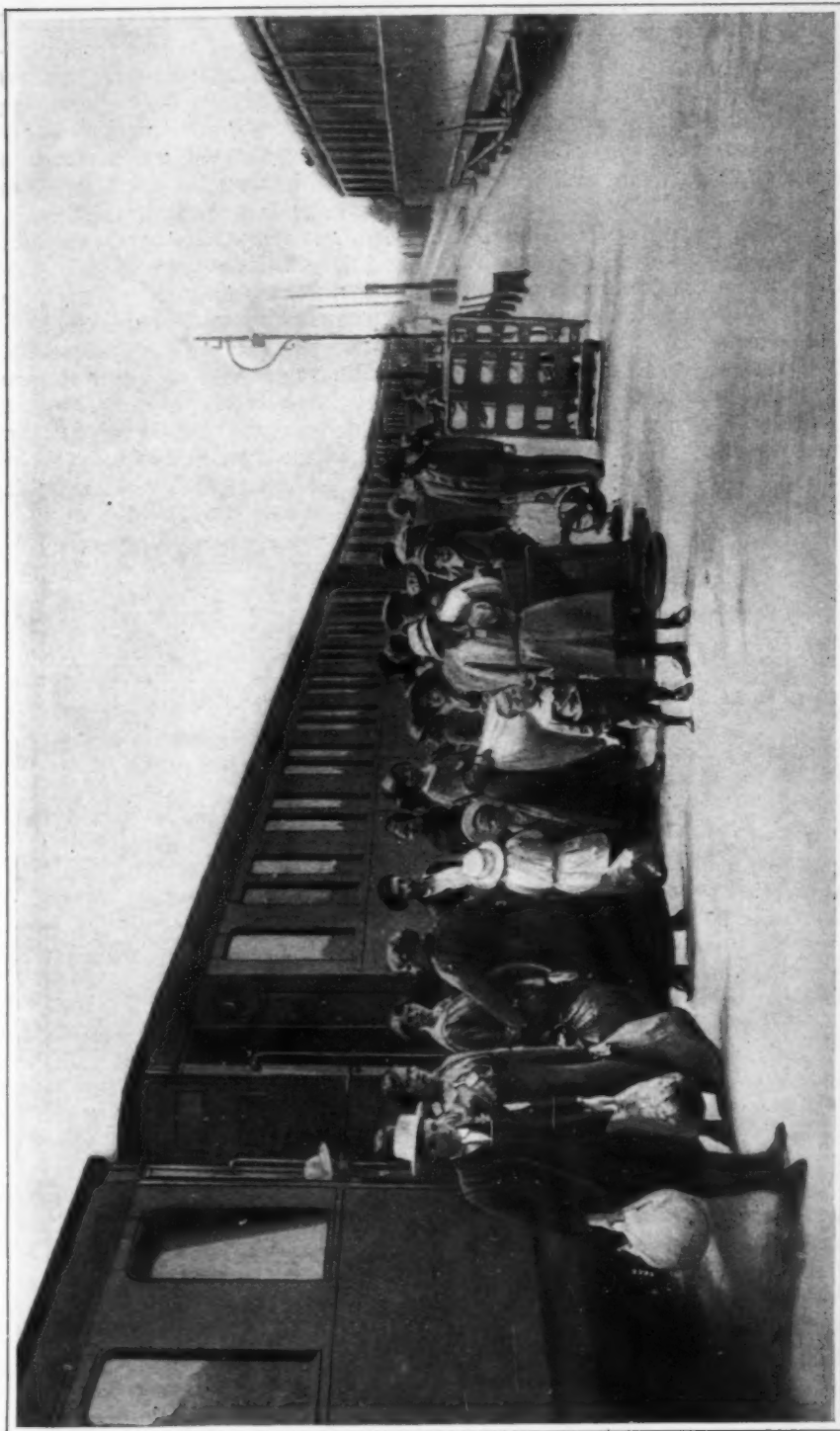
From a smoky doorway in the station a squad of trumpeters and drummers in the old uniform of the French army—long blue coats and baggy red trousers—swagger into the shed, indulging their instruments with sundry toots and taps as they take up their position at the center of the platform. There are several minutes of restless waiting, and then comes the distant blast of a shrill whistle. The musicians toot and tap again, and every one moves forward as the yellow headlight of a locomotive peers around the edge of a neighboring hill.

#### THE ARRIVAL OF THE REFUGEES

One hears what at first seems to be merely the noise of the oncoming train, accentuated, perhaps, by the carrying clearness of the air; but as it slowly rolls nearer, the noise resolves itself into the sound of hundreds of voices repeating endlessly the long-drawn cry:

*"Vive la Fra-a-a-nce!"*

Even before the train reaches the brightness of the shed, the waving of flags and arms can be seen far down along the coaches. It is the trumpeters and drummers who give the first answer in the name of France, for as the locomotive enters the station they sound a flourish and a roll, and then the ringing bars of the assembly. Loud



REFUGEES LEAVING THE TRAIN THAT HAS BROUGHT THEM THROUGH GERMANY AND SWITZERLAND TO EVIAN-LES-BAINS, WHERE THEY ARE ONCE MORE IN FRENCH TERRITORY—ALL THEIR WORLDLY POSSESSIONS ARE IN THE BUNDLES THEY CARRY WITH THEM

as it is, the cries of "*Vive la France!*" rise above it as coach after coach glides in; but the squad keeps up its heartening calls until the last of the refugees has left the train.

It is singular to see these men in the dress of the old army—the uniform made familiar throughout the world by the war paintings of Édouard Detaille and Alphonse de Neuville—and the reason for it is another instance of France's thoughtfulness. The present uniform of the army, the smoky gray-blue, came with this war, and the dwellers in the northeastern departments, who have been in German hands since the invasion, have never seen it. The trumpet squad at Evian, therefore, wears the old uniform, which they recognize at once as belonging to their beloved France.

When the first coaches of the train roll in, the wretchedness of suffering and sacrifice stares out from the faces at the crowded windows. They are the drawn, unsmiling faces of the old, whose homes remain only in the heavy bundles and heavier memories they bring with them; the despairing faces of husbandless women, with their puny, underfed, clamoring children; the faces of young girls with three years of their girlhood stolen from them in daily terror; the grave faces of elder men whose lives of toil and thrift lie in empty ruins about them.

In poignant contrast to all this there may be the glowing face of a boy, his own and every one else's troubles forgotten in the thrill of the moment, seeing only the flags and the lights, waving his rumpled



THE CASINO OF EVIAN-LES-BAINS, WHERE THE REPATRIATES ARE ENTERTAINED AND WELCOMED BACK TO FRANCE



THE OLD PEOPLE IN THIS GROUP ARE TYPES OF THE AGED AND HELPLESS VICTIMS WHOM THE GERMANS TAKE FROM THEIR HOMES IN NORTHERN FRANCE AND SEND TO EVIAN-LES-BAINS

cap, and shrilling the immemorial watchword of his race. All the faces save his are wet with tears.

Bewildered between grief and rejoicing, clinging to their clumsy bundles, the repatriates swarm down from the cars which have brought them across Switzerland, and which have kept before them a bitter remembrance in the German notices in compartment and corridor. It may seem strange that the physical act of stepping down upon the platform beside the train should so affect these distraught people, but few of them do this without bursting into tears. For in that instant they feel that they have reached France, and most of them had long ago given up hope of ever setting foot on French soil again.

It takes a long time to get all the refugees and their bulky bundles from the train. They are so disheartened and so weary, and many are so ill, that they do not move quickly; but the nurses, the ambulance men, the porters, and even the stronger ones among the passengers, give their aid in the task, and trudge along behind the refu-

gees loaded down with valises and bulging packages.

As soon as possible after the arrival of the train those who are too ill or infirm to walk are carried from the coaches on stretchers. An old man and his wife, each of them past eighty, exhausted, but almost miraculously surviving their hardships, are lifted out together. As the old woman is being borne across the station-walk, she calls to the two stretcher-bearers and begs them to stop.

"Where is my husband?" she asks, trying to turn her head to look behind. "Please do not go till he comes! I want to be sure that he is all right. He has been so sick. Please wait!"

The *brancardiers* set her down just as the old man is brought up on another stretcher. As he passes, he catches sight of her, and his thin hand flutters out in greeting.

"Are you all right, dear?" he calls. "Are you comfortable?"

"Yes, very comfortable," she answers, as they lift her up again; and then, after a



pause: "but so tired, so tired! It is good to be in France once more, is it not?"

By this time the old man has been carried out of reach of her thin voice, but a boy who passes, holding fast to his mother's belt with one hand and flourishing a small French flag in the other, all unconsciously answers for him:

"*Vive la France!*"

The boy's cry, which comes in an unaccountable interval of silence, is a spark to the tinder about him. Fifty throats take up his treble and make a roar of it:

"*Vive la France!*"

The words ring in the ears of the old couple as they are carried through the station doorway to the line of waiting ambulances beyond.

Some in arms, in little huddled bundles, and some on stretchers, the sick children are taken from the train and hurried away to the Châtelet, their mothers following them to the ambulances and giving them up with tears of courage.

"Please, please take care of my little boy!" one of them pleads, clinging to the driver's arm as he latches up the tail-board of his car. "He is the last. His little sister died in Belgium, at Flamellehaut, three days before we left. I mustn't, I can't lose this last one!"

As the ambulance rolls away she stands looking after it, one hand pressed to her breast, the other drawn tightly to her side by a corded tin trunk whose weight she has quite forgotten.

At length all the ailing have been attended to, and the returning ambulances have been sent off again with the lame and infirm, who, though still stout of heart, are unequal to a long journey afoot. Then the remaining hundreds are marshaled in a column in the station plaza. The snow begins to fall—it seems nothing less than a touch of stagecraft. The trumpeters and drummers come from the station, tossing their cigarettes aside, and take their place at the head of the line. At a regimental quickstep the convoy starts for the Casino, bundles and babies and all.

As it begins the descent of the Rue Nationale, it passes under a wide, latticed arch which spans the roadway with a brilliant

banner—"Evian welcomes the repatriates"—and flanking arrays of French flags. Again and again the cry "*Vive la France!*" rings out in answer. Most of Evian is asleep at this hour, but there is always some one to come to a window and call back a greeting in kind.

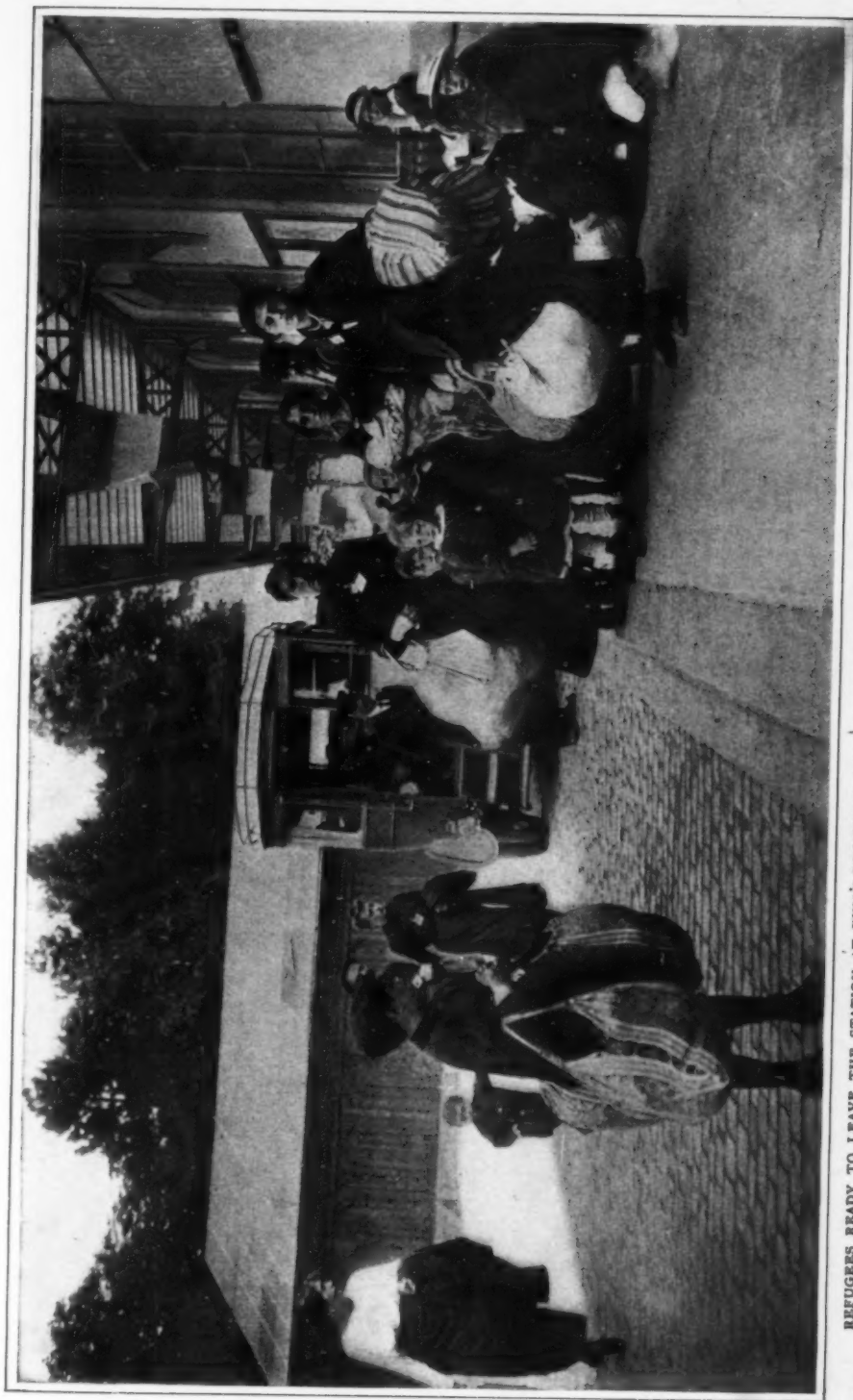
#### IN THE CONCERT-HALL OF THE CASINO

At the Rue du Théâtre the convoy turns down a steep hill toward the lake, and at its foot comes to the door of the Casino. Here, in the great concert-hall, with its high, domed ceiling, and with green and gold floral frescoes outlining the arches, eight tables, each of them more than fifty feet in length, have been spread for the repatriates. It is impossible not to see the utter weariness with which they sink into the chairs at the tables nearest the doors, at which the lame and infirm, brought by ambulance, have already received places.

They scarcely seem to notice what sort of a building it is into which they have been ushered—that is, all save the children, who stare in wonderment at the wide circles of electric lights outlining the lofty dome. The children, for natural reasons, are quick to react to the influences of warmth and light and a new scene; and it is not long before they pluck up enough courage to talk, and even to smile. The appearance of soup and bread and hot chocolate heartens them all the more.

While the early breakfast is in progress, the trumpeters and drummers, joined now by the other elements of a small brass band, mount to the wide gallery and begin a repertory of the familiar martial airs of France. As the music continues it seems to sink deeper—it and the significance of it—into the hearts of the hundreds at the tables. When the "*Sambre et Meuse*" is played, tears gather in the listeners' eyes. The little children stare up in amazement at their mothers, wondering why they can cry when everything is so bright and warm and comfortable—and there are such good things to eat.

In the searching light of the concert-hall the shabby clothes of the repatriates are cruelly accentuated. One wonders how some of the garments have sufficed to keep



REFUGEES READY TO LEAVE THE STATION AT EVIAN-LES-BAINS—THOSE WHO CAN WALK MARCH TO THE CASINO; THE LAME AND INFIRM GO BY AMBULANCE, AND SICK CHILDREN ARE TAKEN TO THE AMERICAN RED CROSS HOSPITAL



REPATRIATED FRENCH CHILDREN IN CARE OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS AT EVIAN-LES-BAINS

their wearers from freezing, and how others have ever been induced to hold together. Many of the little children are loaded with layer upon layer of thin clothing to make a sufficient thickness to protect them; and here and there it is easy to detect a coat made of something that was never intended to be a coat—a bit of heavy curtain material, a blanket, or a shawl.

When the breakfast is finished, and even the hungriest child can hold no more, M. Georges Fontaine, the mayor of Evian, appears. Although it is but little after day-break, he wears the swallow-tailed coat, the low waistcoat, and the silk hat of all official French formalities, with his tricolor sash of office about his waist. Standing on a low platform at one side of the great chamber, he delivers a brief address of welcome to the repatriates. No sooner does he begin than the worn emotions of the assembly give way again and in his pauses the sobbings, even of the men, can be heard.

"All the world knows how you have suffered," he begins; "how your homes have

been destroyed, your families broken, your sons and daughters taken from you. France knows the full measure of your wretchedness. She, here at Evian, welcomes you back to her soil and pledges all her aid in the reestablishment of your fortunes. Evian will care for you so long as you remain here. The American Red Cross has established a hospital for the care of your children, and is performing a work which has aroused admiration throughout France. I call upon you to give your applause to the American Red Cross for coming so nobly to your aid!"

As Mayor Fontaine raises his hat aloft, there is a rising outburst of clapping, and several voices call out:

*"Vive la Croix Rouge Américaine!"*

"No matter what has happened in this war," the mayor goes on, when the noise subsides, "you must remember that victory will come in the end to the French colors. The victors of the Marne, of Verdun, of the Yser—the soldiers of France—will bring you final triumph!"

He pauses again, and when quiet comes once more he calls for a cheer for France, and signals to the band in the gallery. Instantly the all-compelling strains of the "Marseillaise" break over the hall, and the whole assemblage, crying and cheering, struggles to its feet.

This is the moment in which there is no concealment of tears. Men put their heads upon the shoulders of the men beside them, and shake with sobbing. The women stand with streaming faces uplifted toward the music, and several of the old people have bowed their heads upon the tables.

Although the band plays only one verse of the "Marseillaise," with a repetition of the chorus, it is long before its notes have died out in the hearts of these French people. It is the first time that most of them have heard it for three terrible years.

After this stirring scene the repatriates are directed to an adjoining chamber, once the ballroom, to register their names and to make inquiry for any letters which may be awaiting them. For some mysterious

reason—it is quite suggestive of telepathy—the mail-clerks at the Casino have found that on the day before the arrival of a convoy scores of letters are received making inquiry about persons in that convoy, although there are no known means whereby the writers could have had the least idea that those individuals were to be in it. However this happens, it is a fact that three-quarters of the refugees are claimed by relatives or friends and are thus enabled to leave Evian within as short a time as twenty-four hours. The others are sent to the south or west of France, to districts which have been selected to receive them.

The communications addressed to the inquiry bureau at the Casino are often tragic in their recital of what has befallen the wives, husbands, or children of the refugees, because in so many cases families have been disrupted and their members sent back in convoys leaving Belgium months apart. Such news is never transmitted baldly to the repatriates. It is left to their relatives or friends to tell them after their meetings.



THE WELCOME TO THE RETURNING REFUGEES IN THE CONCERT-HALL OF THE CASINO OF EVIAN-LES-BAINS



While these inquiries are being made, and while the members of the convoy are registering their names, their homes, and their destinations for the sake of others who may come through, the children are passed into the hands of the American Red Cross physicians for examination. This takes place in the baccarat room, the walls of which are decorated with the aces of spades, hearts, clubs, and diamonds in a recurring pattern. Once money tinkled constantly in this room; the only metallic sound the chamber now affords is the clink of the shoe-horn-shaped tongue-depressors which the physicians toss into baskets after each inspection of a child's throat.

As each little refugee comes up, a nurse in attendance asks its name and age, which are noted, and then the physician examines

it for its condition of nourishment and whatever else may be wrong with it. The children requiring treatment are despatched forthwith to the hospital; the others are dismissed, perhaps with a warning or suggestive word to their parents.

The lives these children have lived, either in their own harried home-places or in drained Belgium, have left most of them thin and yellow. Singularly enough, very few, even of the youngest, are normally rebellious when the tongue-depressing part of the examination comes. The very spirit seems to have been worn out of them.

One little boy, when asked why he did not join in the singing of the "Marseillaise," replied, with a look of terror:

"No, no; the ears of the *boche* are everywhere!"

---

## Four American Admirals

BENSON, SIMS, GLEAVES, AND USHER—PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF FOUR MEN WHO HOLD LEADING COMMANDS IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY

By Walter Scott Meriwether

ENGAGED in the greatest war the world has ever seen, the nation knows but little of the men who are bearing its naval responsibilities—men who have hardly yet emerged from the obscurity of every-day work well done, but upon whose capable shoulders now rest enormous burdens.

There is one officer—it is likely that you cannot even recall his name—who now directs the greatest aggregation of vessels ever placed under a single command. He is the type of man a great corporation would select for duty requiring the utmost dependability, vigilance, and skill. And the greatest corporation in the world—the United States of America—has selected him for the work of seeing that our crowded transports and heavily laden supply-ships go their way unharmed, a responsibility about as great as can be imposed.

If the leading ship-building plant, the largest repair-shop, the most important steamship office, the greatest recruiting-station, and the biggest department-store of the country were all merged under one management, the head of it would have no more multifarious duties and no greater responsibilities than are centered in another naval officer, whose name you rarely hear, but who is in command of the New York Naval District.

Of course you have read much of Sims, the dynamic genius who is controlling the operations of our destroyers in foreign waters; but what do you know of Benson, the quiet-spoken man who is ranking officer of the navy and chief of the Bureau of Naval Operations, which directs the movements of all our naval vessels?

It is the purpose of the present article to tell more of this group of officers whose



REAR-ADMIRAL ALBERT GLEAVES, IN COMMAND OF THE CONVOY SERVICE PROTECTING  
OUR TRANSPORTS AND SUPPLY-SHIPS ON THEIR VOYAGES  
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

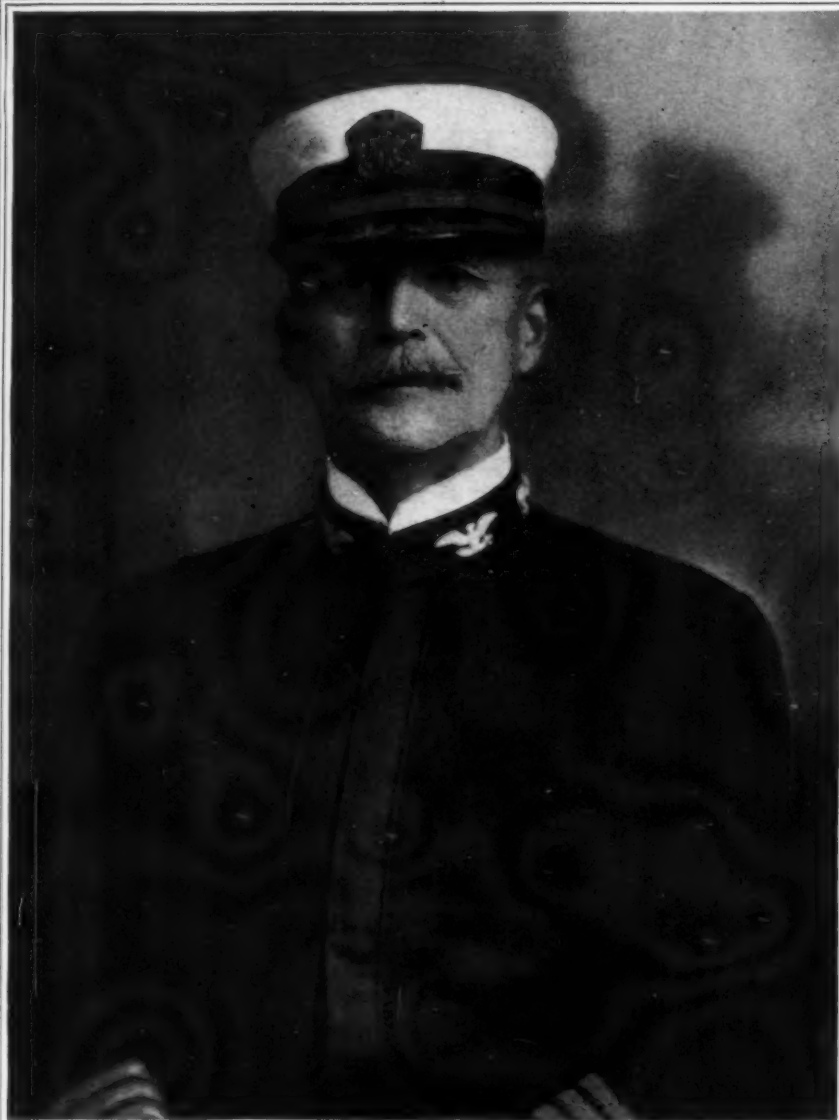
*From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

work has suddenly become of such vital importance.

THE COMMANDER OF OUR CONVOYS

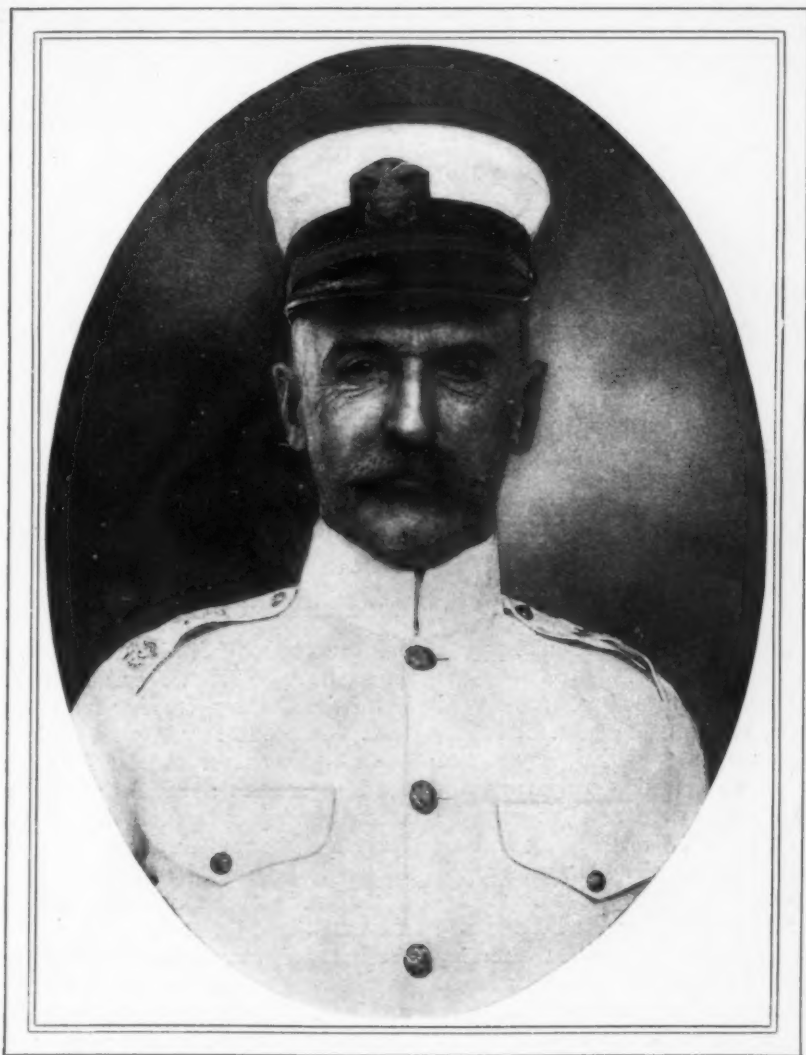
In the early part of 1881 the old United States gunboat Nipsic was plunging and

lifting to a heavy gale with only a storm trysail and the swollen band of a close-reefed topsail showing to the blast. Under the lee of the signal-locker on the poop sat Midshipman Albert Gleaves, off duty for the nonce, reading one of Ouida's novels,



REAR-ADMIRAL NATHANIEL R. USHER, WHO HOLDS A POST OF GREAT IMPORTANCE AND HEAVY RESPONSIBILITIES AS COMMANDER OF THE NEW YORK NAVAL DISTRICT, EXTENDING FROM NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, TO BARNEGAT, NEW JERSEY

*From a photograph by Pach, New York*



ADMIRAL WILLIAM SHEPHERD BENSON, WHO HAS BEEN CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF NAVAL OPERATIONS SINCE MAY, 1915, AND WHO IS THE RANKING OFFICER OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

*From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*

and more absorbed with the way of a man with a maid than with the way of a ship in the sea.

Suddenly the cry of "Man overboard!" rang out from forward. It was no kind of a sea for lowering a boat, for the chances were that it would be swamped before it could be got clear of the davits. Gleaves heard the cry, and, tossing from him Mme. de la Ramée's romance, he leaped into the life-boat. Inspired by his leadership, others

quickly followed, and in a storm-lashed sea that stood the life-boat on end at times there was effected a rescue gallant as any ever made.

It is a long span from that time to the June day of 1917 when our destroyer flotilla appeared "over there," and Vice-Admiral Bailey, commanding the British naval base, inquired of the senior American officer when he would be ready for active service after his voyage across the Atlantic.



"We are ready now," was the prompt reply.

The American flotilla was in that state of readiness because its chief had kept it so. Gleaves had been in command of all our destroyers since November, 1915, and when the Navy Department sent word to prepare them for "distant service," there was no delay, the commander of the flotilla having seen to it that the vessels were always ready for any duty, distant or near.

#### JUST BEFORE THE WAR WITH SPAIN

As this narrative is chiefly concerned with incidents that came under the writer's own observation, it reverts to the time when the *Cushing* came out as the first of our torpedo-boats. Gleaves, then a lieutenant, was assigned to command the little craft. When relations with Spain grew near the breaking-point over the Cuban issue, the *Cushing* was ordered to Key West, and on a February day in 1898 she set out for Havana, carrying some confidential papers to General Fitzhugh Lee.

On the way the torpedo-boat encountered a hard gale, in which Ensign J. C. Breckenridge was washed overboard. By dint of heroic effort the drowning ensign was rescued, but life was almost extinct when he was got on board. The *Cushing* had no medical officer; so while the men worked over Breckenridge, Gleaves, at the imminent risk of swamping his little vessel, drove her at full speed through the roaring seas, hoping to reach Havana and medical assistance before it was too late. The *Cushing* made a gallant race, but just as she reached harbor it became necessary to droop her flag at half-mast.

I was then in charge of the New York *Herald's* Havana bureau. Going out to the *Cushing*, I encountered her grief-stricken commander, this being the first time I had seen him in many years. I realized then the big heart of the man, for if he had lost his own brother he could not have been more affected.

The *Cushing* returned to Key West with her dead. A few nights later, while lying alongside the dock of the Naval Station, the quartermaster came to Gleaves, then asleep in his tiny cabin, to say that a

stranger had come on board and had urged some important reason for seeing him. Gleaves gave orders for the visitor to be shown below. As he entered, Gleaves recognized him as one of the secret agents of the government. The caller said that he had just received a cable from Havana, in code, and much confused, which led him to believe the *Maine* had been destroyed. Gleaves hurriedly dressed, and the two repaired to the cable office.

The agent understood telegraphy. As he listened to the click of the keys, the receiving operator caught his eye, and, with the freemasonry of the order, nodded understandingly at him. It was Sigsbee's famous "suspend judgment" message that was being received at the time. Thus Gleaves was the first naval officer in America to get an inkling of a disaster whose consequences recast much of the geography of the world.

#### AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN

The next time I fell in with Gleaves was on an occasion when I was his guest on board the *Cushing*, crossing from the Havana blockade to Key West. The designers of the *Cushing* never intended her to parade the high seas as she had been doing for several weeks, engaged in despatch-boat duty; and the rough waters of the Florida Straits had loosened so many joints and rivets that Gleaves was wondering how long she would hold together.

About half-way on the troublous journey the after engine gave way with a bang and a clatter. That brought the full strain on the forward engine. A few minutes later a cylinder-head blew off, and up the forward engine-room hatchway hissed a blinding cloud of live steam. With it came the yelp of scalded stokers.

Gleaves was near at the time, and without a second's hesitation he dashed to the hatch and began hauling the injured men on deck, other members of the crew rushing to his assistance. All the men penned in the compartment were got out without loss of life, but several of them were badly scalded.

There is much more to the tale—how the helpless *Cushing* hoisted distress signals and fired signal-guns to attract the atten-



VICE-ADMIRAL WILLIAM SOWDEN SIMS, AN OFFICER WHO HAS DONE MUCH FOR GUNNERY  
IN THE NAVY, NOW COMMANDING THE UNITED STATES DESTROYER  
FLOTILLA ON ACTIVE SERVICE IN EUROPEAN WATERS

*From a photograph by the Press Illustrating Service*

tion of the gunboat *Eagle*, skirting the horizon, and how these signal-guns halted all the coastwise traffic of the neighborhood, each vessel assuming that the guns were meant for her to stop and show cause for being there. After that adventure I decided to carry my despatches to Key West by our own despatch-boat, as life on the *Cush*ing was too exciting.

#### A SURVEYING TRIP IN THE ATLANTIC

Soon after the war Gleaves was assigned to the command of the gunboat *Dolphin*, and detailed to run a line of soundings from Hampton Roads to the Mona Passage. The deep-sea sounding-machine was directly over his cabin, and late one night he was awakened by the clatter of the wire running out. He rang for the orderly and told him to find out from the officer of the deck how many fathoms of the line had been run out.

The orderly came back and reported that the machine had registered seven thousand fathoms. As the deepest hole hitherto found in any ocean was considerably shallower than that, Gleaves lost no time in getting on deck, for the discovery of such a depth would have been a world event in oceanography. But investigation showed that the shot attached to the end of the line had caught on some projection in the ocean-bed, and was dragging the line from the reel as the vessel drifted with wind and tide. They tried to haul the line in, but it parted under the strain.

But Gleaves actually did measure the greatest depth ever found in the Atlantic, and it was from the *Dolphin* on that same surveying trip. It was at a point ninety miles northwest of Porto Rico that he found the oceanic abyss, which had a depth of 27,984 feet—a depression only about a thousand feet less than the altitude of the highest mountain.

#### HIS WORK FOR THE TORPEDO STATION

Prior to 1907 all torpedoes used by our navy were manufactured by a single firm which controlled a monopoly of the output. It was during that year that Gleaves was ordered to command the Torpedo Station at Newport, Rhode Island. The anomaly

of a great nation being wholly dependent on a private firm for this important weapon so much impressed him that he took the matter up with the Navy Department, and showed how the Torpedo Station could manufacture torpedoes.

Nothing came of it. He sent in another recommendation. That went to join its fellow in some pigeonhole. The suggestion was too radical, and the bureaus were running true to form.

Then one day he fell in with Senator Wetmore, and told him how easy it would be for the government to manufacture its own torpedoes. The Senator listened, and was so much impressed that upon his return to Washington he went direct to President Roosevelt. The President instantly took the matter up, sent for Gleaves, and a few days later that officer was on his way to Europe, commissioned to inquire into the way foreign nations were handling the torpedo question.

When he returned, a small appropriation—all that could be wrung from a reluctant Congress—had been made available, and the Torpedo Station began turning out torpedoes. From that small beginning its output increased to more than one a day, and no matter what happens to any civilian plant, the government is now in a position to depend upon its own.

#### THE RECORD OF ADMIRAL GLEAVES

Born in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1858, Gleaves entered Annapolis when he was fifteen years of age. Graduating from the academy, he entered active service at a time when the navy, which had been brought to its zenith by the Civil War, was sinking fast to its nadir. With Congressional neglect, the long, heart-breaking era of stagnation in promotion set in, and young officers of Gleaves's rank faced the prospect of becoming gray-haired before they could even pass through the lower grades. The situation became more and more discouraging as the slow years moved on, but, imbued with the traditions of the service, they kept true to their vocation, the younger by hope, the older by habit.

Then came the Spanish-American war, the hurried expansion of the navy, and

the consequent acceleration in promotion. Gleaves moved up rapidly and, attaining the rank of captain, was assigned to duty as commandant of the New York Navy-Yard—a post hitherto held by officers with the rank of rear-admiral. The superdreadnought New York was just then under construction at the yard, and the administrative ability displayed by the new commandant was shown in the way he shortened the time of building and reduced the construction cost.

Promoted to rear-admiral in 1915, Gleaves was next detailed to command the destroyer flotilla of the Atlantic Fleet. It was shortly after he had hoisted his flag on the scout cruiser Birmingham, then at Newport, that the U-53 made its spectacular raid on British and neutral shipping off Nantucket. The expeditious manner in which he hurried his destroyers to the scene is too well known to need further reference here. Being an officer of discretion, he has never stated just what his feelings were as he saw the German raider's victims sent to the bottom.

It was not until a great fleet of transports had safely disembarked the first army we sent to France that it became generally known that Gleaves was the officer who had safely convoyed it through the dangers of seas infested with enemy submarines. Hundreds of thousands of our soldiers have crossed since then, and the man who is looking out for their safety is Rear-Admiral Gleaves.

In picturing him to yourself, you will have to discard all notions of ruddy-faced sea-dogs who roar against the gale, and substitute that of a very quiet-spoken man sure to impress you as one who not only takes his work seriously, but devotes to it the best that is in him, working out its problems with skill and precision. If you can picture to yourself a train-despatcher who has not only to regulate the movements of a vast number of trains, but to guard them as well, you will get an idea of the work he is doing—and up to this writing has done so well.

Rear-Admiral Gleaves also has the unique distinction of having been on continuous sea duty or shore service since the

opening of the present century, no interval of "on leave" or "waiting orders" appearing on his record throughout the last seventeen years.

#### ADMIRAL USHER'S FIRST WAR COMMAND

It was a still afternoon in May, 1898, and the ships on the Havana blockade were riding motionless on glasslike waters and looking as if sunk in profound meditation. In this peaceful picture a restless torpedo-boat, whose business was inshore work at night-time, could find no better employment for her daylight hours than to keep moving here and there like a sprinter keeping his muscles in training.

Presently the unquiet craft edged near the flag-ship New York, and signals began to flash from her pencil of a mast. Anon the flag-ship made reply, whereupon the torpedo-boat came scampering across the sunlit sea to scrape her sea-worn side against the armor belt of the flag-ship, then to sheer off and lie by. There is no dignity in a hundred tons.

As the torpedo-boat glanced by the flag-ship, her commanding officer, a blond-haired lieutenant of athletic build, sprang for the sea-ladder. Scaling the clifflike side of the armored cruiser, he reached the deck, to be greeted by a group of officers who had been watching the movements of his torpedo-boat. An orderly was sent to announce to Rear-Admiral Sampson that Lieutenant Nathaniel R. Usher, commanding the torpedo-boat Ericsson, had reported on board in obedience to signal. While awaiting the sailor's return, the group of dungaree-clad officers gathered under the shadow of the after turret, for the sun was boiling the pitch from the seams of the unshaded quarter-deck.

The writer, then a war-correspondent, and on board the flag-ship at the time, was one of the party. There was the usual badinage, in which the placid existence of the torpedo-boat service was humorously contrasted to the workaday life on a real, hefty ship. In the midst of it the orderly reappeared, and, waving the jesters aside, Usher disappeared down the hatchway leading to the quarters of the commander-in-chief.



I was not on deck when he reappeared, but from one of the staff-officers who had been present during his conference with the admiral I heard all about it. Usher is of the enterprising, aggressive type, and ever eager to start something. Washington had forbidden the fleet to attack the Havana defenses, and Usher's dissatisfaction with the "Christian Endeavor blockade," as one discontented soul described that patient half-moon of ships, had led him to seek a conference with Admiral Sampson and to propose an enterprise that he had thought out.

All who have entered Havana harbor know that the entrance is very narrow, and in those days it was guarded by the guns of the old Morro Castle and several other batteries. Lying inside the harbor was the small Spanish cruiser Alfonso XII. Usher wanted to make a dash into the harbor and destroy the enemy vessel with one of his torpedoes.

"But the Spaniards have a heavy cable stretched across the entrance," Sampson said.

Usher replied that he knew about that, and proceeded to unfold his plan, which was to lash a spar under the bow of the Ericsson with a slant of about forty-five degrees, and then, on the first dark night, to dash full speed at the obstruction, and by aid of the spar jump the Ericsson bodily over it.

"You might be able to jump the bow over," the admiral said; "but the cable would inevitably foul one of your propellers and hold you there."

"I have thought of all that, sir," Usher eagerly went on. "I would unship our bronze propellers and put on a pair having such brittle flanges that the flange catching on the cable would break as we went over. Even if two blades were snapped off, I could still go after that Spaniard and have enough speed to jump the cable on coming out."

Greatly to Usher's chagrin, the admiral refused permission. He had no doubt that the lieutenant could have carried out his plan, but he did not think the venture important enough to risk a torpedo-boat and half a hundred American lives in an effort

to destroy a Spanish vessel which had little military value.

#### UNDER THE GUNS OF MORRO CASTLE

A few nights later the Ericsson, still leading the simple life, was wallowing under the shadow of Morro Castle. There had been a report that some Spanish Cushing was improvising a torpedo-boat to attack the blockading ships, and Usher was lying in wait for her, right at the harbor entrance. A northerly wind was driving a heavy swell along the shores of the long-suffering isle, and in it the Ericsson was rolling her bottle-green hull so wildly that there was risk of spilling water down her funnels.

It was at this moment in her checkered career that a life-line carried away, and a Japanese steward who had been holding on by it went overboard. In a wild clutch at anything that would save him, the steward caught the whistle-cord, and, clinging to it like grim death, opened up a banshee shriek that brought all the Morro's garrison crowding to the parapet. Lines were tossed to the yellow peril, and an order to let go the whistle-cord was hurled at him; but the Jap felt that a whistle-cord in the hand was worth two somewhere else, and every wave that soused him under brought a yank on the line and a shrill blast from the torpedo-boat's siren.

Meanwhile one of the Ericsson's groping seamen had found the whistle-cord and was towing the steward on board. As soon as he was yanked on deck, Usher, concluding that the Ericsson had advertised her presence too well to be of any further use in that locality, signaled to the engine-room "full speed ahead."

As the vessel leaped forward to her brace of whirling screws, two red tongues shot from her twin smoke-stacks, her engineer having started the blowers, with the result that bright flames came licking out of each funnel. A yell through the speaking-tube and the blowers were shut off, and the rushing boat was again in darkness.

With the eclipse the Spaniards recovered from their astonishment, and where the Ericsson's lights had disappeared a searchlight from the Morro turned its glaring eye.



Before it could discover the craft there was a vivid flash from one of the dark shapes seaward, and a shell that came whizzing down the lane of light carried a message which the Spaniards understood:

"Put out that light, or we will put it out for you!"

They put it out.

#### WHEN CERVERA WAS AT SANTIAGO

Cervera's hunted fleet fled into Santiago, and the blockade swiftly shifted from Havana to that port, the Ericsson hustling around with her betters. One of her consorts was the destroyer Porter, commanded by Lieutenant John C. Frémont, son of the Pathfinder, who one black night, when signals went wrong, came so near blowing Sampson's flag-ship out of the water that those who were there still hold their breath when they think of it. But that has nothing to do with this story.

What I was going to say is that on a night immediately preceding Cervera's sortie the Porter came into Guantanamo—where the newspaper despatch-boats, which brazenly squatted about the fleet during the day, were required to rendezvous at night, lest they should be mistaken for enemy craft and incontinently shot up. I repaired on board the Porter to discover if she had brought any news. Lieutenant Frémont walked me out of ear-shot of any listener and said:

"Do you know what Usher has cut out for himself? That man hates peace more than anybody I know. You must not say anything about this until it comes off; but I'll tell you what he has arranged. I do not know for certain, but I understand Admiral Sampson has given his consent. Usher's plan is to run the Ericsson close in to the harbor entrance on the first dark night, when the flood-tide is setting in, to lash one of his torpedoes to a spar, to go overboard with it, and, pushing the torpedo and the spar in front of him, to swim through the estuary into Santiago harbor. That will be some swim, for he will have several miles to go; but he counts on making the harbor by early daylight. Then he intends to pick out his target, to point the torpedo at her, and, after cutting the spar adrift, to spring

the tripper which lets the compressed air into the propelling machinery. He hopes the torpedo will do the rest."

"But what is to happen to Usher, swimming around in a hostile harbor, many miles from home, and with the debris of a wrecked cruiser raining about him?"

"That," said Frémont, "is the least of his worries, if only he can get that torpedo home. I wish I could have thought of it first; but, as I didn't, my hat is off to Blondy Usher, and good luck to him! They have so many cables across the entrance that there's no way of jumping a torpedo-boat over, but Usher feels sure he can swim past them with a torpedo."

#### IN THE SEA-FIGHT OFF SANTIAGO

After that tip I was naturally eager to keep close company with the Ericsson. I made an extra early start for the blockade, but our despatch-boat disrupted her keel condenser before clearing harbor, and had to be towed back. A lot of history was made in the next few hours, and when the Ericsson came into Guantanamo that evening the description that Usher gave of the battle off Santiago has not been conspicuously added to by any history of that encounter.

While he raced after Cervera's flag-ship with the intention of sending a torpedo against her sides, the stricken Teresa had staggered out of the fight, and the United States battle-ship Indiana had flashed a signal for the Ericsson to rescue her crew. She picked up Cervera and enough survivors to swamp her narrow decks; but in this crowded hour Usher had found time to take in every detail of the running fight, and if I could have got his story to my paper on that Sunday afternoon, I would have asked nothing more of fate.

As commandant of the New York Naval District, which extends from New London to Barnegat, and which includes the New York Navy-Yard, Rear-Admiral Usher now commands the most extensive and important shore station under the control of the Navy Department. It is not permissible to disclose the work he is doing, but it may be said that any one who visited the Navy-Yard a year ago would hardly

know the place if he saw it to-day. He might be reminded of one of the marine analogies of the late George W. Cable—"a tumbling, bellowing surf of tremendous energies and vast enterprises."

#### ADMIRAL BENSON'S VIEW OF LIFE-BELTS

It was a few days after the tragedy of the Titanic, when newspapers and a Congressional committee were making insistent inquiries about life-boats, and inquiring whether passenger steamers carried a sufficient number of boats to rescue their people in case of disaster. Lying at the New York Navy-Yard at the time was the superdreadnought Utah, recently commissioned and under command of Captain William S. Benson, the present chief of the Bureau of Naval Operations.

"Have you enough boats to rescue all your crew in case your ship goes down?" I asked.

If I were to write a volume about Admiral Benson, I could not portray his character more distinctly than he portrayed it in his answer to that query.

"I have boats sufficient to carry about half my crew," he replied; "and we have enough life-belts to care for the other half. The Titanic disaster called my attention to the life-saving equipment of this vessel, and I have just written a letter to the Navy Department, recommending that all life-belts should be removed, with the exception of such number as are required by our launches when engaged in transporting visitors to and from the ship, or when these are carrying liberty parties in crowded or dangerous waters."

Now, as life-belts do not take up much space, one may naturally wonder why the commander of one of our newest and best ships of war should have thought it necessary to recommend their removal, and by so doing to deprive some half-thousand men of a chance of rescue. Comes now that informing glimpse into Admiral Benson's character.

"I recommended the removal of these life-belts," he went on, "because I believe it is a bad principle even to suggest the idea of saving life in case of danger—I mean, of course, the lives of our own men.

I believe that every one in the service should be ready at all times to put all thought of self-preservation aside, and to be ready at any moment to give up his life, no matter what might be the nature of the sacrifice. But, while I believe in giving up life, I don't believe in giving up the ship. It is my conviction that every one on board should hold steadfast to the principle that if the ship goes down, all hands must go with her; that all should put from their minds every idea of self-preservation, to be intent only on fighting the ship, and fighting her to the last. Then, if she should sink, to go down with her. Life-belts—no, not for the navy! With us it should not be how to live, but how to die.

#### THE MEANING OF DISCIPLINE

"A word about discipline. Its ultimate purpose is to produce a state of mind which in time of danger unhesitatingly, automatically, responds to the call to face it. And there should be no thought of self-preservation to affect that state of mind. Discipline imperceptibly molds the character, and at its high stage becomes a kind of second nature.

"Now, while telling what I believe should be our conduct in case of danger, I must admit that I love life much more than I love the idea of death. Do you recall the story of the young recruit who was in battle for the first time, and who, while loading and firing as best he could, was so shaken that he could hardly manipulate his weapon? The veteran at his side swore at him.

"If you were half as scared as I am," the recruit hotly retorted, 'you'd run!'

"Well," the admiral concluded, "I might feel the same way."

You might assume from this that Admiral Benson is a martinet. On the contrary, there was never an officer, man, or boy on any ship he ever commanded but felt at liberty to go to him at any time with any sort of trouble, sure of finding in him a helpful friend. To use a significant nautical phrase, every vessel he has commanded has been a "happy ship," for he has always taken a personal interest in the welfare of every member of his crew.

The way he is regarded by those who have served under him is indicated by the number of letters he received when he was appointed to the important office of chief of naval operations. Here is a typical one:

DEAR ADMIRAL:

I was your messenger-boy for a time, and was shipmates with you for nearly three years at the time you were executive officer of the Iowa, and since you have become such a big man in the navy I am so proud of the fact that I did serve under you that I simply cannot keep from offering my congratulations on your recent honors.

I hope you will accept them in the spirit they are sent. Every man of the crew of the good old Iowa considered her a home, and you will remember I was one of the apprentice boys that put seven twelve-inch shells through the target out of the forward turret on the Pensacola target range in 1905. The proudest moment of my life, before or since, was when you said, "Good work, Truman!" after I got out of the turret.

I am proud I served under you, and would again if needed.

Respectfully,  
E. D. TRUMAN.

Benson was born in Georgia and remembers Sherman's famous march through his native State "from Atlanta to the sea." He was just ten years of age when the war staggered to a finish at Appomattox, and was seventeen years old when appointed to Annapolis, being one of the first of the Southerners to enter the Naval Academy after the close of hostilities. He was on board the old frigate Constitution when that famous old vessel made her last cruise, took part in the Greeley Relief Expedition, went around the world in the gunboat Dolphin, and was the first officer to command the first of our superdreadnoughts, this being the Utah. He was commandant of the Philadelphia Navy-Yard when appointed to his present post.

#### A TYPICAL STORY OF ADMIRAL SIMS

It is a long time ago since the navy first began to sit up and take notice of William Sowden Sims, now vice-admiral and commanding our destroyer force operating "over there." I began to take notice of him when he was an ensign, and that was fully thirty years ago. We were then shipmates on the old corvette Swatara, and during the three years we were in company I had plentiful opportunity for observing the

qualities which later developed into such an aggressive individuality. He already possessed that outspoken candor which has so often caused him to be regarded as the *enfant terrible* of the service.

One day the late Rear-Admiral James E. Jouett, then commanding the North Atlantic Squadron, elected to divide his force into two sections and send them into sham battle, the one against the other. From my station at No. 3 gun on the Swatara I could hear the thud of the distant guns and feel the vessel quiver to the recoil of her own weapons—all but the one at which I was stationed. Sims, who commanded the piece, and who had not yet given the order to fire, had perched himself on an engine-room hatch directly in the wake of the gun. From this elevation he could command the entire horizon, which he was sweeping with a pair of binoculars.

Seeing the other guns of the starboard battery banging away as if life depended on the number of blank cartridges that could be expended in a given time, we of No. 3 gun stared at our silent division officer and wondered why we were not joining in this gunpowdery clamor. From a throat full of smoke, the captain hailed from the bridge and asked Sims why he was not firing.

"None of the enemy ships in reach of my gun, sir," he replied. "All directly ahead or directly astern, and we cannot train in either direction."

"Go ahead; get in the game; burn up some of that powder," the captain told him.

Sims gave the order to fire, and we burned up a lot. Anon the umpires took up the count of ships "sunk" or "disabled." The other gun-division officers of the corvette pushed hard their several claims that they had put such and such a vessel "out of action," and wanted it particularly specified in the official report that their particular guns had done the work. And in the exuberance of the moment there was much mutual congratulation over the masterly way the Swatara had been handled in that sham encounter.

Finally it came around to Sims.

"If this had been a real battle," he told the umpires, "everything above our water-

line would have been shot away. We were caught between two fires, unable to reply to either, for there was never a minute when any gun on this vessel could have been brought to bear, except the sixty-pounder on the forecastle, and that piece cannot hit the broad side of America."

That appraisal of the Swatara's part in the sham battle got back to the captain, with the result that the outspoken ensign became none too popular with his commanding officer. To a less exuberant spirit this might have been depressing, for not very long before he had come into disfavor with the officer who had previously commanded the corvette—a gentleman who, according to popular report, had managed to evade all sea duty from the time he had been an ensign until ordered to command the Swatara.

#### A VOYAGE WITH INTERRUPTIONS

The vessel had been at New Orleans when the change in commanding officers took place, and hardly had the new one hoisted his pennant before there came a telegraphic order for the ship to proceed to a cay off Honduras and rescue some American seamen whose vessel had been stranded there. One of the densest fogs that ever blinded mariners lay over the river at the time. The executive officer and the navigator both strongly recommended that the vessel should wait for the fog to lift; but overwhelmed with the importance of a telegraphic order—probably never having received one before—the captain would hear nothing of delay, and gave orders to get under way at once.

The late Captain York Noel, then a lieutenant, was officer of the deck when the anchor was tripped. An hour or so after the corvette had begun groping her way down the river, the lookout on the fore-castle yelled to the bridge that there was a light directly ahead.

"Make 'em get out of our way, Mr. Noel," the captain ordered. "United States man-of-war under telegraphic orders!" he added, complacently rolling the imposing sentence.

Noel sounded the whistle, but the insensate light would not move. A few mo-

ments later the bow of the Swatara slid up on a shelving mud-bank and her flying jib-boom went spearing through a lighthouse, to the great annoyance of the lighthouse-keeper, who sallied forth with a gun and a line of talk that almost dismounted the pivot rifle.

The guns were run aft, and then came the order:

"Everybody aft!"

By this means the corvette was teetered off the mud-bank, but hardly had the battery been got in place before she grounded on another shoal. Once again there was a general migration sternward. Twice more that night it was "Everybody aft!" for four times in all did the Swatara's bow slide upon the banks of that suffering river before she reached the sea.

It was on a Sunday morning that the corvette drew near the coast of Honduras—the first land that had been sighted since clearing the mouth of the Mississippi. The crew had been called to general muster, and just as the function was ended, the lookout on the topsail yard yelled down:

"Land ho!"

Whereupon Sims, apparently believing that the ancient war-ship was doomed to pile up on any land she found, exclaimed: "Everybody aft!"

He meant it only for the ears of the junior officers standing near, but his voice carried across the quarter-deck, where the captain was standing; and such popularity as he had had with that pudgy officer came to an abrupt conclusion.

#### WHAT SIMS DID FOR NAVAL GUNNERY

At the time when the nation was shouting itself hoarse over the naval victory at Santiago, Sims sat down to indite some unconventional letters to the Navy Department, in which he bluntly said that our naval gunnery was rotten. He showed that while the Spaniards had hit nothing but the water, we had done little better, making only about three per cent of hits. He wanted to know where we would have come out if we had been up against an enemy who could shoot, and recommended that the navy, whose chief business is to shoot, should get on the job.



It is an old story how all these letters were pigeonholed, and how at last Sims had the extreme temerity to go over the head of the Navy Department and lay his views direct before the President. It is also an old story how President Roosevelt sent for him, listened to his views, and then by executive order established a new office, that of inspector of naval target practise. Moreover, having created this important position, he put Sims into it, with the ultimate result that the three per cent of hits was changed to something like three per cent of misses.

Sims led the fight of the younger "insurgents" against the notorious "bureau system" of the navy, and led it with the same disregard of consequences that he had displayed when, in the face of all precedent, he had dared to lay his ideas about gunnery before the President. He won the fight, and not long afterward, in recognition of his work as target inspector and for the notable reform he had brought about, President Roosevelt directed that he should be assigned to battle-ship command. At that time Sims was a commander, and hitherto no officer under captain's rank had been so highly honored.

#### SIMS IN COMMAND OF A BATTLE-SHIP

It was to the battle-ship Minnesota that he had been ordered, and a few days after he had assumed command I had occasion to visit him on board his ship. He was not in his cabin at the moment when I was ushered into it, and I had time to recognize some familiar desk and wall mottoes which I had last seen in the Washington quarters that Sims had used when inspector of target practise. "Cheer up!" was one motto. "Always keep cheerful!" was another.

Presently he blew in—yes, blew in, for there is no other way to describe his entrance—a gust of exuberance radiating the cheerfulness of his mottoes. I asked him how he liked the job of commanding one of the big fellows. I did not expect any long face or solemn talk about grave responsibilities, but I was unprepared for the back-yard view I was asked to take of a post which is generally regarded with a touch of awe.

"Easiest job in the world!" he said. "Think it over a minute. Here I have eight hundred officers and men under my command, every one of them highly skilled in his special line. If I should suddenly be stricken blind, I have a navigator and watch officers perfectly capable of carrying the vessel anywhere. I have an ordnance officer who can correct anything that goes wrong with the battery or magazines. I have engineer officers competent to get everything out of the engines that it is possible to get out of them; I have electricians, machinists, radio operators, blacksmiths, plumbers, boiler-makers, coppersmiths, painters, carpenters, sailmakers, surgeons, paymasters; there is no possible contingency that cannot be handled by the best of experts. Easy? Why, it has every other job in the world lashed to the mast! If I were so disposed, I could get away with it merely by looking wise."

Whereupon memory went back to that smoke-blown day on the Swatara, and I realized that this battle-ship commander who was so little impressed by the trappings of place was the same who, as a young ensign, had let so much daylight through the flummery of a sham battle when he was ordered to fire his gun with no target but the horizon.

In his later work as commander of the submarine and destroyer flotillas, Sims displayed his great abilities as an organizer. He was president of the Naval War College when assigned to his present duty.

#### SIMS AND THE HOUSE NAVAL COMMITTEE

There is a pamphlet published by the government, which any one can have for the asking, and which contains Admiral Sims's recent testimony before the House Naval Committee. If any one will read that testimony and thoroughly digest it, he will have a comprehensive understanding of almost everything that goes into our navy as it is constituted to-day, and a working knowledge of most of the problems involved.

It was not without difficulty that this distinguished specialist in naval affairs got his views before the hardy tars of the House Committee. Here is an example:

Sims had been describing the British control of the North Sea and Channel, and had quoted the statement of a British naval authority that if Great Britain had possessed fifteen cruising vessels for each dreadnought, instead of eleven, that superior number could have afforded protection for commerce going in and out of Liverpool, and in all probability the Lusitania would not have been sunk. Representative Oscar Callaway, of Texas, the "little navy" man of the committee, said:

That seems to resolve itself back into the question that the strength of the fleet is the strength of the number of destroyers or cruisers?

CAPTAIN SIMS—No, sir; I do not think it does that, but it does show this—

MR. CALLAWAY (*interrupting*)—Your statement was that they had, I believe, seven.

CAPTAIN SIMS—Eleven.

MR. CALLAWAY—And they ought to have had eighteen.

CAPTAIN SIMS—They ought to have had fifteen.

MR. CALLAWAY—Destroyers?

CAPTAIN SIMS—I said they ought to have had fifteen cruising craft per battle-ship.

MR. CALLAWAY—According to your statement it is eleven destroyers to the battle-ship?

CAPTAIN SIMS—You say eleven destroyers. What I said was eleven cruising vessels. Do not misunderstand that. They have only two hundred and fifty destroyers.

MR. CALLAWAY—If eleven destroyers to the battle-ship is—

CAPTAIN SIMS (*interrupting*)—Please do not repeat that mistake, because I never said eleven destroyers. I said eleven cruising craft, including all of them.

And so it went throughout a large part of the hearing.

Sims pays about as much attention to politics as does one of his destroyers; but he is democratic in that he believes that the voice of the people is the voice of God, although he has not always regarded the Navy Department as its official and infallible mouthpiece.

Tall, athletic, always in superb health, Sims is as full of concentrated energy as one of his depth-bombs. He radiates cheerfulness and optimism, and if he has any worries, no one ever hears of them. Supercharged with energy, he is a breezy, brainy, six-foot, sixty-year-young boy who will never grow any older.

### THE ALLIED HOST

THE tramping of our armies  
Echoes around the world,  
With flags of nations flying  
For liberty unfurled.  
We're pledged in freedom's service  
The stubborn foe to slay,  
And victory is the watchword  
That leads us to the fray.

The mighty eagle flaps his wings,  
The British lion leaps;  
The land of song and story  
Through tidal battle sweeps;  
The banner of unconquered France  
Waves over trench and field,  
Storm-tossed, but ever in the van  
With men who never yield.

Along the broad sea-spaces  
Or underneath the waves,  
Sailors and airmen smite the foe,  
Fearless of wounds or graves.  
And soon beyond the war-zones,  
Above the slaughter vast,  
Through the black clouds of death and pain  
The dawn will break at last!

William H. Hayne

# Books That Have Made the Modern World

EVER SINCE THE PRINTING-PRESS WAS INVENTED, ITS PRODUCT HAS BEEN THE MOST DYNAMIC FORCE IN DIRECTING THE COURSE OF HUMAN THOUGHT AND LIFE

By Richard Le Gallienne

FOR a decade or so before the outbreak of the present war there had been a tendency to depreciate the importance of books and to regard both the writers and the readers of them with a certain impatient contempt, as being impractical and visionary. The sentiment crystallized in France in the label "*les intellectuels*," in America in the already classic slang "highbrow." *Les intellectuels* and the highbrows were looked upon by imperialist politicians and aggressive business interests as people who stood in the way of the practical work of the world. Lytton's assertion that "the pen is mightier than the sword" was regarded as a piece of absurd rhetoric.

And yet all the time it had been the pen of Germany that had been hardening and distorting the German soul for that wielding of the sword of Attila which has since fallen upon Europe with such inconceivable barbarism. It was the poison secreted and purveyed in the writings of Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardt that has worked to madness, like some diabolical philter, in the veins of a great people, and the most prodigious fact of our time is indubitably seen to be the bloody harvest of seeds sown under the quiet shining of a student's lamp. Never has the wonder-working power of the pen been so appallingly illustrated, never the poet's boast been so triumphantly substantiated:

For we are the makers and breakers  
Of the world forever, it seems.

It was a great German, Luther, who said that "every great book is an action." He, of all men, knew better than to depreciate the power of the written and printed word, having good cause to remember the dynamic effect of his own "Theses" on Europe. In fact, it is not too much to say that the history of the world is the history of a few books, the history of their dissemination and influence.

## THE MOST MARVELOUS OF INVENTIONS

Were one to write the history of the Bible and the history of the Koran alone, think what races and centuries would be covered! The word "sacred," as applied to such depositories of racial inspiration, reminds us how much truer to the fact of their importance was the old superstitious reverence with which books were originally regarded than the thoughtless fashion in which we handle them to-day. In the earliest times books were considered to possess magic properties, and those able to read them were looked on as magicians. In the old fairy-tales, when an enchanter or a sage would weave his spells, he first of all had recourse to his great, clasped book—his *grimoire* or book of gramary; and it is only because we have become so familiar with the process, so to say, of electrically charging our minds and wills—or depleting them, as the case may be—through printed matter, that we are no longer surprised at its influence upon us.

We have grown all too familiar with too many things, and, as Carlyle said, live far too much "at ease in the midst of wonders." Still the wonders remain, and no more recent invention so nearly approaches the miraculous as a book.

The master spirits of mankind, those who have ruled, taught, aided, or oppressed their fellow men, have always been aware of this dynamic and magical quality of books. Tyrants, in particular, have feared them as the most dangerous weapons against tyranny, and so far as possible have regulated the reading of the people by systems of censorship, which have in vain endeavored to stamp out the living fire of truth they contained. In vain have books been burned by the common hangman, in vain have their authors been pilloried with cropped ears and slit noses. The seed-pod might be destroyed, but somehow or other the seeds were wafted abroad, and found the soil they sought. As Milton said in his "Areopagitica," that famous defense of the freedom of the press:

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are . . . I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men.

"May chance to spring up armed men"! How often has that proved true in the history of books—and our present momentous times are anything but barren of examples. What are the Bolsheviks but the result of the cumulative influence of generations of revolutionary literature? And why is the Kaiser afraid to let his people read Liebknecht's "Militarism"?

Yes, books are exceedingly dangerous things, and sometimes, when one reflects on the toxic properties of some of them, one is inclined to wonder whether they should be indiscriminately accessible to all—without, so to say, a prescription. Too often the magician's book, the *grimoire*, is opened and read, and its spell words are uttered abroad by uninitiate trespassers, or uninitiated innocence, to the spiritual destruction of themselves and others. Still, the antidotes far exceed the poisons, and the books

that build are more potent than those that destroy.

The influence of books on humanity is a subject as long as it is broad. Here I propose only to consider it as it has been exerted in the progressive development of society since the dawning of what we call the modern world.

#### THE PRINTING-PRESS AND THE BIBLE

The modern world, roughly speaking, began with the Renaissance, and it is with the Renaissance that the direct influence of books on the people at large begins. Of course it was the invention of the printing-press, in the first half of the fifteenth century, that first made it possible; but till what Erasmus called "the providential revival of good literature all over the world," there were almost no dynamic books to print. The one exception was the Bible, against the popular dissemination of which the ecclesiastical authorities set a stern face, and the most fruitful and "dangerous" part of which, the New Testament, had to wait for the revival of Greek scholarship to be given at last to the world by Erasmus himself, in 1516.

Among publications that have profoundly influenced modern mankind the Greek New Testament of Erasmus is one of the most important. It paved the way for Luther's Bible and for other versions of the Bible all over Europe, and notably in England for those of Coverdale and Tyndale, with far-reaching results on which it is unnecessary to dwell. The part played by the Bible, and particularly the New Testament, in the democratization of the world is a commonplace, while the heroic fight of its translators and printers to get it into the hands of the people was the first and most important chapter in the long struggle for the freedom of the press.

#### THE RESURRECTION OF THE CLASSICS

Leaving the Bible on one side, "the providential revival of good literature all over the world" to which Erasmus referred was, of course, the resurrection of the so-called classics—the Greek classics in particular. The study of Latin and Latin literature had never quite died out, having been



kept alive in the monasteries, but, according to the late Sir Richard Jebb, "after the fifth century a knowledge of classical Greek rapidly faded out of the West, until it became practically extinct." It was the arrival in Italy of Greek scholars from Constantinople, early in the fourteenth century, that rekindled the spark in the hands of Petrarch and Boccaccio. Aristotle, indeed, had been studied, as we know from Chaucer's "clerke of Oxenforde," who—

Would rather have at his beddes heade  
Twenty bookes clothed in blacke and redde  
Of Aristotle and his philosophie  
Than robes riche or fiddle or psaultry.

The influence of the great Greek philosopher, however, had been dehumanizing rather than humanizing, his logical method being applied by such schoolmen as Thomas Aquinas to rationalize into dogma that Christian revelation, the mystic and fertilizing elements of which were thus temporarily sterilized. It was the humanizing potency of the more liberally endowed Greek and Latin writers which gave its dynamic significance to the Renaissance. For that reason the study of them came to be called the study of "the humanities."

"Ancient literature," continues Jebb, "was now welcomed, not only as supplying standards of form, but as disclosing a new conception of life; a conception freer, larger, more rational, and more joyous, than the medieval; one which gave unfettered scope to the play of the human feelings, to the sense of beauty, and to all the activities of the intellect."

Our consideration here is not with Greek literature, or any literature, merely as literature, but only in so far as it is seen to have directly influenced the course of human destinies and social developments. Of course all enduring literature does that in some measure by gradual permeation and general leavening, and many "direct-action" books owe their influence to this preliminary preparation of the soil. Still, some writers and books are manifestly fountain-heads, and such are Plato and Plutarch.

Of all Greek writers, it is impossible to overestimate the influence these two have wielded in the shaping of the modern world.

To them alike all spiritual thinkers and all social and political reformers have turned. Without Plato there had been no Emerson, and the present rebirth of a spiritual attitude toward life, reacting from the long reign of materialistic science, proves once more the vitality of Plato's "intimations of immortality." Moreover, the influence of his "Republic" on all men who would remold the social order nearer to the heart's desire has been continuous; as the emulation of Plutarch's heroes has been perhaps the most formative impulse in the character-building of strong men, rulers, soldiers, and patriots, since the great Bœotian took in hand to write his "Lives of Eminent Greeks and Romans." It is mainly through his narratives that the ideals of Greek liberty have been transmitted from one generation of succeeding patriots to another, and wherever a nation has shaken itself free from tyranny its debt to Plutarch has been heavy. So surely it was in the case of America and France, and, though it is no longer the fashion to name one's children out of Plutarch, the spirit of his heroes still "goes marching on."

#### THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

It was not long before the "humanists" of the Renaissance applied their new learning to practical ends. Freedom of thought, and of the utterance of thought, was one of their first objectives; and here they had to encounter formidable opposition from the conservative traditions of the church. These Luther assailed with hammer-blows on the church door of Wittenberg. Erasmus, less heroically built, employed the wisdom of the serpent, and no satirist, not even Voltaire himself, has even wielded the pen with such damaging entertainment. He is still the liveliest of reading to-day, and in his own time his "colloquies"—dialogues in dramatic form, on contemporary questions—were read and chuckled over from one end of Europe to another. So popular were they that, on a rumor of their ecclesiastical suppression, a Paris bookseller rushed through the press an edition of no less than twenty-four thousand copies.

The monks come in for some of Erasmus's most destructive satire—satire which

prepared the way for the heavier artillery of Rabelais, whose gross, fantastic classics of "Pantagruel" and "Gargantua" were, in their strange way, to gain a place among the dynamic books of the modern world. Referring to attacks upon the monks, two much earlier books, the "Piers Plowman," of Langland, in England, and "Reynard the Fox," in Germany and France, were notably influential expressions of the popular contempt for the clergy.

Satire was as nearly direct an attack as most writers dared to venture against the church in those days, and one of its most trenchant examples is to be found in some letters which may be regarded as the forerunners of that later political weapon, the pamphlet, and of such "open letters" as those of Dean Swift and the "Letters of Junius." These are the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," which were partly written by the great German reformer, Ulrich von Hutten, in 1517, and which had a marked effect on the fortunes of the Reformation.

Nor must one forget the wide influence of Luther's own writings. Few books have stirred Europe like his "Appeal to the Christian Nobility of the German Nation." A papal bull of excommunication was needed to answer it—that bull which Luther had the courage to burn.

#### SIR THOMAS MORE'S "UTOPIA" (1516)

England was one of the earliest and most hospitable homes of the new learning. Its welcome to Erasmus by Henry VIII, and the encouragement of Cambridge scholars during his long sojourn there, were of immense assistance to him with his Greek Testament; and in the house of one of his hosts, Sir Thomas More, one of the most influential of modern books, "Utopia," had its birth. "Utopia" means "Nowhere," as William Morris's later dream of a reconstructed society entitled "News from Nowhere" recalled.

The inception of "Utopia" reminds us of the great formative influence that books of travel—"voyages"—began to exert about this time (1516), when the newly discovered America had set men dreaming of a literally new world, free from the im-

perfections of the old. The "Voyages" of the Italian navigator Amerigo Vespucci were "abroad in every man's hand," and it is from one of Vespucci's sailors that Sir Thomas More pretends to have received his account of the imaginary isle of Utopia, where everything is perfect—laws, morals, politics, and even people.

More's book has long given its name to the adjective by which we dismiss many perfectly reasonable schemes for the ameliorization of society, but it was none the less full of profound insight into immemorial social injustice, and of practical common sense in its suggestions for a remedy. It is only smiled at by those who have never read it, and its chief defect is not any lack of reasonableness, but its too great reliance on reason to solve human problems. It is thoroughly German in the hardness of some of its ideas, such as the suggestion of lethal extinction for the aged and the incurable—a suggestion, of course, as old as the practise of Sparta. But its attitude toward rich and poor, "capital and labor," is as modern as that of the Bolsheviks or the I. W. W.

The rich are ever striving to pare away something further from the daily wages of the poor by private fraud, and even by public law, so that the wrong already existing—for it is a wrong that those from whom the state derives most benefit should receive least reward—is made yet greater by means of the law of the state.

A book abounding in such radical and forcible statement, however long it may lie dormant, is no mere "dream stuff," and More's ideas in regard to the ownership and cultivation of land, the treatment of criminals, hygiene, hours of labor, and so forth, are as up to date as if his book were just off the press. "Utopia" had its effect, it has been said, on the very practical founders of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, though how far those States have remained "utopian" I leave others to decide.

#### MACHIAVELLI'S MANUAL OF STATECRAFT

"Utopia" was published in 1516. While More was writing it, seeing in organized society "a conspiracy of the rich against the poor," another profoundly dynamic mind of the Renaissance was studying the condition of society in Italy and drawing a different

and more sinister moral. In 1513 Niccolo Machiavelli had come to the conclusion that the people of Florence were too corrupt to be trusted with popular government, and that "the undivided force of a despot" was needed for the salvation of the state. From this conclusion sprang writings which have made the adjective "Machiavellian" something like a synonym for "diabolical," though, to do the author justice, they have to be considered in their historical context and with full recognition of Machiavelli's patriotism of motive.

Of these writings the most famous is "The Prince," which may be summed up as a manual for tyrants—beneficent tyrants, of course, whose apparent wrong-doing is eventually for the good of their people, and to whom, according to Machiavelli, it is permissible to use any means, either of fraud or force, to attain their governmental ends.

"It has been, is, and always will be true," was one of Machiavelli's premises, "that evil succeeds good, and good evil, and the one is always the cause of the other."

In his view an efficient Borgia is a better prince than would be, say, an inefficient King Alfred. The end alone matters in government. Crime, bad faith, treachery in all its forms, are the lawful and even necessary tools of princes. One of the most characteristic chapters of "The Prince" is "Concerning Cruelty and Clemency, and Whether It Is Better to Be Loved than Feared." In it Machiavelli remarks:

Cesare Borgia was considered cruel; notwithstanding, his cruelty reconciled the Romagna, unified it, and restored it to peace and loyalty. And if this be rightly considered, he will be seen to have been much more merciful than the Florentine people, who, to avoid a reputation for cruelty, permitted Pistoia to be destroyed.

He comes to the conclusion that "it is much safer to be feared than to be loved, when, of the two, either must be dispensed with." Machiavelli's theories, before and since his time, have always been acceptable to so-called great rulers—great as Frederick of Prussia was great, or Bismarck—men whose greatness consisted mainly of cruelty and unscrupulousness—rulers who, like Frederick, regarded treaties as frosting on the outside of the cake, or "scraps of

paper." These ideas were not new with Machiavelli; and that they are not yet grown old is largely due to the fact that he distilled them into a literary poison which still infects the health of the world.

#### MONTAIGNE AND FRANCIS BACON

While More and Machiavelli have influenced succeeding generations as propagandists of definite social and political ideas, Montaigne (1533-1592) was more truly a humanist. He had no reformatory axe to grind, but, looking on human nature with clear and rather cynical, yet not unkindly eyes, starting his inquiries with a frank admission of his own human imperfections, he dreamed no dreams of human perfectibility. He approached life and all social institutions from the angle of irony, and his "Essays," by their skeptical attitude, thus proved a solvent of abuses and absurdities more potent in the long run than many more direct engines of attack. His influence on Shakespeare, that greatest of all humanists, is well known, as also is the debt owed to him by Francis Bacon, who in his "Novum Organum" was to give the world a book which, while it did not by any means inaugurate the spirit of modern scientific inquiry—by induction of principles from facts, and facts alone—did much to embody it in an authoritative formula. More than three centuries before him his namesake, Roger Bacon (1214-1292) had brought a more original and daring mind to the same problems and had written, under infinitely greater difficulties, amid the darkness of medievalism, a book, the "Opus Majus," which Dr. Whewell describes as "at once the encyclopedia and the 'Novum Organum' of the thirteenth century."

Again, Francis Bacon has been derided by subsequent investigators for his notable ignorance of, or contempt for, the scientific discoveries of his own day. For example, he was so reactionary as to deny the Copernican theory, when most of his thinking contemporaries had accepted it. Yet such blunders or prejudices of original thinkers are not necessarily important. The real work they have done for posterity has not been always so much the discovery of new truth as the opening up of avenues by which

old truth was able to penetrate through arbitrary barriers of obscurantism. There was little or nothing new in the Copernican theory. Aristarchus (250 B.C.) had announced the heliocentric theory, had "put the sun among the number of the fixed stars," and "made the earth move through the apparent track of the sun"; but this and other scientific truths were unable to win through into the general thought of Christendom till the scholars of the Renaissance, sometimes at the imminent risk of the stake, were able to mold a new public opinion.

#### DISCOVERERS OF NATURE'S LAWS

"Observation as the source of knowledge" was from now on to be the key-note of all philosophical writers. Thus René Descartes (1596-1650), whose "*Discours de la Méthode*" was the next conspicuous contribution to exact thinking, made himself first an expert anatomist, physiologist, mathematician, and musician, also reading the great book of the world as soldier, traveler, and courtier, before he essayed to be a philosopher.

Most of the great generalizers that were to follow him, till Darwin's myriad observations kindled and flashed forth in that most momentous of all modern generalizations, the doctrine of evolution, were fed on one or another of the natural sciences. Of course, the greatest of these was Isaac Newton, who, having previously discovered gravitation, went on to deduce from it the motions of the whole solar system in his "*Principia*" (1687), and thus a mathematically ordered universe widened to man's view. Sixty years before, William Harvey (1578-1657) in his "*Exercitatio de Motu Cordis*," had done for physiology what Newton did for astronomy, by his announcement of the circulation of the blood. In his case, as in Newton's, the term "announcement" is truer to the fact of their achievement than "discovery," for behind every such epoch-marking book as I have mentioned there is usually an ancestry of obscure works, whose writers collected evidence and contributed hints, and sometimes more, toward the final synthesis, to which alone the world, as is its way, does honor.

After the first exuberance of spiritual and intellectual outspokenness which characterized the period broadly labeled as the Renaissance and the Reformation, we have to wait for that other period broadly labeled as the French Revolution before we find the power of the book again so strikingly manifested. For the conservative reactions in church and state which followed that marvelous spring-tide of the sixteenth century were to make free thought and free speech once more hazardous undertakings. But too much freedom had escaped into the general atmosphere of Europe for prevention and prescription to do more than retard the inevitable emancipation of man—spiritual, intellectual, and social—which is symbolized by the fall of the Bastille, on July 14, 1789. In spite of rigid censorships and of the sterner methods of the Inquisition, men's minds continued to think, fearless pens continued to write, and fearless printers to print. In England, in particular, the joint political and religious struggle which culminated in the execution of Charles I was productive of an immense speculative activity as to the philosophy of government, the nature and limitations of authority, the rights of the individual, and so forth.

#### THE SEED OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

That activity, continuing on into the eighteenth century was to produce a number of philosophic, political, and economic writers, whose works were studied as classical text-books by the motive minds of the French Revolution. Among these, men no less influential than Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Rousseau had made long stays in England, and had been impressed alike with English institutions and the English political spirit. It was not for nothing that Rousseau was the guest of David Hume, and it was from the writings of John Locke that he derived his idea of the "social contract."

Nothing is clearer or more interesting in the study of historical origins than that the French Revolution was made in England. There was nothing in the political thought behind that fertilizing cataclysm which had not first been thought in England, and England, too, by the activity of its purely



scientific researches from the time of Charles II's restoration onward, of which the Royal Society was an incorporated evidence, may be considered the most important contributor to that questioning, skeptical spirit which was later on to make of an encyclopedia an engine of revolution.

Hobbes, with his "*Leviathan*" (1588-1679); Harrington, with his "*Oceana*"; Locke, with his "*Letters on Toleration*," "*Treatises on Government*," and "*Essay on the Human Understanding*" (1632-1704)—"*The Bible of the Revolution*" as these works have jointly been called; Adam Smith, with his "*Wealth of Nations*" (1776); Hume, with his "*Essays on Political Questions*" (1711-1776)—all these men in their several ways had broken up the ground or sown the seed. Nowadays their books are read only by philosophical or political specialists. They have done their work, and they take their rest on respectfully unvisited shelves—which is but to say of them, as of many other great books, that they did their work so well that it has passed into the general intelligence of the world; and has to be done no more.

One of the earliest French books to reflect the English influence was Montesquieu's "*Esprit des Lois*" (1748), of which the main proposition is "that the constitution most in conformity with nature is that which is best suited to the character of the nation for which it is intended." The English constitution seemed to Montesquieu that which came nearest to fulfilling this governmental ideal. Before this, his "*Persian Letters*" (1721) a powerful satire directed against the French monarchy and Christian "superstition," had heralded that campaign of destruction by laughter which Voltaire, beginning with his "*Letters on the English*" (1734), was to continue for nearly fifty years.

#### THE WORK OF THE ENCYCLOPEDISTS

But one must not neglect to recall that these and other brilliant exponents of the fashionable philosophy of revolt found much of their ammunition in the apparently prosaic arsenal of Bayle's "*Dictionary*" (1697-1706), the method of which, as thus described by Professor Willert, well ac-

counts for its famous influence on the trend of French thought:

The irreverent banter or ironical reverence with which the most solemn subjects are treated, the skill with which the reader is insensibly led to the conviction that he is far less certain about things than he imagined, the insidious suggestion that, although all reason is against such a creed, it is perhaps as well to believe in God, in Providence, and in immortality—if you are fool enough—all this in Bayle breathes the very spirit of philosophism.

The later and still more influential "*Encyclopédie*" (1751-1772) of which Diderot was the editor and Voltaire one of the many distinguished inflammatory contributors, continued and amplified the same method; and it is of curious interest to note that indirectly the "*Encyclopédie*" also had an English origin, as it came about from a French bookseller's desire to bring out a French edition of Ephraim Chambers's "*Cyclopaedia*," published in London in 1728. It was on that staid and respectable foundation, no less, that Diderot's and Voltaire's destructive philosophic battery was built.

Adam Smith's "*Wealth of Nations*" (1776), to which reference has already been made, deserves more than a mere mention.

"If books are to be measured by the effect which they have produced on the fortunes of mankind, the '*Wealth of Nations*,' " says Green, "must rank among the greatest of books." Labor, Smith contended, was the one source of wealth, and it was by freedom of labor, by suffering the worker to pursue his own interest in his own way, that the public wealth would be best promoted.

The younger Pitt took Smith's teachings to heart while he was still an undergraduate at Cambridge, and on them all his future policy was built—a policy which was the first to recognize that the future of the world was bound up with the future of industrialism.

#### THE DYNAMIC FORCE OF ROUSSEAU

But, of course, the writer who was to breathe the breath of fiercely practical revolutionary life into these preparatory accumulations of politico-philosophical

thinking was Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778). Probably no book ever published has exerted such a dynamic force as "Le Contrat Social." There was, of course, nothing new in its theories.

"The return to nature" had been in the air since the discovery of America, and Professor Willert has pointed out that "many of what are called the principles of 1789 were recognized and used as convenient weapons against the authority of the crown during the sixteenth century both by Catholics and by Huguenots . . . 'Men,' said the priest, Boucher, 'are by nature free. The people choose their prince and confer upon him their sovereignty; but they who delegate their authority remain the superiors of their representative.'"

But a political theorem merely stated is one thing; given wings of fire by the impassioned utterance of deep feeling, it is another. The time being ripe—another most important condition—it was Rousseau who, by the breath of his prophetic enthusiasm, was able to blow into flame the philosophic smolderings that were but waiting the enkindling moment to start that cleansing and regenerating fire in Europe which has gone on burning until now, and is at this very moment licking threateningly about the steps of some of Europe's remaining thrones. The secret of Rousseau's influence, as Professor Willert well expresses it, was his "real sympathy with the people. His political ideal was a government for the people, by the people. Purity, justice, humanity are, according to him, only to be found in cottages." For good or ill, it is Rousseau who has written those three apocalyptic words on the walls of the world—*liberté, égalité, fraternité*.

#### BOOKS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

Since "Le Contrat Social," probably the most revolutionizing books, though in another sphere, are Darwin's "Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man." Some of us may remember how the very earth seemed to be rocking some years after their publication, and how for a while man's spiritual faith seemed to be eclipsed by a horror of great darkness. But, as often before in the history of thought, the

theory of evolution has served in the end to widen our previously narrow religious conceptions, and the mystery of the universe has gained immeasurably where at first it had seemed to lose.

Though a new mystical or spiritual view of the universe is at the moment insensibly coloring all modern thought, it has produced as its mouthpiece no such great book as those written in the nineteenth century by men like Carlyle and Emerson—whose "Sartor Resartus" and "Essays" must be classed among the dynamic books of the modern world; for though technically they belong to *belles-lettres*, they have had too great an influence in the molding of the modern man to be classed merely as "literature." Books to which the same applies are Thoreau's "Walden" and, perhaps, Whitman's "Leaves of Grass."

Of general spiritualizing and emancipating influences like the great poets it has not been my aim to speak, though such a singer as Shelley, in his "Queen Mab" and "Prometheus Unbound," comes near to being a force of "direct action." One must not forget that his wife's mother, Mary Wollstonecraft, in "A Vindication of the Rights of Woman," wrote one of the prophetic books of revolt; nor must Thomas Paine's "Rights of Man" (1791) be forgotten.

Other books nearer our time which have been "movers and shakers" of the world have been Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Karl Marx's "Capital," and Henry George's "Progress and Poverty"; and, to end where we began, thus following the circular method of history, all the democratic dreamings and struggles from the Renaissance to to-day were to meet a shock of Machiavellian reaction in Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra." Once more we have the celebration of "the rude energy of the battle-field, that deep, impersonal hate, that cold-blooded murdering with a clear conscience, that common, organized, passionate joy in the annihilation of the enemy." This is the teaching that has turned Germany into a madhouse, and the rest of Europe into a slaughter-house. Never, perhaps, has the pen wielded so malign an influence over the sword.

# *Sky Fighters of France*

*A Series of Paintings by Lieutenant Henri Farré  
An Officer of the French Air Service*



A FRENCH BATTLE-PLANE RETURNING FROM PATROL DUTY

Below are seen a straight French highroad and one of the ruined villages of the fighting-zone

All these engravings are from photographs by Peter A. Juley of paintings by Lieutenant Henri Farré



SAVED BY A MIRACLE OF THE AIR

The pilot of this machine succeeded in gliding back to the French lines although he was severely wounded and German planes were in close pursuit





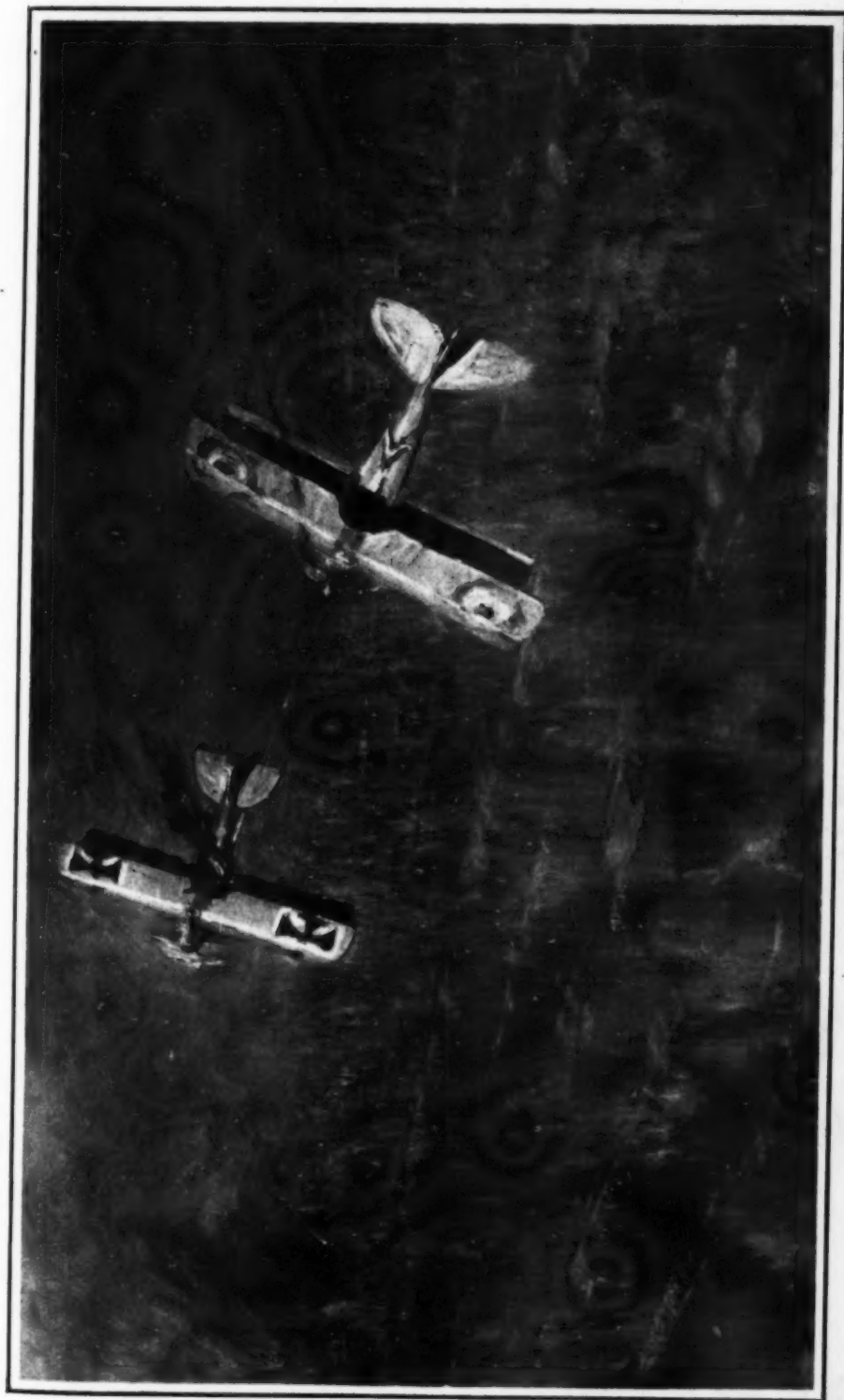
ONE OF CAPTAIN GUYNEMER'S VICTORIES

By a sudden attack at close quarters the famous French Ace has killed the German pilot, and as the machine overturns the observer is thrown out



**A FIGHT TO THE DEATH ABOVE THE CLOUDS**

Another of Captain Guynemer's victories—The German pilot has been killed and his machine, with its tank aflame, plunges downward, dropping its occupants



A DUEL AMID THE MORNING MISTS

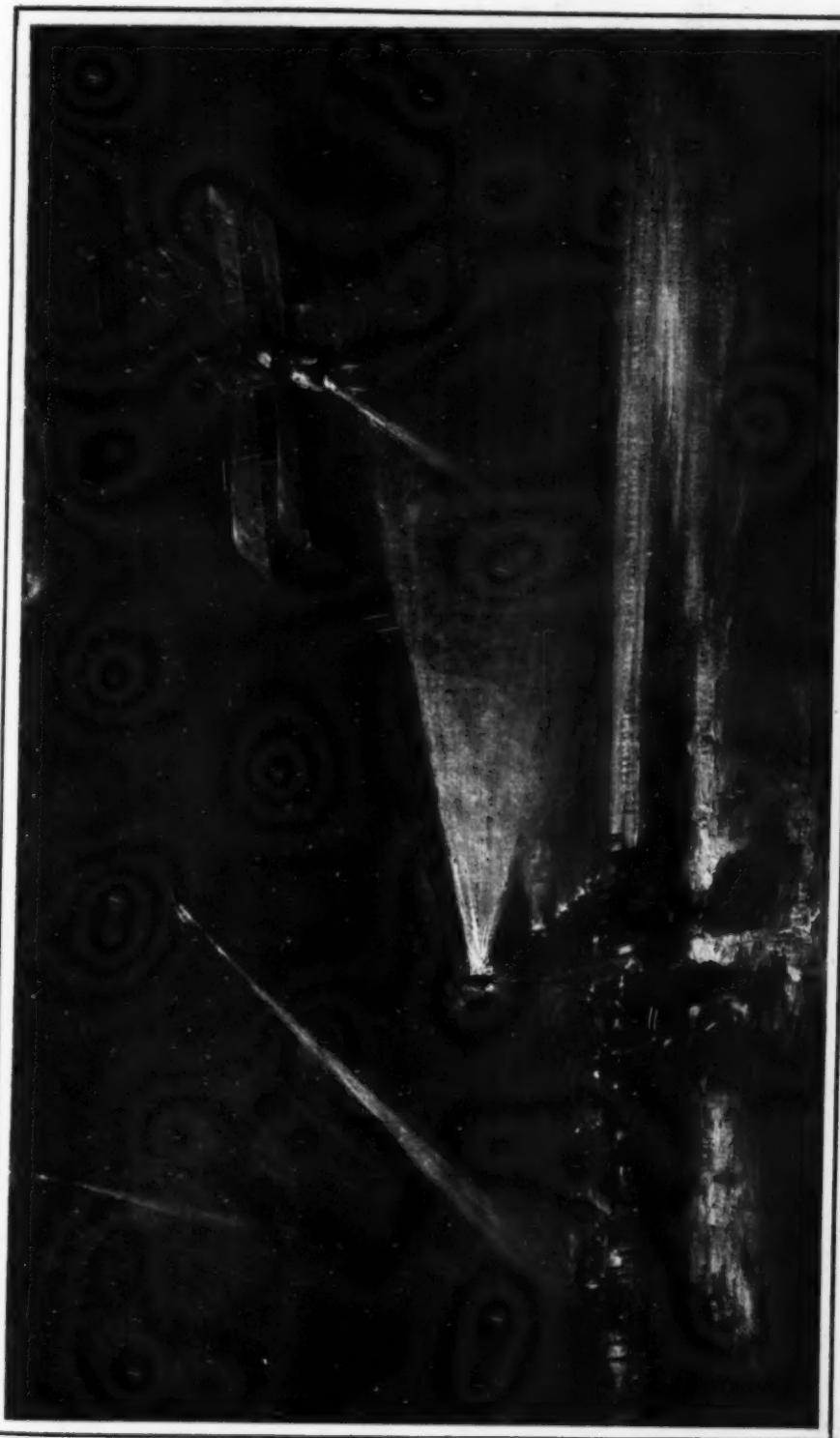
Two machines—a German Albatross (left) and a French Spade, piloted by Captain de la Tour—are circling and firing at close quarters



#### THE BOMBING OF DILLINGEN

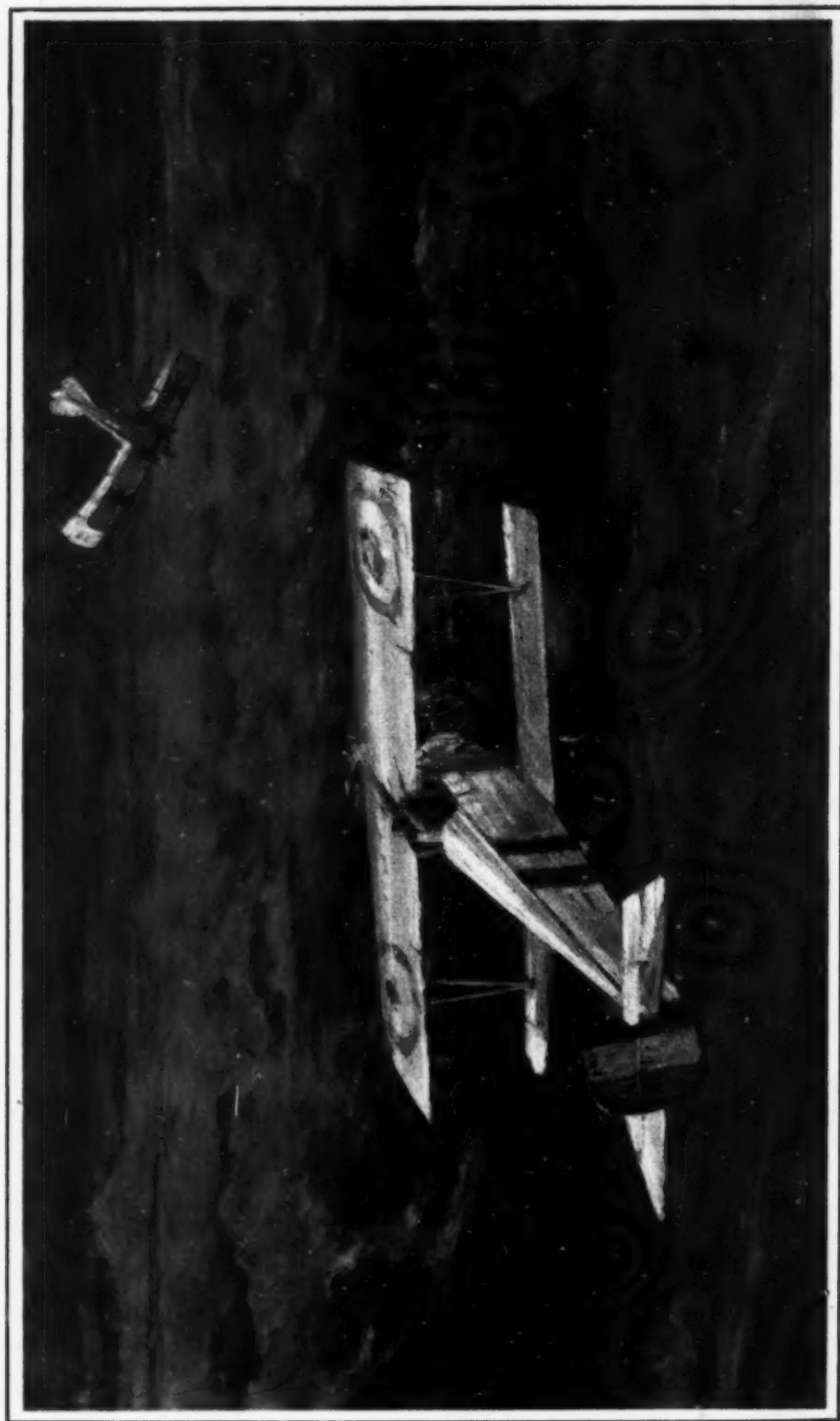
A squadron of French bomb-carriers has crossed the frontier to attack the town of Dillingen, in German Lorraine





BOMBERS RETURNING FROM A NIGHT RAID

A squadron of bomb-carriers coming back to its base, where search-lights assist the pilots in landing safely



A NIEUPORT BIPLANE ATTACKING A GERMAN MACHINE

The small but powerful Nieuport single-seater biplane, which can make well over a hundred miles an hour, is one of the leading French types of aeroplane

# EDITORIAL

---

## Germany Directs Her Eastern Advance Along New Lines

**C**HECKED by the British successes in Palestine and the Mesopotamian valley, Germany has turned northward to find a highway for her imperialistic and economic ambitions in the East. Upon spoils wrested from a weak and enfeebled Russia and a ruthlessly conquered Rumania she has built a route into Central Asia through which to reach the Pacific, and to create a menace to the British Indian possessions more powerful than she had planned in her conception of the Bagdad Railway.

The announcement from Berlin, "We have acquired a direct free route to Persia and Afghanistan," is a statement of accomplishments in a new and fantastic program of world-control and an expression of the unwavering devotion of Pan-Germanism to its ideals of conquest through the might of Prussian militarism.

The "direct, free route" was not conceived at the beginning of the war. It grew upon the opportunities which the collapse of Russia afforded; it was founded upon the achievements of Prussian arms. With Rumania beaten and despoiled of the Dobrudja, Constanza becomes its natural starting-point. Russia's helplessness and elimination from the war make the Black Sea merely a German lake over which to carry German troops to Batum. Transcaucasia, exacted at the Brest-Litovsk peace negotiations, no longer offers a barrier to the invader, for he can command the railway over its mountains to Baku on the Caspian Sea. A ferry at the narrowest point of this water lands the German forces at Krasnovodsk for the completion of their railway journey through Turkestan, past Merv, and on to the northern border of Afghanistan. The gates of Herat, from which England long struggled to keep the Russian bear, lie scarcely more than fifty miles to the south.

It is really a "free" route for Germany. Though the Dobrudja, and with it Constanza, were awarded to Bulgaria, yet to Pan-Germanism Bulgaria is merely a corridor from the Danube to Constantinople.

With Russia supine and helpless, Germany in the Transcaucasia is within striking distance of Teheran, the Persian capital. Persia herself, disorganized and torn by corrupt political factions and without a stable government or the semblance of an army, would be an easy conquest for a force of Teutons and Turks.

Since the beginning of the war German agents have been carrying on a most active propaganda in Persia. They were unsuccessful in securing the assistance of the warlike tribes of western Persia to aid the Turks in opposing the advance of the British in Mesopotamia. They did succeed, however, by emphasizing the fact of their alliance with the Turkish Sultan, and by employing Moslem renegades and fanatics, in making southern Persia a center for spreading disaffection among the Indian people.

The situation now, so far as Great Britain is concerned, is similar to what it was before the Anglo-Russian treaty of 1907. The present menace, however, is not from the Russian legions, but from the implacable Prussian conquerer. Afghanistan, though nominally a buffer state, is, in a measure, a dependency of the Indian government, which grants it an annual subsidy, represents it in its foreign relations, and has agreed to protect it against invasion. The Ameer recently reaffirmed his allegiance to the British government and to the Allied cause, but it is not likely that with his small force he would be able to offer much resistance to an advance upon India by an army of trained and seasoned German troops.

Since the abrogation of the Anglo-Russian treaty by the Bolsheviki government, Persia holds that she is again a free and independent state. While she is in no position to resist a German invasion, the subjugation of the country might prove a difficult task. Persia is without railways, and the roads are said to be worse to-day than they were when Alexander the Great made use of them, centuries ago, in his advance upon the Indus. They lead southward over the lines of old caravan routes through the commercial towns of central Persia to Bushire, the most important port of the Gulf region, now practically under British control, and eastward beyond the low, hot Makran coast to the Indian frontier.

Could the Germans, either through their own efforts or through the aid of their Turkish allies, acquire a hold on the Persian Gulf region, they would attain the territory aimed at in their Bagdad Railway scheme. Bushire could be made as useful to them as Basra or Koweit, both of which they coveted as the eastern terminus of their enterprise. The possession of the Strait of Ormuz would mean the control of the commerce of the Persian Gulf. It would assure a naval base from which a German fleet could dominate the traffic through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal and force the maintenance of a large British fleet in Indian waters.

Germany's purpose in this war becomes more clearly defined than ever before. It is not alone the protection of the integrity of the German Empire in Europe, as her sponsors have so frequently declared. Her course shows her firmly fixed devotion to the principles of Pan-Germanism; her consecration to the policy of an economic control of the world under the protection of German imperialism.

---

## The Future Welfare of Our Men Crippled in the Service

ALL sorts of projects for the reeducation of maimed and crippled soldiers are being perfected and carried out in France and elsewhere, and now the United States is following the example of other countries in planning for the future welfare of our own disabled men.

An American committee has already been at work for some time helping the maimed soldiers in France to become useful citizens again. This committee has established schools at various places in Paris, and at Neuilly-sur-Marne and Juvisy-sur-Orge, where all sorts of trades are taught according



to the needs of the disabled soldiers. At Juvisy-sur-Orge a farm of five hundred and thirty acres has been provided, and here the soldiers are instructed in stock-breeding, poultry-raising, dairy-farming, horticulture, and all kinds of agricultural pursuits. The trades taught in the various schools embrace a wide variety, and more than four thousand maimed soldiers have already been reeducated in them. The French committee, which is under the patronage of President Poincaré, has found situations for all the men graduated from the schools.

The American Red Cross has also taken up a similar work abroad, and a five-hundred-acre farm near Tours has been procured, where instruction in the use of farm animals and machinery will be given. The former professor of animal husbandry at the Montana State Agricultural School is to be the director of this farm, and a French farmer who was kept a prisoner by the Germans for thirty-seven months is to be the chief of the agricultural department.

Canada has a special Military Hospitals Commission, authorized to train disabled soldiers who cannot return to their old trades, and enable them to become self-supporting. There is a regular system by which their individual necessities are investigated, and the soldiers receive, while taking the training, a pay-check from the Canadian government for the support of themselves and their families. Nearly ten per cent of the soldiers who pass through the convalescent hospitals there require this reeducation, and in November, 1917, Canada had more than three thousand men attending these national training-schools.

The subject is now becoming of serious importance to the United States as we face the fact that it will not be long before our own men will return from the war, many of them in need of exactly such training and help as these schools are designed to afford to French and British soldiers. We cannot yet fully realize this need, because the war has not yet come close enough to us; but that time is fast approaching, and those who have seen the enormous numbers of crippled men in France and England understand what we shall soon have to meet here in a lesser degree, and know that we must be prepared to deal with it.

A gift of fifty thousand dollars by Mr. Jeremiah Milbank to the Red Cross, for the purpose of founding in New York a school for disabled and crippled soldiers and sailors, has proved the generous foresight of at least one of our citizens. A person who thinks ahead and sees into the future as Mr. Milbank has done is doubly a benefactor, for the school will now be ready when the need arises. Plans have already been fully completed, and the staff has been in Europe for six months studying methods of giving the best possible training to men who have become disabled in the service.

In an article on this subject by Mr. Douglas C. McMurtrie, who is to be the director of this school, he very clearly emphasizes that it is of the greatest importance to find some occupation for a crippled man which is as closely allied as possible to his former trade or work, rebuilding his new occupation on the foundation of the old. As this same writer points out, a bricklayer, whose arm has been amputated, may be, with proper training, fitted to take a place as construction foreman of a bricklaying gang, though

he might never be able to learn telegraphy. Whereas a man who has worked for years on a railroad, and is familiar with that line of work, may easily be taught to become an excellent telegraph-operator, thus being enabled to take some such post as that of station-agent in a small place. Mr. McMurtrie suggests that a man's former employer would be willing to take back one whom he already knew all about, even though crippled, provided only that he could be certain of the man's proficiency in his work.

Such a school as this is not merely deserving of the hearty support and cooperation of all patriotic citizens, but it should be duplicated all over the United States. We must plan for the welfare of our brave boys, not only while they are fighting for us, but after their return, when, if crippled or maimed, they will have to face a far more difficult task here at home than that which confronts them in the thick of the struggle "over there."

---

## Remaking the United States

**T**WO amendments to the Constitution of the United States—one of which, prohibiting the manufacture, sale, and importation of alcoholic beverages, has already been submitted to the Legislatures of the States for ratification, and the other, forbidding the restriction of the suffrage on account of sex, is before the Senate—would work a revolution in American political life whose ultimate effect the most gifted student of public affairs cannot foresee.

Each of them contemplates a change in our national custom and habit and a departure from the principles that have guided our progress since the foundation of the republic.

The Prohibition amendment, which in its principal object closely follows the tendency of State legislation, contains an innovation as to jurisdiction such as has never before been seriously urged on the American people. The philosophy on which previous Constitutional enactments have been founded has treated the government of the United States as a government of exclusive authority within the field of the powers delegated to it. In every instance in which the States have surrendered authority to the Federal government, that surrender has been absolute and unqualified. No ground has been left for dispute concerning its exercise, and no opportunity for intrusion in case the power was not exercised.

But the Prohibition amendment provides for concurrent jurisdiction of the United States and of each individual State. The amendment says that the prohibition of alcoholic beverages shall be enforced by appropriate legislation of the United States or of the States; that is, if the United States does not exercise its power to prohibit, a State may; and if the State does not exercise its power to prohibit, the United States may.

If this principle were carried to its logical conclusion, we should have a situation in which the State of Alabama, for example, finding that the United States did not prohibit the traffic in liquors in the State of Wisconsin according to the opinions prevalent in Alabama, would be empowered to enter the State of Wisconsin, and by its sovereign legislative and police powers supply the deficiency which, according to the ideas of Alabama, existed. But,

fortunately for all governments, neither constitutional nor legislative enactments are followed to their logical conclusions. Should they be, all the inhabitants of the United States would be in jail all the time, except when they wanted to walk out, from doing which there would be no keepers to prevent them, as all the keepers would likewise be held in durance.

Nevertheless, to confer on the United States and on the States concurrent power for the enforcement of the Prohibition amendment, while it would never result in such an extreme projection of the authority of one State over the affairs of another as we have suggested, will unquestionably open the door for disputes of a nature such as the country has been free from since the Civil War, for all time apparently, established the supremacy of the Federal government over the governments of the States. It is not unlikely that when the amendment is written into the Constitution, we shall have lively disagreements concerning its enforcement; but there will be no civil war, although nullification may be attempted, and grave irritation will be occasioned wherever the enforcement of unpopular statutes is attempted.

We say "when the amendment is written into the Constitution," because it is apparent that it is going to be ratified by the requisite thirty-six States, regardless of its departure from the accepted principles of our government. It has behind it the moral sense of the nation, supported by the best scientific thought, and buttressed in the common experience of the nation in dealing with the evils resulting from the traffic in strong drink. In behalf of that traffic not one word of good can be said; and the comparatively innocuous beverages, such as light wines and beers, which might have survived if the ravages of distilled liquors had not been so notorious, are so intimately associated in the public mind with the spirituous liquors that their defenders have little chance to save them. Prohibition will be decreed, without regard to the form of the amendment which brings it about, and the American people will trust to the good sense of their lawmakers and to the wisdom of their courts to avert serious difficulties that might follow in the train of this novelty of jurisdiction.

The equal-suffrage amendment departs from our previous practise in that it proposes that hereafter the Federal government, and not the States, shall prescribe the qualifications of voters. Up to this time, except in the case of the Fourteenth Amendment, the Federal government has been content to leave to each State the establishment of conditions regulating the suffrage, such as seemed proper under the circumstances peculiar to it. Thus the requirements of residence, of literacy, of moral character, differ widely in the States. In some, it is not even necessary that a resident should be a citizen in order to be an elector. The suffrage amendment will mark a long step forward toward the obliteration of State lines and the curtailment of State power, for it will deprive the States of the right to restrict the suffrage in one important particular—that is, on account of sex.

It was this fact that President Wilson had in mind during the long period in which he refused to give his support to the proposed amendment. The President was brought up in the historic school of strict construction, and endeavored to live up to the Jeffersonian traditions of his party. But the force of public opinion, manifested through the intelligent political activities

of the tireless advocates of equal suffrage, finally wore down the President's predispositions, and brought him to acceptance of the Federal idea.

It is impossible to say now what the ultimate effect of these enactments will be. One of them—the Prohibition amendment—apparently makes for decentralization of authority; the suffrage amendment obviously tends toward centralization. As a matter of fact, both of them are highly centralizing in effect, for the ultimate decision in all questions arising under them will be with the Supreme Court of the United States. The body of reasoning and precedent that governs the decisions of that high tribunal is such as to make impossible any serious impairment of the Federal structure, which, despite the rhetoric of State-rights men, has steadily assumed a more centralized character throughout its existence.

---

## Inter-American Trade

**A** REPORT on the trade of the United States with South and Central American countries for the year 1917, compiled by Mr. O. P. Austin, of the National City Bank of New York, has recently been published. It will interest and encourage those who sincerely believe in the development of South America, and in the great possibilities which lie in the future commercial relations between our country and that continent.

Mr. Austin's report shows that in the three years of war just past the trade between the United States and Latin America has trebled—which is to say, that whereas in 1914 we exported to Latin America merchandise to the value of two hundred and thirty-nine millions of dollars, and imported about four hundred and eighty-six millions' worth of raw materials, in 1917 these exports totaled a little more than seven hundred million dollars, and the imports from the south ran up to more than one billion dollars.

It would be a folly equaling the deliberate destruction of our merchant marine before the war if this trade should ever be allowed to revert to the channels which held it prior to 1914. It is a constant marvel to those who know anything of the thoroughness of the German propaganda in Latin America—the intensive work, so to speak, of those astonishing German commercial travelers in even the most remote corners of Spanish America—that this patient tunneling accomplished so little as it did. It is possibly explained in part by the racial sympathy and admiration of the Latin-Americans for the French. The Spanish-American's culture, when he has any, is a copy of French culture; Paris is, or was, his Mecca, and the cultivated Parisian will probably remain for all time the ideal of a South American gentleman. South America purchased from Germany because the latter made it convenient for her to do so, but when the test came underlying sympathies and affinities wiped out the assiduous efforts of years.

Both by position and economic characteristics the United States and South America are logical trade complements of each other. Our exports to the southern republics are almost entirely manufactures. We receive from them raw materials. It will be many years before even the most progressive Latin-American states become manufacturing countries. It is, therefore, mutually and efficiently advantageous that we should receive and transmute



into the wares of civilization the products of the almost inexhaustibly wealthy southern continent.

## The Educational Influence of the Automobile

**A**UTOMOBILING is the most instructive recreation in the world. Its usefulness has rendered the motor-car a permanent and indispensable instrumentality of modern civilization. When the great war shall have ended, and the golden days of peace have come, we can again employ it freely for recreation, without feeling that it is indicative of undue luxury.

The automobile is a great teacher of geography. A traveler can hardly be said to have visited a city, if he merely passes through it on a railway train. In this country he often sees only a dingy, dark, and smoky station, and suburbs which constitute the purlieu of the poor. Very different is the experience of an automobile party. They usually approach a city over a fine road, leading to the center of traffic and business, passing by the principal public buildings and monuments, and their way across and out almost always takes them by the most attractive homes and residences; so that when they depart they have acquired some idea of what the place seems like to the people who live there.

A motor trip from New York to Boston, over the Old Boston Post Road, illustrates the instructive potentialities of the automobile. The road is worthy of a park all the way. Until you leave Pelham Bay it actually constitutes a part of the New York City park system. As you pass through Port Chester, you learn that the small stream which bisects the village also separates New York from Connecticut—the Empire State from New England. Across the Sound rise the hills of the north shore of Long Island, and you recall the historical fact that in colonial days the jurisdiction of New Haven extended over there and that it is only by chance that the eastern half of Long Island did not become a part of New England. In Springfield, a fine bronze figure of one of the founders of the city, in Pilgrim attire, commemorates the sturdy spirit of our forefathers. In Worcester, before the court-house, you look upon the martial equestrian statue of a Massachusetts man who was both a general and a judge—Charles Devens, who was also Attorney-General of the United States in the Cabinet of President Hayes. In Marlborough hangs the bell from Harper's Ferry, upon which John Brown was to ring the peal which would have called the slaves to rise in insurrection, if his project had not failed. Finally, on what may be called the last lap of the journey to Boston, you come upon the famous old tavern at South Sudbury, where Longfellow wrote the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," where Washington breakfasted when on his way to take command of the American army at Cambridge, and where Lafayette stayed over night during his last visit to this country in 1825. Here there are two ancient and gigantic oaks, one of which measures twenty-four feet in circumference five feet above the ground. The landlord will assure you that the great Professor Agassiz declared this tree to be a thousand years old.

These illustrations suffice to indicate what a wealth of geographical and historical information must come to him who journeys in an automobile with

his eyes and ears open. The harder men work the more essential it is that they should play; and no more useful plaything than the automobile has yet been devised by human ingenuity.

## Food Problems in an Isle of Plenty

THE pains of adjusting a people to real economies in food are not so severe in the United States as they have been in our nearest Ally republic, Cuba. For centuries that isle has relied upon a stepfather. For four hundred years the stepfather was Spain; for twenty years it has been the United States. Give us sugar, tobacco, and fruit, said stepfather, and we will see to it that you are fed and clothed. The result has been that Cuba, like many of our own cotton-growing States, paid no heed to arguments for diversity of crops, although no nation had a greater yearning for diversity of diet. Fine clothes may be of no interest to the Cuban worker in the field, but he is keen for the pleasures of the table. Americans traveling in the interior of the island have marveled to see the ragged laborer come in at noon and sit down to a breakfast of salmon or tunny, roast beef, corned beef, or tongue, and perhaps tomatoes and peaches—all taken from tins. It was then that the visitor realized how completely Cuba had fallen under the rule of King Can-Opener.

Cuba is a land of fruits, yet one Havana importer buys yearly forty thousand cases of tinned peaches and pears from a factory in Rochester, New York. Cuba says proudly that it is the home of the pineapple, yet within six miles of the largest pineapple center in the island a wandering American found, on the shelves of the general store, dozens of cans of Hawaiian pineapple. Why send six miles for pineapple, said the Cuban, when it may be plucked from yonder box car with much less effort?

The new conditions made by the war will doubtless change this wastefulness. It was not all the fault of the Cuban. The American packer encouraged the Cuban farmer to be a one-crop man. America has parallels. More than one Southern State, perfectly adapted to hog-raising, has spent thirty or forty millions a year in the Chicago pork market.

Cuba's loudest cry in the last year has been for more white flour. She cannot raise wheat, and must get her flour from the States or South America. The Cubans are not home bakers, therefore they have been unable to follow the example of the American housewife in making palatable bread from corn, oats, and rye. Havana went for weeks on a cracker diet, but the United States was careful to see that the sugar-workers in the interior got enough white bread to keep them well and contented. The shortage of white flour in Havana was not due, as some uninformed Cubans believed, to an embargo imposed by the American government, but to the inability of American millers to turn out the flour fast enough. The armies of the Allies had first call on the supply.

Cuba's second grievance is the curtailing of the supply of lard. Her people have been the greatest wielders of the frying-pan in the world. They have been consuming on the average thirty-five pounds of American lard a year per capita. They have fried everything in lard, from bananas to corned beef—

and then have thrown away the lard! It seems never to have occurred to the Cuban housewife that a piece of meat might be broiled. As for roasting it—well, the Cuban climate is not adapted to that slow and hot process. Even when the Cubans made the strange discovery that an American could “fry an egg in water,” they did not adopt our economical art of poaching. They like nice, rich fried eggs, and the American packer was begging them to buy his lard. So long as sugar and tobacco commanded good prices, why change? It is easier to reach for a pail of lard than to go for a pail of water.

Cuba will have to give the frying-pan a little rest. Flour she must and will have, for the United States realizes its paternal obligation toward the republic that has not yet exactly found itself. But while it is impossible to educate Cuba away from flour, necessity will teach her that the frying-pan is a villain, particularly when the lard from it is thrown out at the end of the frying.

Doubtless Cuba will raise more of her own vegetables from now on. The high price of imported canned stuff is showing the farmer the wisdom of having his own garden-patch, and of canning what he does not eat; of using his own fine fruits to the exclusion of the New York State apple and pear. The Chinese farmers in Cuba have demonstrated that the soil will grow almost anything in the line of vegetables. Cuba has only to hang up the can-opener and take down the garden hoe.

---

## Beet-Sugar

TO a great many people the sugar scarcity of the past eight months remains more or less of a mystery, in spite of investigations and testimony, in spite of the calculation of such factors as the cutting off of the German and Austrian sugar crop, the difficulty in shipping Java's sugar to Europe, the diversion of a large percentage of the Cuban crop to England, the canning campaign of last summer, and all the various explanations which are given of our long-continued shortage.

Perhaps we are the better for the experience. During the past fifty years our annual sugar consumption increased from a little less than fifteen pounds per capita to nearly ninety pounds. From this we may deduce one cause of the increased prosperity of the country and one reason why, in consequence of this prosperity, we were as a nation headed for diabetes and various other physical ills.

War rationing has halted for the present this reckless consumption of sweets. The actual shortage felt during the winter by probably seventy-five per cent of the population has invited public attention to the fact that although we are a nation possessing vast areas suitable to the production of both cane-sugar and beet-sugar, we import nearly eighty per cent of the sugar we consume. It is true that a great proportion of this sugar comes from a nearly contiguous territory, the island of Cuba, but the experiences of the period just passed show how easily the flow from this source of supply can become unsettled, accessible though it is.

Under government fostering the beet-sugar industry in the United States has made long strides. It is capable of much greater development. Germany, the pioneer in this industry, more than quadrupled her production between

the years 1863 and 1883. In 1890 beet-sugar-making was in its infancy here. It produced 2,367 tons of raw sugar. In the year 1914-1915 the production of this sort of sugar had risen to 722,054 tons. If we are to beat Germany on the battle-field we ought to be able to on the beet-field.

The path of the manufacturer of beet-sugar is not strewn with roses. He must erect an expensive plant, which stands idle two-thirds of the year. It is absolutely necessary that it should be near the source of supply, and the success or failure of the venture depends in a great degree on the attitude and cooperation of that source of supply—in other words, on the farmer who grows the beets. Yet, in spite of all such drawbacks, the industry has proved profitable to both grower and manufacturer.

With respect to the interdependence of farm and factory, the beet-sugar industry is of especial interest. In contrast with the general tendency toward centralization of power and the growth of large combinations in all industries, the sugar-beet provides a bulwark for the individual producer, for it has been demonstrated that the small farmer can grow beets at a lower cost per acre than that for which they can be produced on a large scale by the sugar companies needing them.

An industry which represents such wholesome economic conditions, and which helps to make a nation self-sufficient in one of the necessities of life, is a good one for any country to encourage.

---

## The Way to Keep Our Farmers at Home

“**O**WING to the shortage of agricultural laborers in Canada, the government is making an effort to bring in from the United States as much farm labor as possible.” This sentence in a “confidential circular” sent to Canadian editors several months ago, over the signature of the chief press censor for Canada, promised for a time to occasion a not wholly pleasant episode in our relations with our neighbor to the north. Fortunately, what seemed underhand in the proceeding was quickly explained, and the incident ceased to have any significance except so far as it illustrated the everlasting economic principle that farmers, like other workmen, may be expected to go where they can earn most for their labor.

What concerns us is the reminder so convincingly given that a country in pressing need of a strong grip on the national plow-handle must go to decisive lengths to recruit the farm-labor army. The United States of America has an urgent problem of the same kind to solve for itself.

We speak of the “trend” to the city as if it were the result of the operation of some natural force beyond the power of man to control. It is the result, however, not only of the gregarious instinct, but also and equally of perfectly unnecessary neglect to do what government can do to make life on the farm more attractive. What we have in mind is the governance of economic conditions, giving something like permanence and stability to farm employment.

The Federal government must make the utmost use of its great powers of regulation—applied in the pleasanter guise of persuasion rather than that of coercion, or even of paternal urgency—to make farm labor more attractive



to those who are fitted for it by natural quality and by experience. Acres of good white paper might be covered with cogent arguments in favor of the undertaking, and with exposition of the details of operation. Indeed, the economists of this country are to-day working hard and, as it seems to us, pretty intelligently on this great problem.

But for the present, and for our own purposes, it will suffice to say only this—if we do not want Canada, or anybody else, to take away from us the precious labor so much needed on our farm lands, there is one sure and simple way to prevent the operation. That way is to make work on the farm so fairly profitable and so satisfactory to those who ought to be doing it that no one shall be able to outbid the American people for the services of its own members who know how to till the soil and make it bring forth abundantly of every good thing.

---

## The Bishop of Hereford's Legs

HAVING before them the multitude of staggering minor problems collateral to the overwhelming major issue of their nation's very existence, now being fought out on battle-fields of ghastly carnage, it would seem that the question whether it is indecorous for bishops to wear trousers might possibly be deferred by Englishmen until a less noisy and uproarious season afforded rather more of that atmosphere of cloistered calm which the decision of so momentous a matter demands. Yet we are informed from London that the alleged thin legs of the new Bishop of Hereford have precipitated a debate on the subject of the proper covering for bishops' underpinnings, which is developing some degree of heat.

Whether leg attenuation on the part of the Lord Bishop of Hereford has actually been demonstrated by his appearance in the traditional gaiters, or whether the prelate himself has merely raised a suspicion of unsatisfactory legs by a trousers *camouflage*, we are unfortunately not informed. All that the London correspondent tells us is that there is an acute "breeks *versus* trousers" controversy on, and that the precipitating cause was the Bishop of Hereford's legs.

Here in America we can hardly expect there will be more than an academic interest in the question, even though it be one to shake Britain to her very foundations. Our American bishops are so all but unanimously committed to trousers that a bishop in gaiters is rare enough to attract some casual curiosity when he appears. The late much-beloved and very able Bishop Doane, of Albany, was one of the few of our gaitered churchmen to be seen now and then in the streets of New York, but the beaming kindliness of Bishop Doane's strong, virile face was sufficiently impressive to submerge even a much greater eccentricity of attire than the most pronounced of clerical gaiters.

After all, it is not an issue of overshadowing importance, and if our English cousins can find any distraction from the welter of war horrors in which they have been so long living, even though that distraction takes the not very impressive form of a question of detail in theological millinery, we can but be heartily glad of the fact.

# War and Inventions

EVERY GREAT WAR CALLS FORTH A HOST OF NEW IDEAS, BUT THE RECORD SHOWS THAT HOWEVER GOOD THEY MAY BE THEIR CHANCE OF PROMPT ACCEPTANCE IS SMALL

By Beriah Brown

WHEN the United States entered the war, most Americans had a settled belief that our inventors would speedily evolve some revolutionary idea, or several revolutionary ideas, which would give us an overwhelming advantage over our enemies. Our newspapers and our writers of fiction have accustomed us to this self-confident feeling, the prevalence of which has long been deplored by army and navy men. It has been, in their opinion, one large factor in causing a general lack of intelligent interest in all suggestions for preparedness advanced by either arm of the service during our long interval of peace.

Of course, the war will bring out a flood of inventions, and indeed it has already done so. They appear in such numbers that it is doubtful whether more than a small percentage will ever be able to enlist official attention. Should the revolutionary invention appear, there is always the possibility, even the probability, that its value and importance may be overlooked, and that conservative opposition to new ideas may keep it in the background for years, perhaps for another generation. Such, at any rate, has been the experience of the past.

Many people fondly imagine that every invention submitted to the government will be carefully examined, thoroughly tested, and, if found practicable and promising, instantly adopted. This is more than doubtful; indeed, it ranges among the impossibilities. The chief reason is the enormous number of inventions, perfected, inchoate, or presented merely in the form of

sketches or suggestions, that are already pouring in. A large force of experts would be required to give even the most cursory inspection to all these ideas.

Moreover, it is not granted to every engineer, no matter how intelligent or how well educated technically, to visualize the possibilities presented in some crude model or cruder sketch. If it covers some ground previously but unsuccessfully attacked, a mere glance will usually be sufficient to insure its rejection. Those passing upon such suggestions need not only good technical training but something of the rare quality of imagination which inspires all great inventors.

The inventions of the big men of established reputation, like Edison, are likely to get full tests. As a matter of course such devices will be fully completed, and will be presented for examination in working form. But from the very nature of things the suggestions of the obscure, the unknown, can hardly expect recognition. It will be mere accident if they get it. The separation of the grains of wheat from the bushels of chaff is a monumental task, too great to be handled in more than a perfunctory way by the limited staff of officers that can be spared from the pressing tasks of actual war for any such purpose.

Past experience has shown that the great inventions which our former wars produced were rarely utilized or appreciated at the time, and that many years passed before they came into use. Each of our former wars, with the possible exception of that with Spain, has brought forth from fertile

inventors a flood of completed machines, or at least of suggestions, some of which have been tested at considerable cost, only to prove destitute of military value, while the most important and revolutionary were neglected and not revived until years later.

The case of the submarine is the most striking, as it is also the most familiar.

#### BUSHNELL'S PIONEER SUBMARINE

The submarine boat which David Bushnell, of Saybrook, Connecticut, launched in 1777 was a practicable and formidable weapon. It was the most revolutionary invention of naval warfare. In that year a man in Bushnell's craft actually reached a British sixty-gun ship, the *Eagle*, lying near Governors Island in New York harbor, and tried to fasten a torpedo to her bottom. By ill-luck he struck an iron bolt and made no progress. In moving around he lost the ship, and could not find her again while submerged. When he came to the surface and found that it was near daylight he became alarmed and made off, turning his torpedo adrift. The clockwork exploded it at the time set, but it did no damage.

The government and the naval authorities refused to take any interest in Bushnell's invention, and finally, when his means were almost exhausted, he gave it up and went abroad. Later he tried to interest the French government, but with a like result. When he returned to the United States, desiring to conceal his identity and his connection with inventions which were treated as the freakish products of an unbalanced mind, he changed his name to Bush, settled in Georgia, engaged in the practise of medicine, and accumulated a modest fortune. He died in 1824, at the age of eighty-two. His will disclosed his identity and distributed his fortune to relatives who had not heard from him for forty years.

Fulton experimented with under-water craft, but could get no official encouragement, and reached no practical result. Then, during our Civil War, the Confederates took up the idea as a means of attacking the Federal men-of-war blockading the Southern ports. The first successful

use of a submarine in warfare was on February 17, 1864, when the steam frigate *Housatonic* was blown up and sent to the bottom off Charleston, South Carolina, by a tiny Confederate craft called the *Hunley*, driven by eight men turning a screw propeller. The *Hunley* went down with her victim, and all her crew perished.

The Confederates built several other submarines, but none of them did actual service. For many years after the Civil War one of them lay in a cradle on the grounds of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, near the entrance to the gymnasium, where it does not appear to have attracted the interest or attention of the midshipmen or of their instructors, mostly line-officers of the navy. Some of the present heads of our naval establishment, who are now racking their brains and straining their energies to deal with the submarine problem, used to pass a practicable submarine every day, apparently without dreaming of the revolution in naval warfare latent in the "cigar boat," as it was commonly called.

#### THE FIRST STEAM WAR-SHIP

The revolutionary but unused invention of the War of 1812 was the steam war-ship. On October 29, 1814, Fulton launched for our government the first armed steamer, the product of his inventive mind. She was a big ship for her day, rated at nearly twenty-five hundred tons, and named the *Demologos*. She was built with two separate hulls, her paddle-wheel being between the two. The engine was in one hull, the boiler in the other. Engine, boilers, wheel, and battery were protected by a seven-foot thickness of solid oak timber, which could not have been penetrated by any naval gun then afloat. Her battery consisted of forty thirty-two-pound guns, the heaviest naval guns carried at that date.

Fulton's *Demologos* could probably have sunk any ship in the British navy without sustaining material injury. She could have broken the blockade then being maintained off New York by a British fleet; but she was never tried. She was not put into commission until after peace was declared, and then only as a receiving-ship, a service usually confined to worthless old hulks,

unfit to keep the sea. She lay at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard in this capacity until June 4, 1829, when her magazines blew up, it is believed, through the act of a drunken member of her crew.

Twenty-three years passed after the launching of the *Demologos* before another steam vessel was built for our navy. The *Fulton II*, the first steamship to be operated as part of our fleet, was sneered at and condemned by almost all naval officers of the day. She went into commission in 1838, under the command of Captain (afterward commodore) Matthew C. Perry, the younger brother of Oliver Hazard Perry; but that able officer was generally regarded as a visionary when he predicted that steam would some day replace sail in the navy.

#### STEVENS AND HIS IRON-CLAD BATTERY

Another freak idea of about the same date which it remained for another generation to recognize and to utilize was that of the ironclad. Robert L. Stevens, of Hoboken, starting in 1832, spent two million dollars of his own and his friends' money in experiments in this direction. In 1842 he received an order from the Navy Department for an iron-clad war-ship, but there were constant changes in the specifications, and the Stevens battery, as it was called, was never completed. Two decades later the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* settled that Stevens's idea was everlastingly right.

The submarine holds the record in that it took more than a hundred years before it secured recognition as an effective naval arm. It took the ironclad only twenty years to overcome naval conservatism, and the steamship accomplished the feat, at least in part, within twenty-three years after the first craft of the kind was built for the navy. It was more than sixty years, however, after the construction of the earliest steam war-ship before sail was finally discarded from the navy. Our slowness in taking up aviation is the latest modern instance of the same sort.

All this does not mean that our government and our naval experts reject every novel invention and cling persistently to

obsolete methods. Sometimes, indeed, they seem to have been too hasty in trying to "revolutionize naval warfare," by adopting some insufficiently tested policy. Such, for example, was President Jefferson's idea in the days when French and British depredations on our commerce were threatening to bring us into conflict with both of those great European powers.

#### SOME HALF-BAKED NAVAL IDEAS

Jefferson urged that in lieu of a real fleet of war-ships this country should confine itself to the construction of small gunboats for harbor defense. It was easy to show that a whole fleet of such vessels might be constructed at the cost of one good frigate. Nearly three hundred of them were built and launched. They were fifty feet long and from ten to eighteen feet in beam—mostly of the smaller dimension—and each mounted one gun. The discharge of this gun came close to capsizing the craft in good weather; in rough water it could not be fired at all. The boats proved useless for any purpose. They never could have accomplished anything, if the whole fleet at once had attacked a single hostile frigate, much less a battle-ship.

The small "submarine chasers," of which a large number were built in the earlier period of the present war, are strikingly reminiscent of the Jefferson gunboats. Still more so, however, is the constant reiteration by members of Congress from inland States of the suggestion that we should trust our naval defense entirely to submarines, and cease the further construction of capital ships. All the arguments used for Jefferson's gunboats bob up again in support of this proposal.

The so-called ninety-day gunboats of the Civil War belonged to a different class. The blockading of the Southern ports was an imperative necessity, and it could not be accomplished without a numerous fleet. The "paper blockade" which we had attempted to establish merely invited a conflict with the great neutral powers trading with the Confederate States. Moreover, it was in flat contradiction to the principles upheld by the United States during the Napoleonic wars, in defense of which we



had carried on naval hostilities with France and later a formal war with England. To enforce a real blockade, according to the law of nations to which we had once appealed, it was necessary to maintain armed vessels off every Southern port. Almost anything was good enough for that purpose so long as it could keep at sea and carry guns. The ninety-day gunboats were at least an improvement on the ancient ferry-boats hurriedly commandeered for that purpose.

After the navy had gone into complete decay, in the years following the Civil War, public opinion became sufficiently aroused to demand its rehabilitation. In June, 1881, Secretary Hunt created a board of naval officers of high rank to consider the problem of construction. This board, headed by Rear-Admiral John Rogers, after full deliberation, recommended the building of twenty-one battle-ships, seventy unarmored cruisers, twenty torpedo-boats, five torpedo gunboats or destroyers, and five rams. The suggestion for the construction of rams came because the ram had been found effective during the Civil War, and it was not then recognized that the day of close-range fighting had gone by.

#### THE RAM AND THE DYNAMITE CRUISER

Of all these recommendations, the only one carried into early effect was that for the construction of the obsolete rams—fortunately, however, confined to but one. The ram *Katahdin*, designed by Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, was constructed at the cost of one million dollars, and was put into commission for a brief period. She proved to be practically useless for any purpose save that to which she was finally put, as a target for naval guns—the same service in which the career of the old and unlucky battle-ship *Texas* was finally ended.

Another freak ship, which was also to “revolutionize naval warfare” at the minimum of cost, was the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*. She was relatively inexpensive, costing but three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. She carried three fifteen-inch guns almost as long as she was, which used compressed air instead of powder, and

which fired a projectile containing four or five hundred pounds of high explosives. The bursting of such a charge was to destroy ships, forts, or anything else upon which the missile landed.

In theory this may have been sound; but the fact remains that the *Vesuvius* had her try-out during the war with Spain. She “coughed” many tons of high explosives upon the coast of Cuba, with the net result of making some thunderous explosions and slightly altering the landscape, not to its improvement. The military results were practically nothing.

However, in justice to the *Vesuvius*, it should be remembered that about the same time a strong fleet of the navy put in a day bombarding the Spanish forts of San Juan, Porto Rico, with unimportant results, though twenty people in the town were killed by stray shells. There was also a naval bombardment of Matanzas, in Cuba, which—so the Spaniards reported—caused the death of one mule. The *Vesuvius* likewise may have killed a mule, but the casualty is unrecorded. However, no more dynamite cruisers and no more freak ships of any kind have been built for the American navy since that day, unless some are now under construction, and also under censorship, for use in this precedent-breaking war.

#### THE OLD TRADITIONS OF OUR NAVY

The writer received what little school-training he ever had at the United States Naval Academy, at a time when the older traditions survived in full force. It is impossible for him not to feel much sympathy with the naval point of view, demonstrated by the rejection of so many inventions destined ultimately to prove important. The navy toast, “Damn the torpedoes,” drunk to this day to the glorious memory of Farragut, carried more than the actual meaning of the great admiral’s vigorous ejaculation. Under the influence of the chivalrous navy tradition, the torpedo was not regarded as an engine of honorable warfare, but as the weapon of an assassin.

The idea of secret submarine attacks was held in even greater abhorrence. Not in formulated words, but subconsciously, it

was rated with poisoning wells and like barbarities. The sinking of even a warship by this secret and stealthy method was regarded then much as we regard today the use of the same deadly instrumentality against defenseless merchant ships, with non-combatant crews and passengers. Had it been left to the navy to determine the matter, it is doubtful whether the submarine would ever have come into use—certainly never for any purpose save the defense of ports and to break blockades.

As to armored ships, Admiral Farragut, to the day of his death, was a non-believer in their efficiency. He held firmly to the old seaman's idea that the most effective defense was to hammer the other fellow so hard that he could do little in return. He and many others of the old school would not have sacrificed any portion of a warship's speed, ease of maneuvering, and weight of battery, for any amount of defensive armor.

Perhaps they were right. The new battle-cruisers are at least a partial concession to this old view. The navy clings to its tradition yet in insisting that American war-ships should carry the heaviest batteries of any vessels of their class.

In short, navy conservatism was not altogether a mere blind and obstinate adherence to old practices merely because they were old. At least in some degree it had reason behind it. The reason may not have been formulated in just those words, but substantially it was that war—especially sea war—was a gentleman's trade and should be conducted in accordance with

an honorable code. The present war has upset that idea. War seems now to be conducted without any rules save to achieve success by fair means or foul.

#### CONSERVATISM IN THE ARMY

For the record of the United States army in dealing with inventions, it is sufficient to point out that the Civil War was fought with muzzle-loading muskets, mostly smooth-bore, although the breech-loading rifle had been perfected before the war broke out. The Henry magazine gun—which is, with but slight improvements, the modern Winchester rifle—was in the hands of hundreds of sportsmen before the close of the Civil War, but not in the hands of the soldiers. Army authorities were against the adoption of the magazine gun of any type for troops for a full generation after such guns were in common, every-day use as sporting weapons.

The present war may—indeed, it is almost certain that it will—produce some great new invention. Whether that invention will be recognized and utilized promptly remains to be seen. If it is brought out by an unknown, dreaming mechanic, living in obscurity, lacking means, lacking also in push and aggressiveness, it will probably receive only the cursory attention of some busy young engineer, who has seen nothing like it in the books, and who will reject it, together with the hundreds of others that he has been detailed to inspect, as a mere freak of no practical military value. Thus history will continue to repeat itself.

#### TRUE LOVE IN ABSENCE

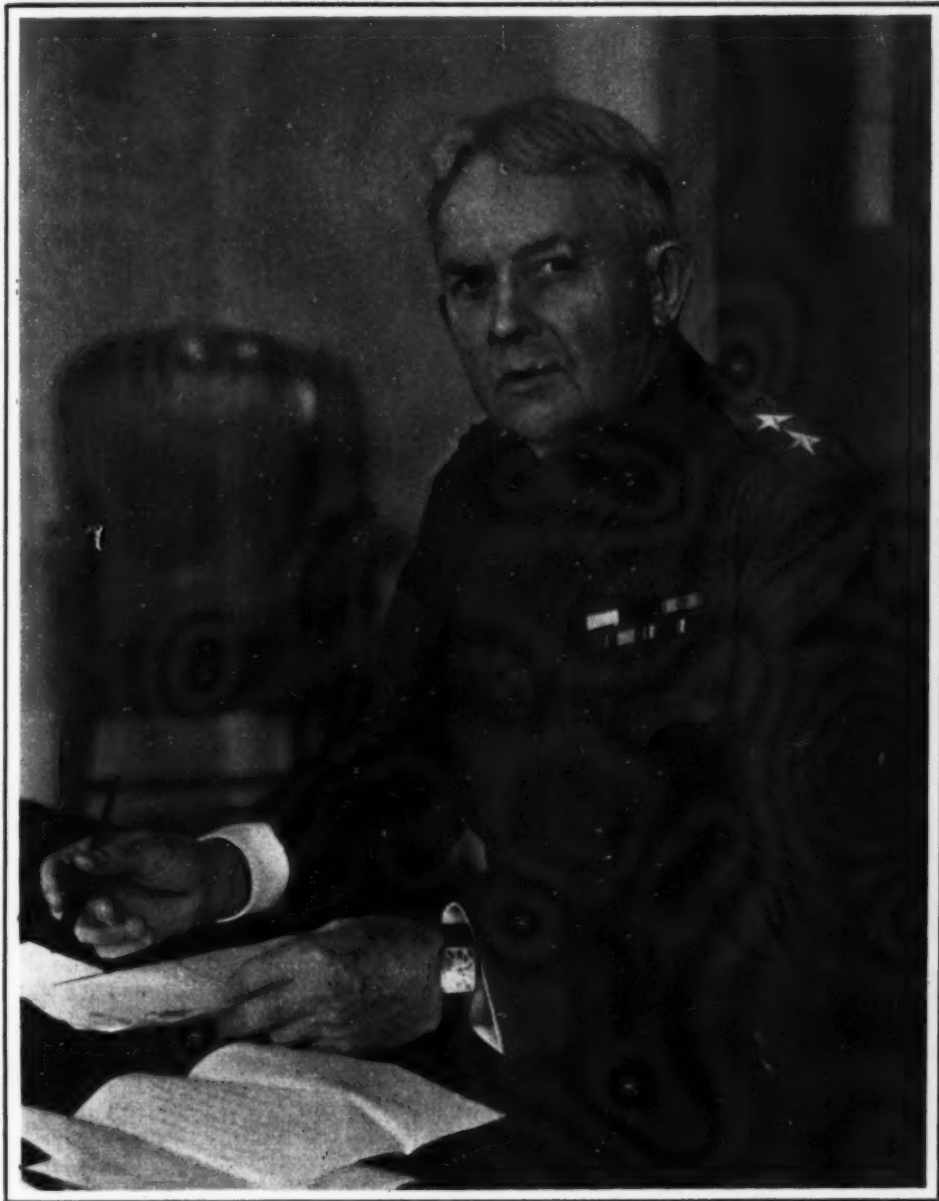
TRUE love in absence—this the perfect proof  
That bids all doubt, all fear, stand far aloof;  
The lane that leads through hopeful, peaceful years,  
Although beginning at the gate of tears.

To trust through silence—this the darkness drear,  
The trial of the cross, the nails, the spear;  
A faint reflection of the deep distress  
That mingled with His patient loneliness.

Faith in reunion—this the final test,  
Hope's brightest, dearest dream made manifest;  
That faith whose followers, sore stricken, cry:  
"Love lives! Love lives! Love shall not, cannot die!"

Clarence Urmy

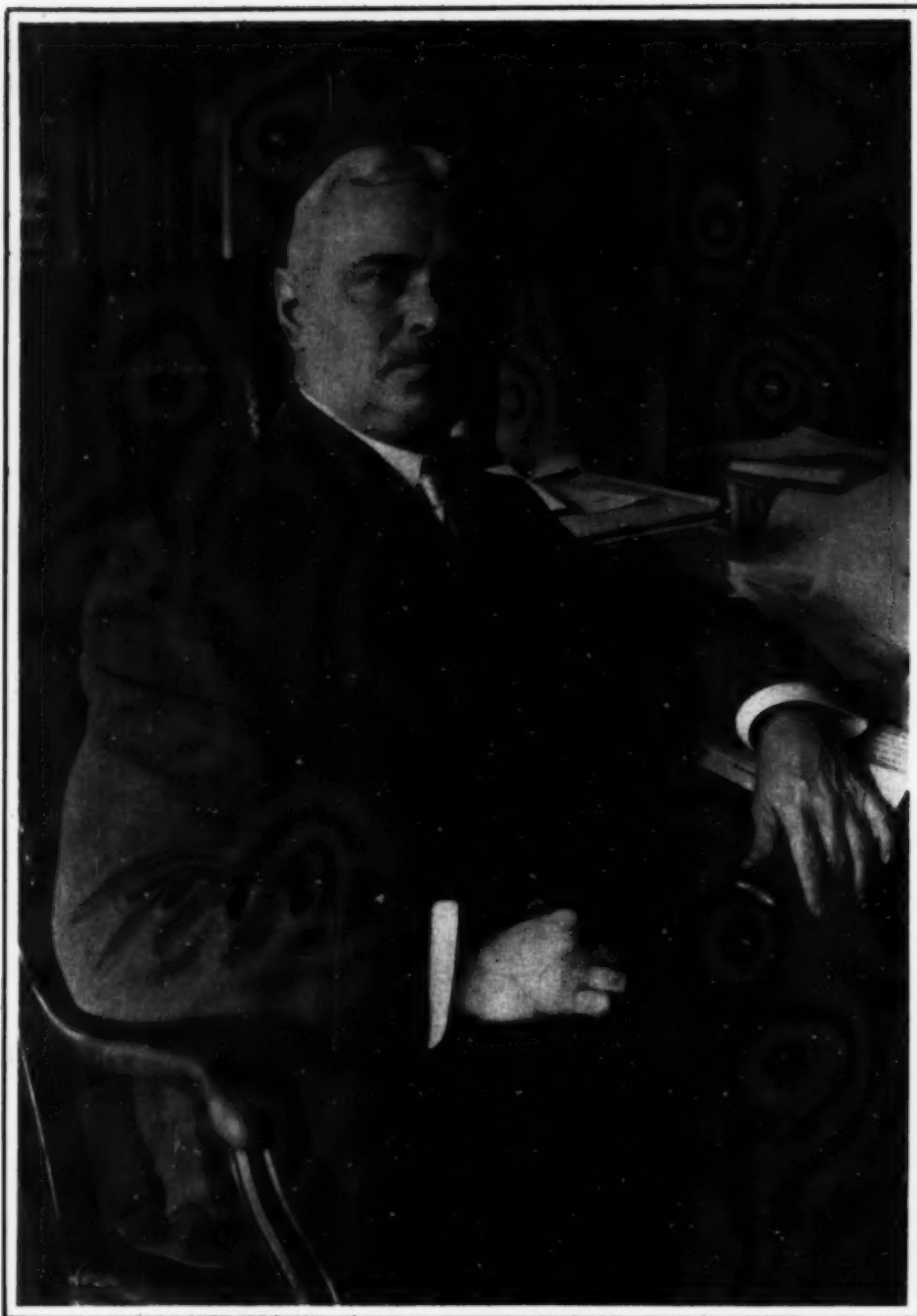
# *In the Public Eye*



**MAJOR-GENERAL J. FRANKLIN BELL**

Major-General Bell recently returned from France to resume the command at Camp Upton,  
Yaphank, Long Island

From a copyrighted photograph by the Bain News Service, New York

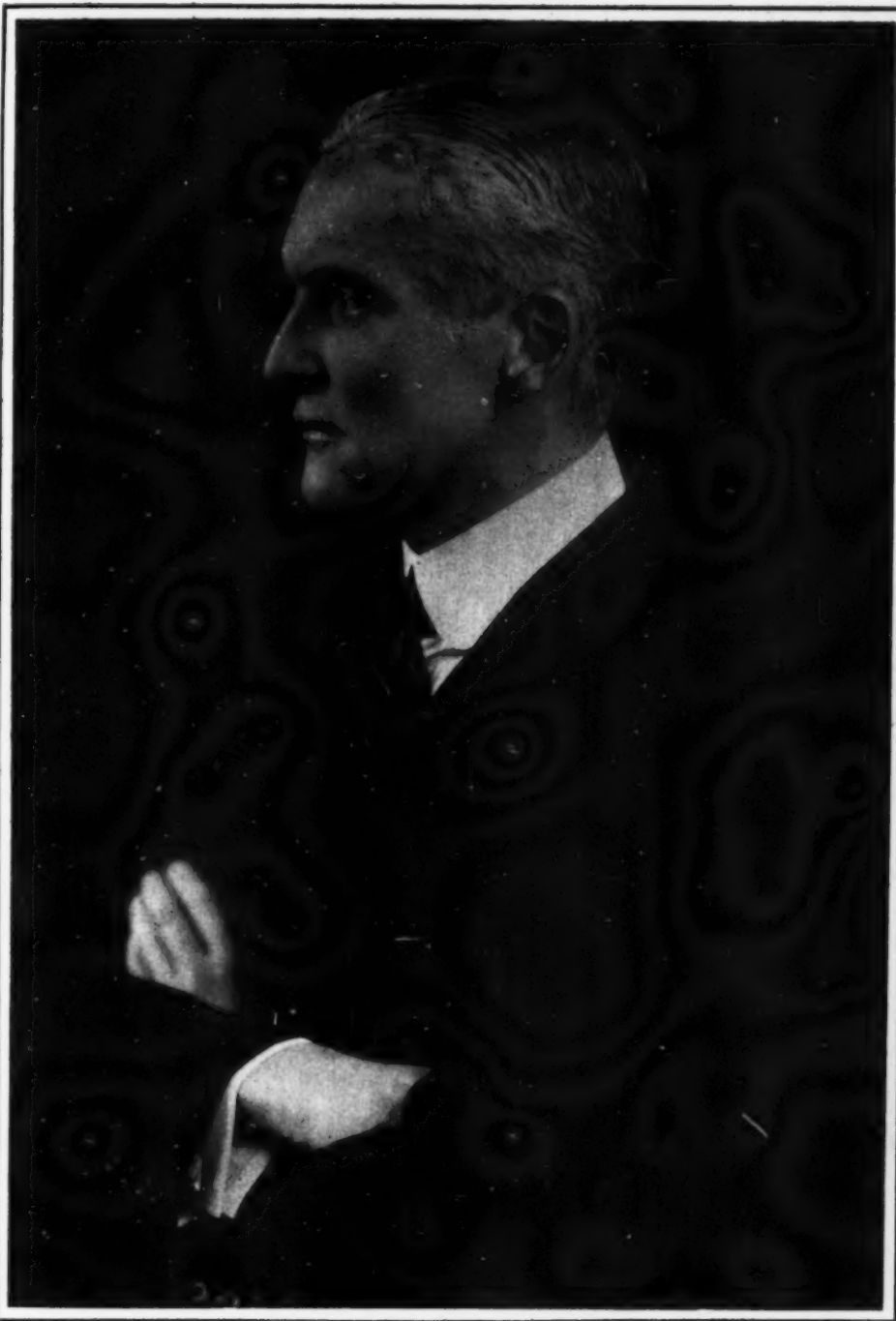


MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE W. GOETHALS

Quartermaster-General of the United States Army, and in general charge of the transportation and embarkation of troops and supplies

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York





FRANK L. POLK, COUNSELOR FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE

Mr. Polk is a son of Dean Polk, of the Cornell Medical School, and a grandson of General Leonidas Polk, who was a cousin of President Polk

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



**ROALD AMUNDSEN**

The famous Norwegian explorer, who is now lecturing to Scandinavians in America

Copyrighted by the International Film Service



**MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN BIDDLE**

A distinguished engineer who is in command of American training-camps in England

Copyrighted by the Press Illustrating Service



**MISS ANNE MARTIN**

Who has announced her candidacy for the United States Senatorship in Nevada

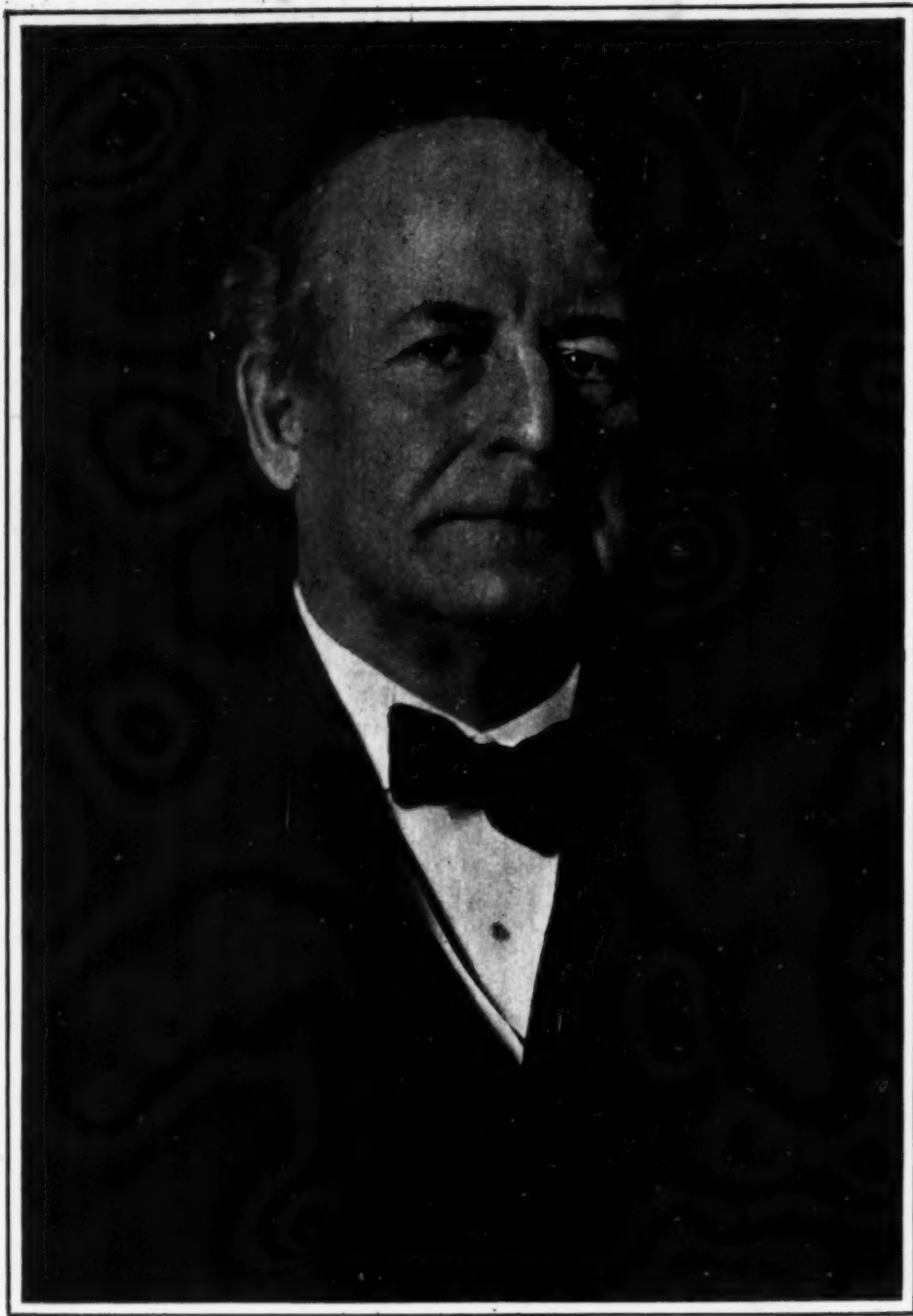
From a photograph by Clineinst, Washington



CHARLES PIEZ

Vice-President and General Manager of the Emergency Ship Corporation, which is constructing a great fleet of vessels for the government

Copyrighted by Moffett, Chicago. Courtesy of Robert D. Heintz

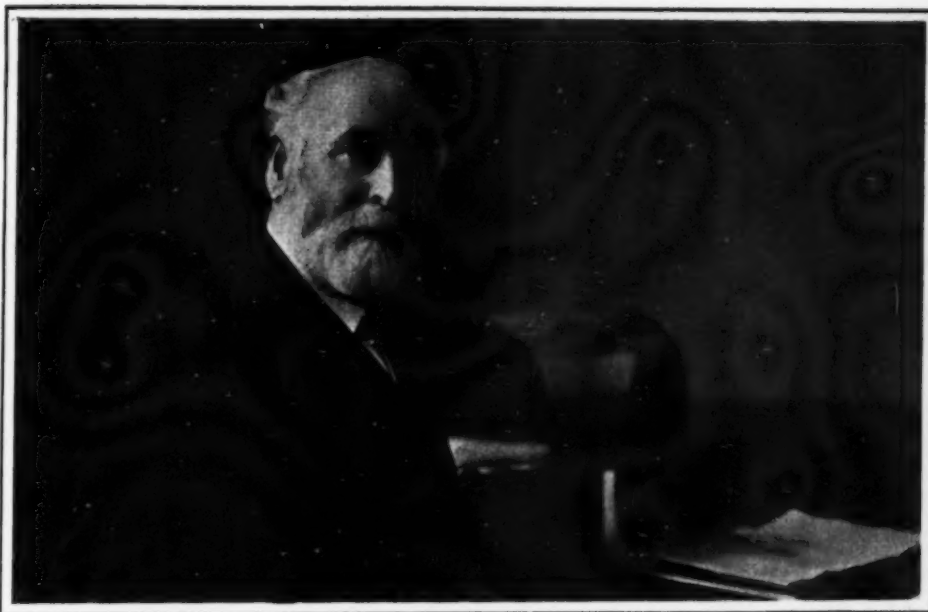


EX-SECRETARY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

This recent portrait shows Mr. Bryan in his fifty-ninth year, no longer the "boy orator" who first ran for the Presidency in 1896, but still vigorous and active

From a photograph by Sarony, New York





**LORD PIRRIE**

Head of the Harland & Wolff Ship-Building Company, of Belfast, and director of ship-building for the British government

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London



**FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD**

Author, traveler, and diplomat, formerly consul-general in Egypt, and American ambassador to Austria from 1913 to the declaration of war

From a copyrighted photograph by the Press Illustrating Service, New York



MRS. BELMONT TIFFANY AND HER SON, GEORGE TIFFANY

Mrs. Belmont Tiffany, of New York, was Miss Anne Cameron, daughter of the late  
Sir Roderick Cameron

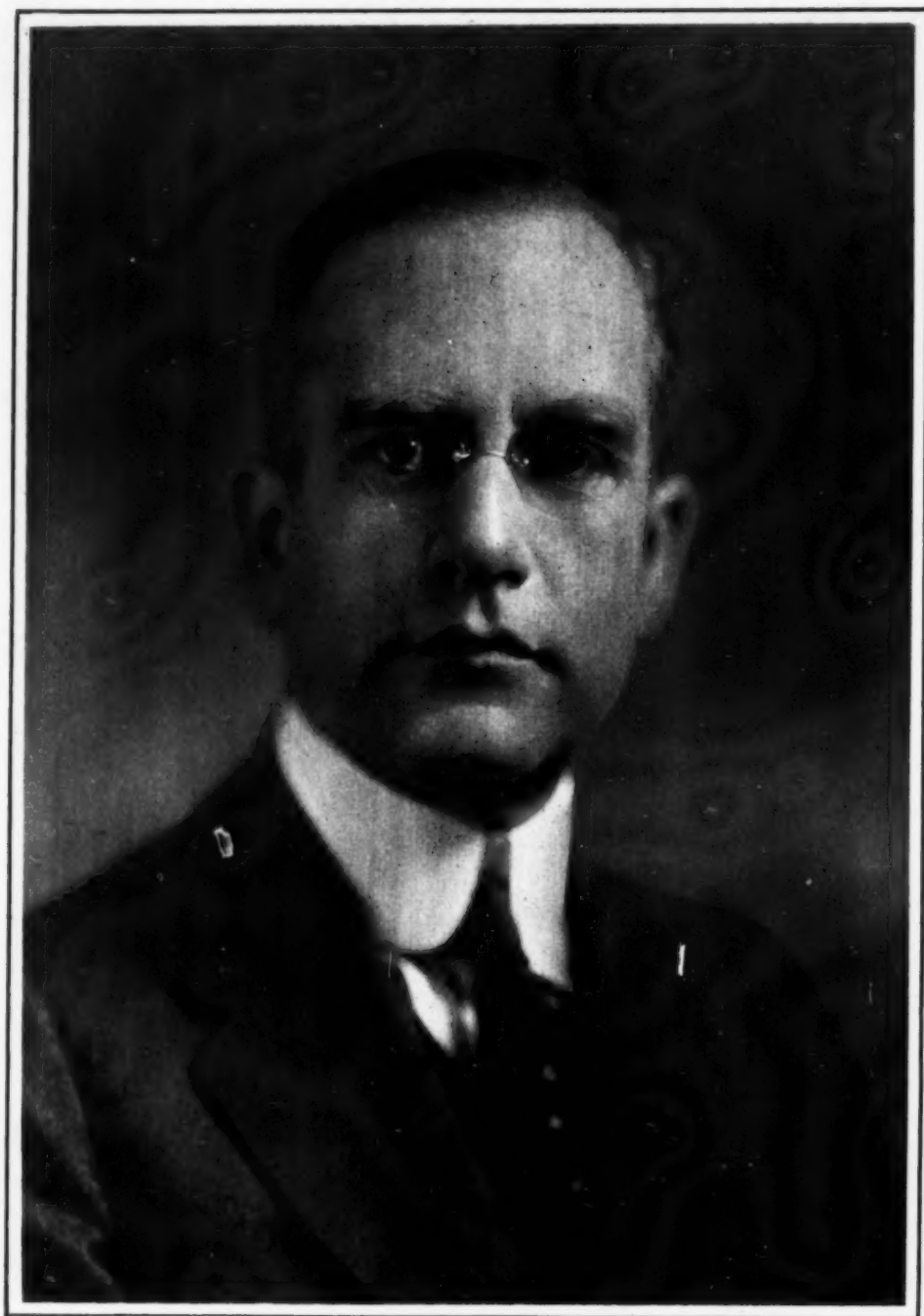
From a copyrighted photograph by E. F. Foley, New York



**MISS MARGARET WILSON**

Miss Wilson, the President's eldest and only unmarried daughter, has volunteered for work on behalf of our soldiers in France

From a copyrighted photograph by Mishkin, New York



A. W. SHAW, EFFICIENCY EXPERT

As head of the Commercial Economy Board, Mr. Shaw has been a valuable business adviser to the Council of National Defense

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



**MAJOR-GENERAL F. B. MAURICE**

The British general-staff officer who deals with newspaper correspondents

Copyrighted by the Press Illustrating Service



**BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. A. WHITE**

Head of the British and Canadian recruiting mission in the United States

From a photograph by Sarony, New York



**FREDERICK P. KEPPEL**

Dean of Columbia University, now serving in the War Department at Washington

Photograph by the Press Illustrating Service



**CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN**

The American composer whose opera, "Shanewis," was recently produced in New York

Copyrighted by Mishkin, New York





MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE BARNETT

Commandant of the United States Marine Corps, of which at least a brigade is now serving in France

# New Figures in the World of Music

IN SPITE OF THE WAR, THE MUSICAL SEASON OF 1917-1918 WAS A SUCCESSFUL ONE AND INTRODUCED SOME REMARKABLY BRILLIANT ARTISTS

By Gilbert W. Gabriel

THESE are no days, perhaps, for artistic introspection. Yet one must wonder why this, of all the years that musical America has known, should have proved to be the most energetic, the fullest of surprising and phenomenal successes, and to mark the high tide of our operatic activity.

It would take a prophet's insight into human nature to discover how deeply extending is the love of music, how elemental the hunger for it, how broad its service as comforter, guide, and giver of inspiration. No matter what the dreary length of war, there will still be idealists enough—a blessed host—to cry that art is longer, longest, of all things, everlasting. And what though the war lies in long shadows across our darkened streets, and though into the audiences of our opera-houses and concert-halls there have crept the tinge of olive drab and the darker hue of mourning, never has greater loyalty been shown to the cause of music.

The dream in the hearts of the idealists has found a voice neither small nor still in a very practical issue—the size and quality of these audiences. Two sets of audiences literally packing two houses during the month that the Chicago company devoted to its musical mission in New York; two sets of operatic stars rising to such heights as never before; and, all the while, no visible interference with the recitals and concerts which went on busily in the metropolitan concert-halls.

Indeed, one of the two most amazing

successes of a decade was staged in a concert-hall, where Jascha Heifetz, a slender Russian youth of seventeen, came forward one evening of last autumn to play the violin. He came practically unannounced; the little that was known of him had leaked out from the records of a legal suit brought by one manager against another for the control of his American tours. But when he left the hall that night all America knew—and probably so did he—that it had never heard such virtuosity from any one of his age.

No implication this that he was burdened with too great a certainty of success. The modest youthfulness of him forbade it. A pupil of the famous Auer, he had come here following a series of European victories, all news of which the war had smothered. He was taking a boy's chance, with the prospect of a boy's honors awaiting him.

He is still boyish to look at—thin, dapper, with fair, wavy hair that goes back from a high, white forehead, and large, light eyes beneath it. There is an unconscious grace to all his movements, on or off the platform; and, for that matter, it is this unconsciousness which gives him an air of absolute equanimity so attractive and unique. No matter how huge the audience in front of him, except for his first gracious bow, he does not seem to know that it is there. Given a whole symphony orchestra behind his back, he pays not the slightest attention to it—until he begins to play, when immediately he is a perfectly adjusted part of the whole scheme.

Heifetz plays seemingly without effort. There are none of those exaggerated swayings of body and touselings of emotion that are the proof of other artists'

certainly no belittling it. Such gifts as belong to so young a boy are of celestial color. Had he studied the violin since he was four years old, he would only have studied it



JASCHA HEIFETZ, A YOUNG RUSSIAN VIOLINIST WHO HAS MADE ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE MUSICAL SUCCESSES OF RECENT YEARS

*From a copyrighted photograph by Mishkin, New York*

labors. Easily, exquisitely, unsatiatingly, he achieves the most difficult passages as if they were born of a genius heaven-sent.

They are. There is no discussing it,

for thirteen years. Some of the greatest violinists in the world of to-day have studied it twice that time, and thrice; and only one of them—Kreisler—can compare

with Heifetz in the finish and roundness of detail, the brilliance of technique, the warmth and soulfulness of tone, which have been given him.

His playing is sheer, unhuman perfection. It is genius born at full stature, thrust up to its full Venus-beauty from out of an accidental sea.

Are these the ravings of one prejudiced enthusiast? Hardly. Wherever he has traveled, young Heifetz has tapped the rock of criticism and made it flow with such extravagance of praise as no violinist has received for generations. His New York recitals have been played to houses jammed to the last breathing-spot, sold out on the morning when the box-office opened. He did the same in Boston, and week after week in Chicago.

There must be a reflex to such virtues. Critics have searched diligently for them. All they can find to say is that this sense which he gives of total perfection makes his playing slightly cold, a little detached, somewhat too much an exhibition.

The point is a forced one, however. Heifetz plays with torrential feeling when the piece demands it, but always with a clear, clean rain, no sleet or mud, no slop or slobber of the sentimentalist—and the test of a great violinist will always be the casting off of that great temptation toward a teeming sentiment. His is an emotional quantity always within bounds, always orderly, never treading on its own bounds, and yet immeasurably potent and persuasive.

The coldness they accuse him of may possibly disappear. With manhood, a spirit as receptive as his will undoubtedly take on broader thought and even warmer tone. Even now surpassing Kreisler in technical brilliance, in grace, in exquisiteness, Heifetz will then be a violinist far in the lead.

As for Fritz Kreisler, let no one understand that his faithful ones are drifting from his train. It was, in fact, a matter of chance—and of American patriotism—that he left the field so clear, this year, for Heifetz's coming. In the face of what he sensed to be public opinion, he did not feel that he would play his noblest part if

he should continue with the tremendous number of recital engagements which had been made for him. He canceled them, one and all, and his only three appearances in New York have been for the sake of a needy musicians' fund, in the company of three members of the now defunct but unforgettable Kneisel Quartet.

These three concerts of chamber-music furnished such feasts that New Yorkers rushed and fought to sit at them. With Mr. Kreisler in Mr. Kneisel's place, the result could not help but be an extreme and esthetic pleasure. Mr. Kreisler is still the mature, vigorous master of his art. There is a power to his playing which Heifetz has yet to acquire, and a certain virility which, as one musical wag has put it, makes a whole orchestra out of his violin's bow.

#### A YOUNG GENIUS FROM THE EAST SIDE

Nor is any contemporaneous history of the violin complete without mention of another newcomer, Max Rosen. This youngster, only a little older than Heifetz in years, and much younger in style, was likewise a pupil of the famous Auer; but added interest lay in this—that he was a New York boy, the product of an East Side music-school, who had been sent abroad by philanthropic Americans and was returning to his own people to bid for their appreciation.

In spite of those popular circumstances, it is unfortunate that he was heralded so loudly and insistently as the prodigy he could not yet turn out to be. Most emphatically, the fault was not his. He is a violinist of considerable and even exceptional talent; he has a sweetly singing tone, however limited it is in size, and he plays with freedom and romance, though not, perhaps, with too much care. It is impossible to think of him as other than a boy who will become a distinguished violinist if he is let alone to study and practise for three or four years longer, and is not hauled out too early in the precarious game to make a public showing of the lessons learned with eagerness and aptness, but as yet only half learned.

He made his mark, of course. So great a curiosity had been aroused by all the

preliminary trumpeting that he must have been negative indeed to have received no favor here. After his first hearing—it was under rather dismal circumstances, on a Saturday night, in company with the Philharmonic Society's orchestra—his tone in the Goldmark concerto that he played was likened in print to "a joyous song on the breath of a storm," to "a golden thread

that led the listener back through caves of dark distance." It is, for a fact, a winning, charming, soft-voiced tone, and it speaks volubly, poetically, rapturously; but it lacks the divine utterance.

Young Rosen, if his well-intentioned prompters let him be, can grow to be a great violinist. Heifetz can grow, too—but it is hard to think of him as greater than he is to-day. There is the difference, with whole, impassable worlds between.

#### GALLI-CURCI COMES TO NEW YORK

The other great surprise to swoop down upon New York, the hub of all the nation's music, was Amelita Galli-Curci. Exactly a year ago, it may be remembered, an article in this magazine made quite a long and glowing mention of the new Italian coloratura soprano, and of the things she had been doing in Chicago. She had not yet come to New York, however, and had postponed giving music critics of the mother city any opportunity to hear her.

She was to have sung in Yonkers, but fell sick. She was to have held a main part in the Newark festival, and again fell sick. Some of the critics, undismayed, pilgrimaged to Albany to hear her in recital there, and one of them went all the way to Rochester to form a second opinion; but she was practically an unknown quantity in New York.



MAX ROSEN, A CLEVER AND PROMISING YOUNG AMERICAN VIOLINIST,  
THE PRODUCT OF AN EAST SIDE MUSIC-SCHOOL

*From a photograph by Mishkin, New York*





AMELITA GALLI-CURCI, AN ITALIAN PRIMA DONNA WHOSE BEAUTIFUL VOICE AND BRILLIANT COLORATURA SINGING MADE HER THE MUSICAL SENSATION OF THE YEAR IN NEW YORK

*From a copyrighted photograph by Abbd, New York*

In Chicago she had been selling out the Auditorium at seven dollars a seat for more than a year, after arriving there wholly unknown and unwelcomed. Her fame had come, swifter than Byron's, in one unexpected hour of Italian opera. Mr. Cam-

panini, scouring the country for a last-minute substitute who could sing in "Lucia" and "Rigoletto," had engaged her fearfully for two performances. So instant and wide was Chicago's approval of her that she was hastily signed up for two

years instead. And it was on her account—and practically on her account alone—that Mr. Campanini brought his Chicago Opera Company to New York last winter.

The performances at the Lexington Theater—that famous house of excellent shape and remarkable acoustics which Oscar Hammerstein built on a foundation of promises—had been going on rather coolly for a full week before Mme. Galli-Curci made her first New York appearance in Meyerbeer's quaint, tatterdemalion old "Dinorah." In the mean while some few of the critics had already been taken, backstairs, to the studio apartment where she and her husband had settled for the month, and had had an opportunity to greet and study her at close range.

She is only twenty-eight years old. Dark, pronounced of features, her face takes on waves of extreme animation that make her large eyes glow and snap; even in repose it is a face of uncommon interest. She is a woman of unusual intelligence; her conversation shows that immediately, and her history, which includes a period of study to be a professional pianist, long before Pietro Mascagni persuaded her to cultivate her voice—is proof of it. Vivid, witty, gracious of demeanor, warm and simple of heart, there is a charm in her playing of hostess which made quick capture of that little group of skeptics.

Her apartment was on the top floor of a high building, overlooking the wintry stretches of Central Park.

"Look," she cried laughingly, "I already have New York at my feet!"

But then, as the joke left her lips, she grew suddenly serious, as if she knew the supreme test awaiting her.

#### THE TRIUMPH OF A QUEEN OF SONG

That Monday night "Dinorah" audience was a friendly one, however, and no sooner had she come upon the stage than she received a royal welcome. When, in turn, she finished with the famous old "Shadow Song," a piece of florid coloratura which gave her voice every possible opportunity to display its marvelous flexibility, the house went mad. Houses do "go mad" in stereotyped fashion every

now and then, but here was a real, rapturous, uncontrollable hysteria that lasted fully twenty minutes. It saw old ladies stand up on their seats to cheer, heard roar upon roar from boxes and galleries, the parquet frothing white with waving handkerchiefs and programs. Of how many times the diva was called out before the curtain even the most mathematical reporter lost count; but at last, with a drop-curtain behind her and the footlights beating up strongly on her smiling face, she went through the whole song again with just as glorious results.

"To call it a victory," as one critic put it, "would be to speak of Verdun in terms of Mother Goose."

From then on, whenever she sang, the house was sold out at unheard-of prices, and there was always the same magnificent demonstration. She had not just become a New York fad; she had become a nation's idol. She sang *Lucia*, *Gilda*, *Dinorah* again, *Violetta*, and *Rosina*, and was her winsome self in two Sunday night concerts which kept men waiting on long lines for ten or twelve hours in order to be sure of admittance to the huge Hippodrome.

It was during *Rosina's* lesson scene, in "The Barber of Seville," that, according to custom, she sang for her third encore a simple little bit of well-enunciated English—nothing less than "Home, Sweet Home." There was a distinct, baffling hush for something like five seconds when she finished—but every one knew why. Through tear-dimmed eyes every one could see his neighbor reaching, as he himself did, for his handkerchief! The beauty of it was almost too excruciating; half the house left after that. But at every subsequent performance they shrieked for "Home, Sweet Home."

The younger school of operagoers sneer at coloratura art, as well they may at much of it; but Galli-Curci's voice is warm, rich, round of tone, even at its topmost height, and there are no thin, trickster's tinkles to it. It has immense power, yet never loses its characteristic softness; and when she opens wide her throat there can come from it a peculiar, floating warble that belongs to the birds of the air. It gushes out, flower and flame, a total miracle that would

make of her an absolute instrument were it not for the living personality that brings her back again to her stage and audience.

"Had Pavlowa, as the dumb girl of Por-

dignity but humor, a woman's wit and intuition for each sentiment, a born actress's endless ways of expressing endless byplay."

For the rest, the four weeks' visit of the



ROSA RAISA, A RUSSIAN SOPRANO WHOSE POWERFUL VOICE AND DRAMATIC INTENSITY MADE HER SUCCESSFUL AS AIDA AND IN OTHER RÔLES

*From a copyrighted photograph by Mishkin, New York*

tici, forgot her toes," remarked one hearer, "and found a voice, it would have been Galli-Curci's. She sings the old-time music as Heifetz plays it, but she has not only

Chicago Opera Company to New York was an interesting but hardly extraordinary event. Cleofonte Campanini, a Hammerstein product, coming to a Hammerstein

opera-house with a troupe mostly of Hammerstein stars, and with a large percentage of those operas which Mr. Hammerstein first introduced to us, did little more than prove how vital an influence the old fighting impresario still has upon the operatic world which he has temporarily abandoned.

Mr. Campanini brought some striking artists with him, most of whom had been heard here before—the tenor, Muratore, for instance, who is an ideal *Romeo*; Stracciari, a barytone who once belonged to the Metropolitan's forces; Baklanoff, a Russian bass who has evolved a new and thoughtful *Mephistopheles*. Heard with the last in two performances of "Faust" was Mme. Nellie Melba, still in excellent command of her voice, however it has lost its fulness.

In the four weeks twenty operas were given, fully half the houses were sold out, and, though no profit was either expected or made, the loss was smaller than the financial backers of the Windy City's greatest luxury had feared—and, for that matter, smaller than in a corresponding season in Chicago itself. Artistically the ensemble rarely rose above provincial standards, and was little more than a background out of which the few stars loomed to disproportionate size.

One of these stars, however, was even less known to New Yorkers than Galli-Curci; wherefore her success, though it did not have so spectacular a side to it, was the more remarkable. This was the young lyric soprano, Rosa Raisa. She is a Russian girl, driven out of her homeland for her family's political activities in days before the Bolsheviks. It was Mme. Campanini, a sister of Mme. Tetrazzini, who discovered her voice, trained it, and made it ready for a few trial months in smaller Italian opera-houses.

Tall, robust, broad of shoulder, Raisa is a swarthy Juno who takes on vivid handsomeness under the touches of make-up. Immense lung power and an iron throat allow her to throw her huge, vibrant voice across the distances, and there is such feeling and intensity in it as few sopranos muster. In such rôles as she sang at the Lexington—the coarse beauty in "The Jewels of the Madonna," for instance, and

*Aida* and *Isabeau* in the first New York production of Mascagni's long-delayed opera of that name—she excited much admiring comment.

#### NEW FIGURES AT THE METROPOLITAN

At the Metropolitan, in turn—where, during all this invasion, great, loyal crowds were flocking to the extent of leaving only standing-room on any night—another soprano was making her mark. Strange to say, too, she had passed through her stage of unappreciation, just as Galli-Curci, two years ago, begged for a chance to be heard in New York and could not get it. Florence Easton came from European successes to the Chicago Opera Company; that was last year, and the Chicagoans did not fall down and worship. Under such discouraging circumstances it was an easy matter for Mr. Gatti-Casazza, manager of the Metropolitan, to take her away to New York.

Mme. Easton turned out to be one of the most valuable members of the "mother company" in a decade. She has not only a lovely voice; she is good to look at, acts with grace and intelligence, and is the hardest sort of worker. When Liszt's oratorio of "St. Elizabeth" was decided upon as an opera—and an English one at that—it was Florence Easton who created the exacting rôle of the heroine and put poetry into its prayer-book prose. When Geraldine Farrar fell sick, and some one must step into her place in "Lodoletta," the other Mascagni opera new to America this year, it was Florence Easton who suddenly took on the wiles of sweet sixteen and the quaint little wooden shoes that go with Ouida's story. In each case the task would have felled most operatic temperaments; Mme. Easton, with American resourcefulness and pluck, made the best of it with quite the best possible showing.

Of other new stars at the Metropolitan there have been comparatively few. An organization so large and responsible is slow to try experiments—a policy which obviously works quite as much good as evil.

One newcomer was Hipolito Lazaro, a diminutive Spanish tenor with a fame of South American making, who, from be-



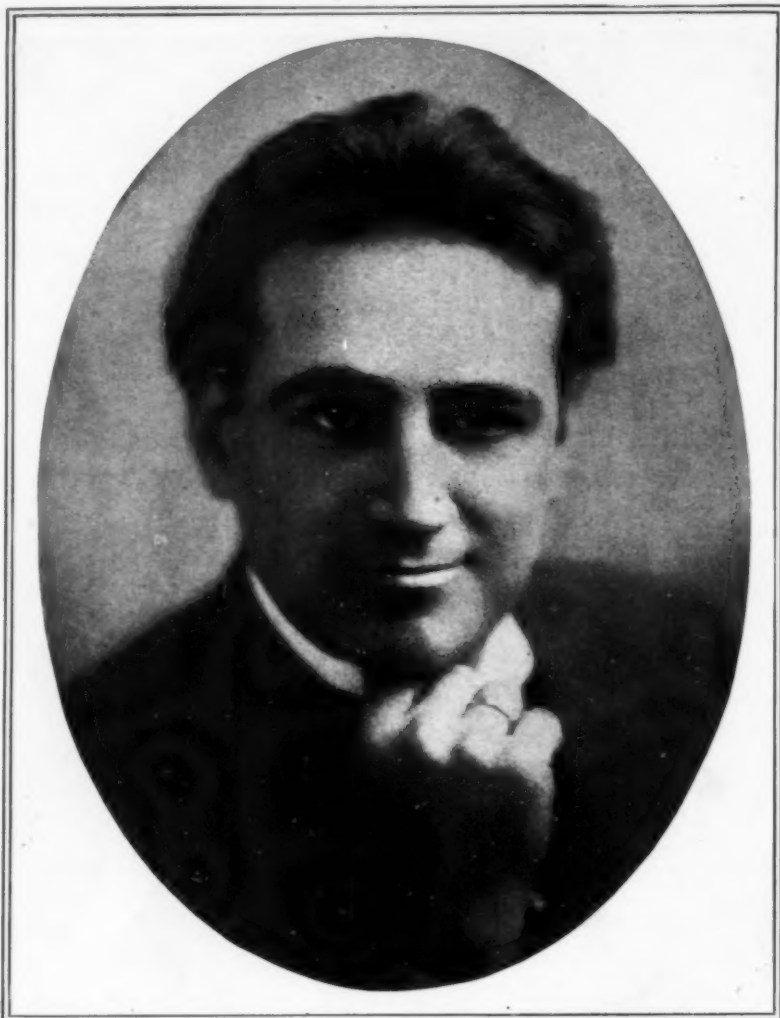
FLORENCE EASTON, AN AMERICAN SOPRANO WITH A EUROPEAN REPUTATION, WHO CREATED THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "ST. ELIZABETH" AT THE METROPOLITAN

*From a copyrighted photograph by Mishkin, New York*

neath a cloud of nervousness, emerged to sing ringing C sharps and D naturals as New York has not heard them sung since saddened Bonci left. Owing to the war, perhaps, a larger number of American singers than ever were active in the company—Thomas Chalmers, a barytone; May Peterson and Ruth Miller, both pleasing and pretty sopranos, among them.

It was perhaps the most difficult year of his ten at the Metropolitan's helm for Mr. Gatti-Casazza. In the very beginning the board of directors decreed against all operas sung in German. Wagner must go, then, and all the famous "Ring" cycle with him. Richard Strauss must go. So must the five principal German singers, specialists in Strauss and Wagner rôles. The gaps in





HIPOLITO LAZARO, A SPANISH TENOR WHO WAS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT NEWCOMERS OF THE SEASON AT THE METROPOLITAN

*From a copyrighted photograph by Mishkin, New York*

both repertory and personnel must be hastily, yet effectively, filled.

As a consequence it has been the busiest season the Metropolitan has ever known. Revivals of old Italian favorites were brought up to the front line. French opera was hauled from the shelf, dusted off, and put into the windows. Even Russian pantomime was employed. Besides "Lodoletta" and "St. Elizabeth," Rimsky-Korsakoff's exquisite novelty, "The Golden Cock," had an elaborate hearing. Raband's musical modernity had a gilded presenta-

tion in "Arabian Nights" setting. Two short *premières* from American composers—one a single-act opera, the other a ballet of old-time New Orleans—were added near the end of the season.

To some, of course, an opera season without Wagner could never be complete and healthy; to others, exultant, it seemed as if a large, impeding growth had suddenly been cut away to give free flow and quicker pulse, and that no greater benefit has ever come out of what seemed at first a heavy artistic loss.

# The Common Sense of Thomas Edison Holmes

BY SOPHIE KERR

Illustrated by George Brehm

A LOGICAL mind is a possession above gold and rubies. Add to it sufficient imagination to shape a daring course of action, and sufficient common sense to give warning when either logic or imagination is in danger of being overplayed, and you have the type that occurs but once in a century. Of such is, for instance, Thomas A. Edison. And of such, also, was Thomas Edison Holmes. Yet so far was the world from recognizing T. E. Holmes's great qualities that he commonly went by some such exclamatory title as "Oh, the little stupid!"

Thomas Edison Holmes lived in three rooms on the East Side of New York with his mother, Mary Holmes, and his sister, Luetta. Luetta, who was nineteen, sold ladies' underwear in the basement of a big, cheap department-store, and earned eight dollars a week. Mary Holmes, their mother, did fine laundry for a select clientele and earned about the same amount, or a little more. Tommy, aged twelve in reality, but fourteen and a half according to his working-papers, was delivery boy—uniform found and tips permitted—for Mme. Maureen, an exclusive dressmaker who occupied a smartly appointed private house on Fifty-First Street, just off the avenue. Tommy earned as much as Luetta.

Thus the weekly budget of the Holmes family added up to approximately twenty-five dollars, and they should have been able to afford something better than the three dingy little rooms, only one of which had outside light, in which they led a remark-

ably happy existence, all things considered. But their actual net income was only fifteen dollars. Why? Because William Holmes, husband of Mary, and father of Luetta and Tommy, had, some years back, contracted tuberculosis, and it took ten dollars a week to pay his board in the Sullivan County farmhouse to which he had gone in a vain attempt to solder up his bad lung. The Holmes family paid it regularly, and added boxes of small luxuries and warm clothing whenever they could scrape the money together to get them. Likewise, Mary Holmes went now and then to see her husband, for she loved him devotedly.

So figure it out for yourselves. There was fifteen dollars a week to provide shelter, fuel, food, clothing, car-fare, church contributions, and pleasure for the three remaining members of the Holmes family. The three-roomed flat cost seventeen dollars a month, small and dingily dark as it was.

People who complain because it costs three thousand dollars a year to keep up any kind of a car—and you can only get the most *ordinary* cramped little apartment for a hundred and fifty a month, my dear, and a good cook simply *can't be found* for less than forty dollars a month—ah, such as these would find much to astonish and edify in the Holmes income and what it afforded! For, strangely enough, it covered all the items listed in the preceding paragraph, and health and contentment besides. The Holmes family would have been a perfect find for a malefactor of great wealth fond of saying that "the poor do not suffer from

poverty, but from ignorance, discontent, and other sinful defects of character."

"I am forced to admit that Luetta Holmes never thought she had to sell her virtue on account of her beastly little wage, and that Tommy Holmes was rosy and round, not pinched and anemic. Even their mother, to whom her husband's illness was an ever-present trouble, was still cheerful and highly energetic. She was the guiding spirit of the family. She it was who spent their money and supervised their lives, even to the small details of washing behind Tommy's ears and searching Luetta's hand-bag for contraband chewing-gum. She was equal to everything—that is, almost everything. At the very moment when this story opens, Mary Holmes was ready to confess that she had come to an *impasse*—or, as she put it, she was stumped.

The occasion was sufficiently remarkable. Luetta had become engaged, with her mother's joyful consent, to a young man who occupied the proud position of taxi-starter at the Richmore Hotel. His salary was one hundred good round iron men per month, and he doubled it in tips, even in these dull times.

Make no mistake about him—he was not the uniformed, gold-braided functionary who opens and shuts your taxi door on the sidewalk, but the man at the little shelf-desk just within, who decides whether you are to have a taxi or not. His name was Robert Babbitt, and he knew more ways to get the last remaining empty taxi in New York when a sudden rain-storm came up than Mrs. Rorer's cook-book has recipes for omelet. He could almost conjure a taxi out of his hat—provided the man who wanted it had a dollar handy.

Of course, such an alliance was a step up for the Holmeses. Robert was willing—nay, anxious—for an early wedding-day, and he had guaranteed to contribute the amount of Luetta's wage to her mother and Tommy so long as they needed it. Mrs. Holmes knew that he was the sort of man to keep his word, or she never would have been willing for Luetta to marry him. It was, therefore, a good match. And yet—

You may remember that at the beginning of this story there was a highly eulogistic

statement anent Tommy Holmes's mental powers. Also, it was stated that no one suspected them. Tommy's round, pink face and his round, blue eyes were like those of a cherub—a pleasant, healthy cherub, but a somewhat dull and stupid one. Miss Parsons, the second in command at Mme. Maureen's, was in the habit of saying that Tommy could be trusted with anything, because he was far too stupid to do anything but what he was told!

Even a stupid cherub was bound to notice, however, when he saw his sister, to whom he gave an admiring affection, looking persistently sad and tearful at a time when she ought to have been the happiest girl in New York.

"Ma, what's eating Luetta?" he finally asked, as he and his mother started off to the movies, leaving the parlor to Luetta and Robert.

It was the first time in several days that he had had a chance to see his mother alone. His hours of work were earlier and later than those of Luetta, so that she was always at home when he was, and a whisper anywhere in that three-room flat was plainly heard to its farthest corner.

Mrs. Holmes sighed, and her usually cheerful face fell into strange lines of long-ing unsatisfied.

"She wants a swell wedding-dress," she said, "and there ain't no way to get it. Robert, he'd give it to her, but of course we can't have that. We might have managed something, but your pa had to have some new red-flannel underwear, and—well, it just ain't no use. She can't have it!"

"What's she want a swell wedding-dress for?" asked Tommy, in some surprise.

Luetta had never been the one to complain about not having fancy clothes. His equipment of logic indicated to him that there was a mystery toward.

Again his mother sighed, and there was resentment in her voice when she answered.

"It's Robert's family," she said. "He's got a swell sister married and living up on the West Side, and her husband's got a whole pack of relations that's been dinging it into her that Luetta ain't good enough for Robert. And she's been at his mother and his other sisters, and they've all been

at Robert like a pack of spite-cats. He let it out to Luetta, and she's been throwing a fit ever since. Oh, 'tis hard, Tommy—I'd work my fingers off if I could get it for her! I've managed a cloth suit, and Mrs. Abell give me a beautiful blue silk dress the other day, and Luetta 'll have that; but at best it's only a cast-off, and the Babbitts would know it if she got married in it. She wants a white dress and a veil and white shoes and all, like a picture in the Sunday paper. She wants to walk up the church aisle all fitted out new and complete from head to foot, and look the Babbitts in the eye, and let 'em see they're getting a somebody in the family that 'll take no dust from them."

"Can't she rent something?" asked Tommy, mindful of certain windows where wax figures in bridal finery were flanked by large signs indicating that this splendor might be had temporarily for a sum that d'd not seem too exorbitant even to

Tommy, who was used to hearing the family figuring done in pennies.

"They'd be sure to know it," said Mrs. Holmes. "Them Babbitts! What was they, anyway, till Robert grew up and went to work? Old man Babbitt was a night watchman, and a bum one at that. Many's the time he had to go to bed so his wife could wash his shirt. I know! And now they're ready to sling mud at anybody who ain't dolled up like a millionaire. Oh, well!" She stopped before the brilliantly

lighted façade of the motion-picture theater, and her grievances fell away into pleased anticipation. "It's Murry Miles Minter to-night," she announced. "Ain't



HIS SISTER WAS LOOKING PERSISTENTLY SAD AND TEARFUL AT A TIME WHEN SHE OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN THE HAPPIEST GIRL IN NEW YORK

that fine, Tommy? Here y'are, miss, war tax and all."

She paid for their tickets and led the way within. Tommy followed thoughtfully.

## II

IN the ensuing hour he did not see the blond curls and dimples of her whom his mother called Murry Miles Minter, though his round eyes stared at the screen and his mouth made proper response to Mrs. Holmes's enthusiasm. As the blond curls

and dimples whisked through adventure after adventure, Tommy was considering the problem of Luetta and her desire for a swell wedding-dress.

It seemed a queer thing to want, but then Tommy did not give his energies to pursuing the why of women's wants. Experience had shown him that they were incomprehensible. Hence he dismissed the queer vagary of Luetta's mind that demanded a panoply of white satin and orange-blossoms. He had more serious matters to consider.

If his mother, the invincible, was not able to supply Luetta's wants, logic told him plainly that it was up to him. He, being a man, or nearly one, was the logical provider for the family. If Luetta had only waited until he was a few years older! But, nevertheless, he must do what he could. Those Babbitts had a nerve to make a fuss about Luetta just because she didn't doll up. *Some nerve!* He scowled earnestly at supposititious Babbitts.

The second of Tommy's fairy gifts now came to the fore—common sense. It reminded him that no matter how much he longed to gratify Luetta's vain whim, he had about as much chance of accomplishing it as of slicing off a bit of the green cheese of the moon. Common sense told him plainly that he was only a little boy; that he gave his mother all his wages, including tips; that by no wildest turn of fortune's wheel could he earn more than he was at present earning. Since the war had begun, tips had not been so many or so liberal as before. It was hopeless, therefore, for him to dare to hope. Ah, but was it?

Here stepped in the third of his fairy gifts—imagination! There *must* be a way, if only he could find it. Perhaps he could, if he prayed very hard in the three Sundays which would intervene before Luetta's wedding-day. Or he might perform some magnificent life-saving feat—the heroine on the screen had just been snatched from under the feet of runaway horses by the noble hero. Or perhaps some one would drop a pocketbook, or a diamond pin, or a string of pearls, and he could pick it up and run after the loser, and receive then and there a reward of a hundred dollars, cash money. Oh, imagination reminded him that there

were innumerable things that might happen between now and the 26th of October, provided he was ever on the alert and ready for anything.

Yet, even as he soared, common sense dragged him back. He twisted uneasily in his seat and jostled his mother's elbow.

"Let's go home," he whispered.

"Why, the last reel's just beginning," she said in surprise. "What's the matter—don't you feel good?"

"I'm tired," he admitted.

Mrs. Holmes melted to the weariness in his chubby countenance.

"Pore old kid!" she said. "Just you lean up against your ma and take a little snooze till this reel's over."

She drew him down against her mothering shoulder. Tommy yielded, as he always did to his mother. He closed his eyes and rested comfortably in a delicious half-slumber, in which he dreamed riotously of Luetta in wonderful attire, and the whole Babbitt tribe confounded and abashed before her splendor, while he, Tommy, stood in the background, the triumphant yet modest manager of this stunning *coup de théâtre*.

The vision stayed with him, even after the last reel had flickered to its end and he and his mother were on their way home. He was still seeing it when Mrs. Holmes stopped to exchange greetings and comments on the weather with Mrs. Canzoni, the grocer's wife, who stood in the door of their basement shop and looked up enjoyingly at the passing throng.

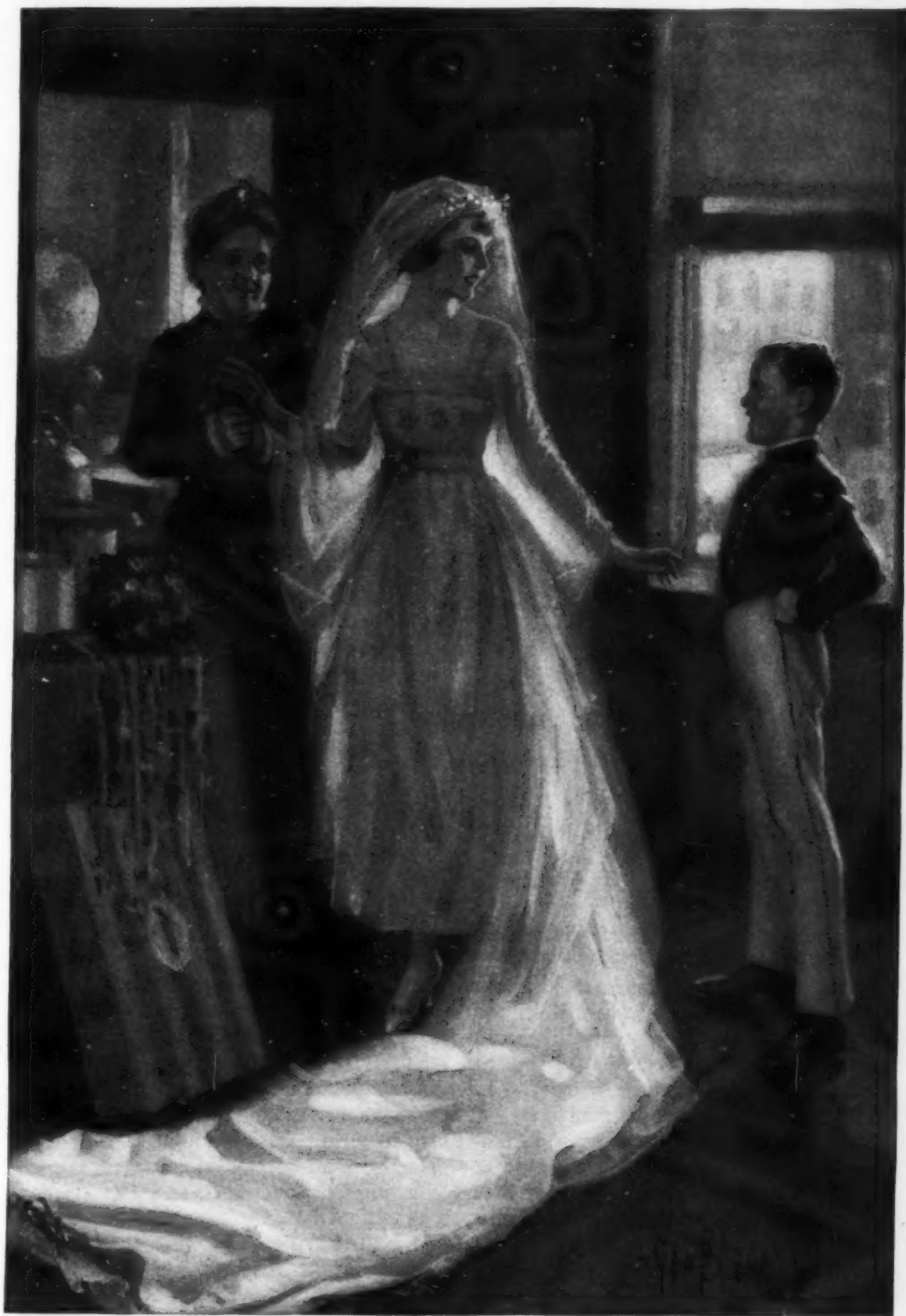
"Luetta, she maka da wedding-day very soon, I hear it," said Mrs. Canzoni. "You will have two men in da familia t'en." And she smiled at Tommy amiably.

"Yes," said Mrs. Holmes. "Yes, the wedding's to be four weeks come Wednesday. If only her pa could be here! But he's gettin' along pretty good now, and the doctor said the trip was a big risk."

"I weesh Canzoni was somewhere he could not coma back!" said the groceress, her curving smile suddenly hardening into anger and bitterness. "You gotta de luck, Mees Holmes!"

"Well, what d'you know about that?" said Mrs. Holmes, as she and Tommy





"I GUESS THAT 'LL FIX THE BABBITS!"

passed on. "Still, I reckon if your pa was like Canzoni, always drunk an' carryin' a knife under his shirt steady, I might be glad to get rid of him."

Tommy had not bothered to follow the conversation at all. His thoughts were still centered on the practical emergency of the family. Like the true genius he was, he let the

"What kind of a wedding-dress you got, Luetta?" he said.

Luetta answered him absent-mindedly, but with a sigh, for the problem of the wedding-dress was a sore one.

"An old white voile rag—two years old, and looks like nothing!" she replied. Then the unusualness of Tommy's interest struck her. "Why, Tommy?" she asked.

"Oh, nothin'," said Tommy, pulling off the cover of the couch preliminary to turning it into a bed. "I was just wonderin'."

So that was the end of it, so far as Luetta



"YOU MAY HAVE GOT AWAY WITH IT ONCE,  
BUT DON'T TRY IT AGAIN!"

non-essentials slide past him without noticing them.

Entering the little flat he beheld Luetta seated on the living-room couch, which was his bed at night, and he observed her with new eyes. She was no longer the superior big sister, but merely a weak woman, whose foolish feminine desires he, the dominant male, must bend his will and purpose to fulfill. He said nothing while his mother retailed the story of the film, inquired when Robert had gone and when he was coming again, acted with humorous gesture the conversation with Mrs. Canzoni, and commented on the weather. But when Mrs. Holmes and Luetta were about to adjourn to their bedroom, he asked one question.

was concerned; but it was not the end of it to Tommy. To be sure, he went to bed, as usual, but he did not go to sleep. He lay there and meditated for the first time on their poverty.

Never before had it occurred to him that they were actually poor. His wants, his mother's wants, and even Luetta's wants had hitherto been few and adequately met. They were all warmed, clothed, fed, honest, able to work, and working. The evening paper, the doings of their neighbors, the movies, and a yearly visit to Madison Square Garden, when the circus came to town, had sufficed to entertain them. Measuring their circumstances by their wants, they were rich.

Now came the sting of wanting something out of reach. The little boy's slow perceptions took this matter and turned it about on every side, so far as his limited experience permitted. But sleep could not leave him long unconquered. He drowsed away in spite of himself, yet before he was quite gone he had made his determination. He would provide Luetta with the gorgeousness she craved.

He did not know how he would do it, but he knew he would do it. And in that first conscious shouldering of what he deemed a family responsibility, a little of his childishness left him. Unknowingly and suddenly, Tommy was entering grown-up land.

### III

It was not until the next morning, when he was well on his way to Mme. Maureen's establishment, that the first possible solution of the problem occurred to him. Mme. Maureen made wedding-dresses! He knew that. He had often carried them to the homes of the waiting brides, and had had the big box snatched from his hands by waiting butlers or maids with fervent exclamations of—

"Thank God, it's come—everybody's been nearly crazy!"

Once—and at a very great house, too—the door had been opened by the bride herself in a pinkish, trailing, scented negligee, while servants and family made an incredibly dramatic background for her and her anxiety.

"Oh, I was ready to faint!" she had said. "Daddy, darling, give the boy a dollar—he's a cherub," she had added, by way of celebrating her relief.

Mme. Maureen had a bad reputation among her clients for being late with gowns for special occasions, and Tommy's tips had suffered from it. Hence this one stood out in his memory.

But the main point was that, tips or no, agitated brides or impassive butlers, boxes snatched or boxes taken politely—Mme. Maureen made wedding-dresses. Here was a concrete fact that bore on the matter in hand. Logic urged Tommy to find out the price of a wedding-dress as made by

Mme. Maureen. And common sense suggested that he should proceed about the matter warily.

There were two people whom he might ask, he felt. One was Lida, the maid who attended in the fitting-rooms, and who had often given Tommy crackers and candy from her own private store of such edibles—kept handy because she never got a chance to go out to luncheon, but snatched a bite when she could, between helping one client get her gown off for a fitting and another get her gown on after a fitting. Lida was very pleasant, but so fearfully busy that it was difficult to get a moment alone with her.

The other person whom Tommy felt he might ask was Miss Parsons herself—small, clever, efficient Miss Parsons, the executive head of the whole organization. It was she who called Tommy "little stupid." He thought that if she considered him stupid, she would answer his question and consider it only another evidence of his stupidity, and thus it would be forgotten. He didn't want any of those silly girls up in the work-room to hear him—they'd giggle and joke him for a month.

It was Tommy's custom to report to Miss Parsons when he got into his uniform, to see if she had any special orders. He stood stolidly beside her desk, his fair hair brushed, his face shining clean, his eyes placid. Miss Parsons was consulting the engagement-book about the day's fittings, and planning how she could squeeze in an extra fitting for an old customer without upsetting the proper routine of the day's work.

Tommy felt very anxious as he stood there. He swallowed hard three times and kept looking steadily at the back of Miss Parsons's sleek little head; but he asked his question.

"Miss Parsons," he said, "how much does Mme. Maureen charge to make a wedding-dress?"

There it was, you see, plain and concrete. He did not know it, but it was Miss Parsons's greatest hobby to encourage every employee of the establishment to ask questions about it. She said it gave them more interest in their work. But this was the

first time she had ever heard from Tommy, and she was not accustomed to questions about prices.

Her glance flew from the engagement-book to Tommy's grave face. She saw that he had asked the question seriously, and as seriously she answered him.

"For a simple white satin, with a train and a plain net veil, two hundred and fifty," she said. "When there is real lace on it, and a lace veil, the price might be anything—sometimes it runs to thousands. But frequently brides use their own lace—family lace—and that—"

She broke off suddenly, at the absurdity of telling Tommy about real lace.

"Do you know somebody who's going to be married, Tommy?" she asked, kindly enough, after a moment.

She was too late. Tommy had taken advantage of her momentary pause to gain the doorway. He affected not to hear. And at that moment the forewoman came in with a tale of woe about some reseda malines that their shopper had been unable to match, and Miss Parsons forgot Tommy—as he had expected she would.

He went out from her presence with a lump in his throat. It was hopeless! Plain white satin and net was two hundred and fifty dollars; and if it had any lace on it, it meant thousands. Tommy had a firm conviction that Luetta would not be satisfied to have a dress without lace. Luetta liked lace—he had heard her mother scold her for it.

It made him feel irritated against Luetta that she should want a dress so unattainable. What ailed her, anyway, to want something that nobody but the lovely ladies that got out of big motors, trailing costly furs, and came into Mme. Maureen's office could afford? It was silly—that's what it was! Even to confound and worst the Babbitts it was silly.

But Tommy had not yet gone far enough into grown-up land to believe that wishes, if you wished hard enough, did not come true. Of course, he knew that he would have to be ready to help the wish come true.

"And that's where I come in *strong!*" said Tommy to himself.

Even if Mme. Maureen did charge thou-

sands for wedding-dresses, one might still be bought from her. Tommy had seen too many fortunes won in a few gasping seconds in the movies to despair of doing likewise. He did wish, however, that he had known of Luetta's desire earlier. Doubtless he had chucked away endless opportunities, simply because he had never seen the necessity of doing anything but the things that come in the day's work. But, he resolved, there would be no more of these wasted chances. Now that he knew what he needed, the thing was easy—all he had to do was to get it!

This train of thought cheered him tremendously, and he went off whistling with his first package of the day—a green velvet for a Western lady stopping at the Waldorf, in which she proposed to make life unbearable for all her dearest friends. She fully expected them to envy themselves to death when they saw it. And she gave Tommy a quarter, when, after unraveling much red tape with the clerk and the service-elevator man and the floor clerk, he delivered the gown in person. Tommy fingered the coin lingeringly and thanked the Western lady for it with his seraphic smile. It was a good omen, silver!

And indeed it was a good day all through, so far as tips went. Tommy jingled eighty-five cents in his pocket as he went homeward that night—which was a marvelous amount, owing to the fact that front-door maids and butlers do not usually tip little boys who bring dressmakers' packages. But a charming actress on the upper West Side, with the "give the boy some money, Mary" habit, and another charming lady, not an actress, whose maids were out, but whose heart was not, had generously contributed to the day's magnificent finances.

With eighty-five cents in his pocket Tommy did not feel that white satin and net, at two hundred and fifty dollars, was unattainable—certainly not, if he only had time enough. He did not worry his head at all over the fact that the great opportunity for which he was waiting had not come that day. He gave his wealth to his mother with the gesture of a beneficent prince, and said, with a teasing glance at Luetta:

"That 'll help out on the wedding!"



And Luetta, looking up at his round, childish face so full of an intense longing to help, jumped up and gave him a kiss.

"Tommy's a sport!" she exclaimed warmly.

Tommy wriggled away impatiently. My goodness gracious, these women! If Luetta was going to kiss him every time he brought home eighty-five cents, what was she likely to do when he gave her a wedding-dress? Kiss him two or three times, most likely.

At the thought of it, Tommy's resolve almost weakened. But there—a fellow with a sister has got to make up his mind to put up with all her foolish, feminine ways, and Luetta wasn't so bad as she might be about kissing. He'd have to get her that wedding-dress, no matter what she did.

#### IV

THE next day, however, began a dark period for Tommy. Tips were not so good; but they were not so bad, either. There were no more spectacular eighty-five-cent days; but that was not what he minded. No—it was that the opportunity to make his great *coup* and purchase Luetta's wedding-dress simply didn't arrive. In vain he watched for a chance to rescue some tottering old gentleman, who would offer him a thousand-dollar bill and exclaim:

"Bless you, my brave little fellow!"

In vain he attempted to escort wavering old ladies through bad traffic. The only one whom he dared to accost took a tight hold of her pocketbook and stared at him through owl spectacles, saying crossly:

"Go 'way, boy!"

There were no runaways, though Tommy watched for them faithfully, intending to seize the bridles of the maddened animals and hang on until a mounted policeman came to help. There were no lost children of the rich to be found and restored to the arms of doting parents. He saw two fires, but neither time could he get through the fire-lines and rescue any one, though he was fully prepared to run through flame and smoke, where no fireman dared to go, and carry the forgotten baby down the longest ladder.

If an infuriated crowd would only obligingly have pursued a thief somewhere near

to Tommy, he knew exactly what to do—stick out his foot and trip the rascal, and then jump on his back when he fell, and pound him, till the detective came up and took the jewels from the man's pocket; but none of these things happened. In short, the whole of New York seemed to have turned as dull and as unexciting as any little sleepy suburb—at least, so far as Tommy was concerned.

It was discouraging, disheartening, maddening. Every day brought Luetta's wedding nearer, and every day seemed to put white satin with lace, or even with net, farther away. Remorseless logic began to tell Tommy that the thing couldn't be done. Only imagination urged him to persevere, and common sense added that it was always too soon to despair, so long as he had even an hour at his command.

Alas, it seemed as if logic had the best of it this time! Luetta's wedding-day dawned, and the bride's only wedding raiment was the old white voile, which, exquisitely laundered by Mrs. Holmes, in an attempt to make it look like a brand-new French creation, hung on a hanger from the gas-jet in the sitting-room. It was the first thing Tommy saw that morning, and the sight of it gave him a lump in the throat.

He had his breakfast standing by the tubs in the kitchen. His mother and Luetta were far too busy and excited to bother much with him. But Mrs. Holmes saw that he was dressed in his best suit, with new stockings and much-shined shoes, a glorious new necktie and a new cap, before she let him start to work. For he was only to have an hour off from Mme. Maureen's to attend the ceremony.

"Mind, Tommy, be back here at eleven o'clock, and then you can ride in the taxi with Luetta and me to the church. Father Vincent said to be there prompt at eleven fifteen; and then you can go right back. Keep your clothes tidy, for I want you to look fine before all the Babbitts. And don't scuff your shoes!" He started out slowly and sadly, and her voice pursued him down the hallway. "And don't get your collar dirty!"

Returning, Mrs. Holmes remarked to Luetta:



"My, but Tommy's down in the mouth—he's taking your going a lot harder than I thought. But then he was always the still child, saying nothing, but feeling a lot."

"Tommy's all right," said Luetta, absently. She could not be expected, at such a time, to be greatly excited about her little brother's emotions. "Say, mother, do you think there's enough starch in this petticoat? I don't want to look limp as a rag. Oh, my—I just dread going up that aisle with all the Babbitts staring!"

"You should worry!" said Mrs. Holmes, with something closely resembling a snort. "Once in the family, you can send them to the right-about fast enough. My goodness, let's get this place redded up. It looks like a hurrah's nest now!"

Meanwhile Tommy went somberly to work. He did as his mother had bidden him about not scuffing his shoes, and he conscientiously hoped that he was keeping his collar clean. He got into his uniform with painstaking exactness, and went upstairs for Miss Parsons's inspection without a ray of sunlight in his heart.

That brisk and businesslike lady did not notice his gloom. She had troubles of her own.

"Tommy," she began, as soon as he appeared, "there's a very important box for you to take right out, and then you must come back and deliver Miss Hethersleigh's wedding-dress before you get your hour off. I don't want to trust it to a messenger, because it's got her own lace, and it's very valuable. It'll be a little early for her, but that won't make any difference."

You see, Miss Parsons had not forgotten that she had promised Tommy his hour off, and she had no intention of depriving him of it. She was an exceedingly just and kind woman, as well as brisk and businesslike.

Her words touched a spring in Tommy. His wide blue eyes stared at her. Wedding-dress! *Wedding-dress!* Must he, perforce, deliver a wedding-dress full of valuable lace while his own dear sister, Luetta, was shortly to be married in a rag of an old voile? It seemed the cruelest, hatefulest irony of fate. It seemed— He caught his breath.

"Yes, Miss Parsons," he said, docilely enough; but he was inwardly bursting with an enormous idea.

He took the first package, and made short work of it. As a matter of fact, he ran every step of the way to the subway, and sat on the edge of the seat, fairly pushing the train along by the force of his eagerness. Once off the dilatory thing, he ran over to West End Avenue—quite forgetting now about not scuffing his shoes—and fairly danced with impatience while the package was delivered and his book was signed. Then he ran back to the subway, and from the subway back to Mme. Maureen's.

The collar that Mrs. Holmes had warned him to keep clean was wilted, and his cheeks were blazing when he got back to Miss Parsons. His eyes were blazing, too, with a soft, steady fire of purpose. Imagination had at last shown him a way. Logic had supplied the details. If common sense had given him certain small, still warnings, he had disregarded them.

"Well, you made quick time," said Miss Parsons kindly. Then, coming back to her usual crispness of speech: "Now, Tommy, listen. This next package is to go to Miss Hethersleigh at the Ritz-Carlton. You're to deliver the box up-stairs yourself. I'll telephone to her and have her tell the office that you're to come up. It's a very valuable gown, and I don't dare to take any chances with it. After you've left the dress you can go on and attend your sister's wedding, and then come right back here. Do you understand?"

"Yes'm," said Tommy excitedly, shifting from one foot to the other.

He tried to be still, so that Miss Parsons would not notice his agitation, but it was no use. The scheme he had on foot was too daring, and Tommy was no hardened criminal.

Providentially Mme. Maureen, tall and dark and languidly insolent—that was what made her such a wonderful saleswoman—came in and engaged her assistant in conversation.

"The Hethersleigh dress goes this morning, doesn't it?" she asked. "Have Pauline bring it down. I'll inspect it myself. Heavens, I'll be glad when that thing is out

of the house! With the lace and the veil and the pearls, it's too much of a responsibility. What time's the wedding?"

"High noon," said Miss Parsons, pressing the button that summoned Pauline. "I agree with you that a dress of that sort is too much trouble to be pleasant; but it's the most wonderful thing. I thought I was hardened to wedding-dresses, but I've been up in the workroom six times, just to look at it."

Pauline, entering with the wedding-dress on her arm, or rather in her arms, confirmed the description. She held it toward them carefully. A shimmer of softest satin beneath a delicate froth of lace, a tracery of seed-pearls that must have been done by fairy fingers, all concealed and revealed by the sweep of the shadowy intricacies of the marvelous veil! It was not a dress—it was a sartorial poem!

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" sighed Pauline. "Eet is worse while to be married to 'ave a gown so *ravissante!*"

"Confirmed spinster that I am," said Miss Parsons, "I almost agree with you, Pauline."

Mme. Maureen only smiled her dark and subtle smile. She had been married twice, and did not care to express her views of matrimony.

"Well, we can't stand all day looking at it," went on Miss Parsons. "I'll have Lida bring the box in here, and we'll oversee the packing ourselves."

The box was brought. Square after square of the airiest, thinnest, softest, whitest tissue was also brought, and with an infinite care the dress was folded and packed. The little slippers, with knots of the lace and buckles of pearls, were also packed. Last of all came the veil, the priceless veil, which had been worn by the Hethersleigh brides of five generations, fitted for this latest bride with a bandeau of pearls and little drooping knots of exquisite orange-blossoms at each side.

Tissue was folded and crumpled and crushed and tucked about in every conceivable way, so that all might go safely without so much as a suspicion of a wrinkle. Last of all, wide bows of silver ribbon tied the tissue in place. The box itself was

striped with white and silver—this was one of Mme. Maureen's costly whims for the packing of wedding-dresses—costly to patrons, I mean—and the great round label was a wreath of orange-blossoms, in the midst of which was Miss Hethersleigh's name inscribed in Miss Parsons's square, clear writing.

A double silver cord with tassels secured the box outside. It was indeed a bridal-looking affair, and good advertising as well, for Mme. Maureen knew that as Tommy carried it through the streets every one would say:

"There goes one of Maureen's wedding-dresses!"

"Now," said Miss Parsons, giving the last coquettish quirk to the silver tassels, "it's all ready, Tommy. Here's the address, and here's your book. Remember how much the dress is worth, and don't let anything or anybody stop you until you've delivered it. I'm going to telephone to Miss Hethersleigh right now that you're on your way with it. After you've delivered it, then you can have your hour off, as I told you."

"Yes'm," said Tommy, grasping the box with nervous fingers.

"Thank goodness that's done!" said Miss Parsons as Tommy disappeared. Then she made her usual remark: "It's good Tommy's so reliable and so faithful: I always feel that we can trust him absolutely to carry out orders—he's just a little too stupid to do anything else."

## V

TOMMY had stood at the side and watched the dress being packed, the dress with lace—the veil, the slippers. He had turned from red to white and from white to red. He had burned with impatience. He had watched the clock feverishly. At last, with a leap of his heart, he had received the box in his hands, and he felt that the moment of his great opportunity was here.

He flew along the street as he had never flown before, and yet he groaned to be so slow. He wanted wings! It took him ages on ages, seemingly, to reach the cross-town car for which he sought. The car did not

go in the direction of the Ritz—nay, away from it; but Tommy did not pause.

At fifteen minutes to eleven he burst in at his own door and faced his mother and Luetta. He flung the great box down before them.

"There's your wedding-dress—get into it!" he said with decision.

It would be difficult to record exactly what happened thereafter. For once Mrs. Holmes found herself dominated and her protests put aside. Questions Tommy disregarded and exclamations he did not seem to hear. At last, enraged by their reluctance and incredulity, he himself untied the silver cords, threw aside the silver-and-white-striped lid, and, with impatient fingers, opened the silver bows and tore away the masses of tissue. The dress in all its beauty and wonder lay revealed.

"Put it on!" snapped Tommy, addressing Luetta as one with full authority.

It was as if Tommy had hypnotized them. The two women lifted out the dress, unfolded the veil. They looked at each other as in a dream.

"Look at all them shiny little beads!" said Mrs. Holmes in a hushed voice, pointing to the seed-pearls on the lace. "Ain't it like a baby's breath?"

"Put it on!" snapped Tommy again.

Luetta obediently cast aside the old white voile. On her straight young body she slipped the gleaming, shimmering beauty. Out of it her blond head rose with an appealing loveliness that was beyond anything she had ever been. She felt for hooks and fastenings in a daze of glory. She cast off her old white pumps and fitted her slender foot, like *Cinderella*, into the arched slippers with the rosettes of lace and buckles of pearl. Last of all, she lifted the soft delicacy of the veil, and with trembling fingers adjusted the bandeau and the knots of orange-bloom.

Her mother and Tommy watched her. When at last she turned to them in all her white radiance they both cried out; but they did not say the same thing:

"You look like an angel from heaven!" cried Mrs. Holmes.

"I guess that 'll fix the Babbitts!" exclaimed Tommy.

"Taxi's here!" said a voice at the door.

It was Robert come for his bride. Luetta lifted the bouquet of white roses he had sent her and laid them on her arm. Then, with her free hand, she caught up the satin train and the sweep of the veil.

"I'm ready," she said.

They went down the stairs, Luetta first, with women and children crowding on the landings and the street to gaze at her. Close behind her was Robert, a flushed and gallant bridegroom, seeing only that Luetta was more beautiful than the day, but, man-like, not realizing why. Next came Mrs. Holmes, still in a daze of wonder and delight; and lastly Tommy, still in his uniform, his collar wilted, his tie awry, his shoes, I grieve to state, dreadfully scuffed, but his head up and his soul triumphant.

He watched the ceremony as one uplifted and apart. He marked the triumph of Luetta's entrance, the grand sweep of her train, her almost ethereal beauty as she went forward on Robert's arm. He saw with eyes that lost nothing that the entire Babbitt family was impressed, almost overcome, by the lace and the satin and the pearls and the train and all the rest of it.

He saw their glances change from sniffy pride to amazement and respectful awe. He knew that though they had come to scoff they had remained to be utterly dumfounded. He saw them frankly stare in awestruck admiration, and he could have hugged himself with rapture. *He* had done it all! He had, at the last moment, snatched a magnificent victory from a black defeat. Imagination soared with him—but common sense brought him safely to earth again.

They went home after the ceremony, first stopping for the congratulations and good wishes of the Babbitt family—another triumph—and, while the bridegroom waited in the taxi, the bride took off the wedding-dress and put on the blue silk, of which mention has been made. While she was doing this, Tommy himself repacked the wonder gown. Repacked, did I say?—nay, fairly flung it into its box, wiped the slipper soles upon his sleeve, hastily folded the veil like a bed-quilt, loosely retied the silver bows into strange caricatures of their for-

mer beauty, tossed the lid of the box in place, and knotted the silver cords about it as silver cords had never before been knotted around a box of Mme. Maureen's. This done, he rushed into the bedroom and gave Luetta a precipitate, violent hug.

"G'-by, Mrs. Babbitt!" he said. "I gotta get back to work!"

He was gone before either Luetta or Mrs. Holmes could check him.

## VI

HARD running again to that same cross-town car. He glanced at a clock—it was five minutes to twelve. What a lot of time weddings do take! The car was two blocks away, but Tommy was not one to waste a precious moment.

There was something more he had to do. He put the box down and suddenly sat on the end of it and crushed it. Then, dropping quickly to the street, he rolled over twice, rising literally covered with dust and dirt. In this condition he boarded the car and stood on the platform until Madison Avenue was reached. Thence he quickly presented himself at the portals of the Ritz.

The men at the door eyed frowningly the strange, dirty little figure that presented itself as the messenger of Mme. Maureen; but they had had their orders, and Tommy presently went up-stairs. He tried not to rub against anything, for he wanted all the dirt and dust to show.

The door of the Hethersleigh suite opened as he approached, and a group of excited people formed there.

"Here's the boy at last!" some one said.

"We've telephoned to Mme. Maureen twice, and she said she started you over an hour ago!" exclaimed another.

Now came the crucial moment. Tommy took off his cap and looked up at them, his innocent blue eyes proclaiming his entire honesty.

"I got knocked down by a auto," he said. "I kind of lost my senses and got all shook up. I was in a drug-store when I come to, and I grabbed the box and run every step of the way. I'm awful sorry if I'm late!"

"Why, the poor little fellow!" said the bride's mother, taking command of the

situation. "Do look, he's all over dirt—still. How perfectly dreadful! Are you hurt, child?"

"No, ma'am," said Tommy. "I'm all right now, only I'm afraid the lady's dress got hurt. Won't you open it and see?"

He tendered the crushed and broken box with its dangling tassels. There were more exclamations, and the maids seized the box and tore it open, while Miss Hethersleigh, her mother, and several female relatives gathered anxiously about. Tommy remained near the door for purposes of strategic retreat, if necessary.

The dress was taken out and pronounced undamaged; the veil likewise and the slippers also.

"Some one must telephone to Maureen's," said Mrs. Hethersleigh, and some one obediently went to the telephone. "And here's something for you, little boy," continued the lady, fumbling in her gold-mesh bag.

Tommy shook his head and backed away precipitately. He could not take money from any one connected with that dress.

"No, ma'am, I wasn't waiting for that," he said indignantly. "I was just waiting to see if the dress wasn't hurt. I'm—I'm awful glad it wasn't!"

He turned and almost ran down the corridor.

"Upon my word!" said Mrs. Hethersleigh, staring after him. "You do sometimes find real fineness of feeling among the lower classes!"

## VII

RETURNED to Maureen's, Tommy found that the story of the accident had preceded him. When he came in, still with most of the dirt sticking to him, he was received as a hero.

"And to think you never let go the box!" said Miss Parsons. "Tommy, I'm going to raise your salary half a dollar a week for that. That dress was worth thousands and thousands! You're a brave, sensible boy."

To her amazement and dismay Tommy put his head down and burst into precipitate tears. The strain of the last two hours had been too much for him.



"Of course, you're all upset," said Miss Parsons, patting his back. "Lida, won't you take charge of Tommy and brush him off and let him lie down on the back fitting-room couch for a while? And maybe a cup of chocolate and some crackers—"

Presently Tommy, well brushed by the sympathetic Lida, his face tenderly bathed by her, with chocolate and crackers by his side on a small table, lay at ease on the couch of the back fitting-room. It was a pleasant place, flooded with a rosy and becoming light, for the benefit of the complexions of ladies who tried on gowns there.

The quiet and the rest were balm to Tommy's spirit.

He reviewed the events of the morning. Logic approved absolutely of all that he had done, and advised him that he had not left a loophole for suspicion. Imagination congratulated him on seizing the opportunity and acting on it so energetically. But common sense added the final and the most impressive word. It said:

"You may have got away with it once, *but don't try it again!*"

And by this decision Tommy was more than content to abide.

---

# The Women of New York and Their Vote

WHAT THE NEWLY ENFRANCHISED CITIZENS OF THE EMPIRE STATE HAVE  
ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED, AND WHAT THEY PLAN  
TO DO IN THE FUTURE

By Anne O'Hagan

**S**HORTLY after the present mayor of New York had been elected, he began receiving communications, standardized in form but otherwise independent and individual, from women all over the metropolis. These reminded him that he had won his office on a platform of municipal ownership. They told him that the writers were heartily sick and tired of milk-investigation committees and food-investigation committees which accomplished nothing in the way of lowering prices, and they called upon him to take such action in regard to city milk-distributing stations and municipal markets as would tend to preserve the lives of babies, and the health and a remnant of the earnings of the adult population of New York.

The communications were signed, in some instances, by names with which the mayor elect might have been familiar if he had been a conscientious reader of suf-

frage news for the last six or seven years; but for the most part the signatures could not have been thus known to him. They were those of hosts of plain women who had never engaged actively in the battle for the ballot, but who, having obtained it, were immediately and intelligently disposed to use its influence.

Thus, almost before the *New York Times*, the other antisuffragists, and Mayor Mitchel had had a chance to recover their wind after the resounding blow dealt them on the 6th of last November, the women of the metropolis were giving evidence of their eminently practical intentions as to the use of their vote. Despite her enfranchisement, woman had not gone, in any considerable numbers, upon a glorious rampage of freedom, a harebrained adventure along untried roads. She was still in the home; as were also the milk-bottle, the market-basket, and the fran-



chise. She duly notified the incoming mayor that, in this traditional sphere of action, she felt that she had a right to demand his cooperation.

#### WOMEN VOTERS VISIT THE MAYOR

Mayor Hylan had been in office two days. New York was freezing in the grip of zero weather and a coal shortage. The hospitals were filling with pneumonia cases. Two hundred women from the districts in which these conditions were the most bitterly felt marched to the City Hall and requested audience with the mayor. It was accorded them. They told the head of the city government the sufferings which they and their neighbors were enduring, and asked for swift help.

Mayor Hylan heard them with patience and sympathy. He would, he said, always be ready to hear them and to help them. The City Hall attendants were courteous. The women were promised every possible assistance that the city, in such an abnormal situation, could render. Within two more days the police of the various precincts were collecting donations of coal from all who could manage to contribute any amount, from a shovelful to a ton, and were redistributing it among the poverty-stricken sufferers.

There was not a great deal printed in the papers about the visit of that delegation of hard-working, desperate women to the City Hall. The procedure had been an orderly one, not lending itself to sensational headlines. It had been a visit of voters to a place which they had the right to visit, on an errand that was entirely within their province.

A year before a similar group of women from the poorer sections of the city had gone to the City Hall on a somewhat similar mission. The newspapers of the next day were full of their violence, their disorderliness and unmanageability under their failure to obtain the hearing they desired, their futile belligerence in refusing to listen to the perfectly legitimate reasons for that failure.

Is it stretching the law of causation to the breaking-point to find in the courtesy accorded one set of petitioners the proper

regard for an enfranchised group, and in the dilatory tactics adopted with the other the almost unavoidable pushing to one side of a group of unenfranchised citizens? Is it too wild a theory to find in the more orderly behavior of one group the calm of persons aware that they are not without strength, and in the disorderliness of the other the futile rage of those aware of a lack of strength?

To the women who have labored so long and so assiduously for suffrage in the belief that the enfranchisement of their sex would mean improvement in the every-day life of the every-day woman, the remarkable contrast between the two scenes seems, if not actually a proof of the correctness of their theory, at any rate a piece of strong supporting evidence.

#### THE FEDERAL SUFFRAGE AMENDMENT

The women of New York will shortly have part in electing forty-three members of the House of Representatives. For many years past—approximately sixty—at each session of Congress there has been offered an amendment to the Federal Constitution striking out the word "male" as a qualification for voters. As one State after another obtained woman suffrage interest in this amendment—known as the Susan B. Anthony amendment—grew slightly more marked. Until this year, however, it never became more than warmly academic—platonically with a touch of sentiment. Session after session saw the proposal laid away in lavender for another season, despite the eloquence of leaders and, in recent times, the eagerly sought martyrdom of pickets.

On the 9th of January, 1918, interest in the amendment ceased to be academic. President Wilson, who has never been ashamed to proclaim himself still capable of growth by admitting a changed mind, came out squarely in favor of its adoption. On the following day the House of Representatives passed it by the necessary two-thirds vote. Nothing had been changed from last year and a long line of last years except that the women of New York had won the suffrage, and at the polls next November they might conceivably feel

some animosity toward such of their representatives as were cold to the idea of enfranchising the women of the whole country.

Apparently, therefore, though still unexercised, the vote of the women of New York has already proved powerful in bringing about a reform of the franchise. As the greatly embittered and utterly unreconciled organ of antisuffrage, the *New York Times* put it:

In the Congress elections next fall no chance of losing a seat can be taken by either party.

The newspaper proceeded to scold peevishly at Congressmen who, having no desire for political extinction, also perceived this fact and acted as seemed to them wise in the premises.

Thus the women of New York may be held to have accomplished within a few weeks of their enfranchisement, and without the casting of a vote, these two important things—they secured courteous attention at the City Hall to their problems as housewives, and caused a scurry of enrolment in the ranks of their friends in the House of Representatives.

#### WOMEN VOTERS AND THE FUTURE

They mean, however, to accomplish a great deal more, although they most distinctly refuse to set a date for the beginning of the millennium. They believe that when the time comes for the casting of their first important vote they will go to the polls the most intelligent, serious-minded group ever admitted at one time to any electorate. Upon the admirable organization to which they give the credit for their victory last November, they rely for the instruction which is to make them increasingly worthy of the responsibility bestowed upon them.

The New York State Woman Suffrage Party has undertaken the formation of a normal training-school in citizenship. In it workers, both professional and volunteer, will be trained to instruct women in the fundamentals of citizenship. The course, to be offered this spring, is naturally a highly concentrated one, and the students entering it will be required to supplement

the work of the lecturers by extensive reading and home study. From the central school in New York they will go out into smaller cities which have not set up similar schools on their own account—as Buffalo and Rochester, for example, have done—there to establish training courses with the local women as students. From these, in turn, teachers will go out into the villages and the rural communities until, at last, in every district school there will be classes in the meaning of American citizenship and its meaning to the individual woman.

The State Board of Regents will co-operate with the Woman Suffrage Party in this great non-partisan work of political education. It is hoped and believed that out of it will come a development not only of political intelligence, but of social intelligence as well, and that the schoolhouses to which the women of the small rural centers resort for instruction in the fundamentals of voting will grow into community centers of social life.

The lessons in citizenship will fall into two divisions—those which deal with the structure of government, and those which correlate the work of woman in the State to her work in the home. The care of the mother for her own children will correlate itself to the State's machinery for the care and education of its children; the traditional rôle of the *Lady Bountiful* to the unfortunate will show itself allied with the State's provisions for the care of the poor. Woman, the nurse from time immemorial, will be instructed in the analogy between her ancient occupation and the State hospital system. Thus, politics will be shown to the women voters not as something new and strange, alien to all their age-long interests, but as the logical and fitting development of those interests in the modern community.

As a text-book to be used with this course, one of the vice-chairmen of the New York State Woman Suffrage Party, Mrs. Raymond Brown, has prepared a comprehensive volume, "Your Vote and How to Use It." In twenty-three chapters the whole structure of government, national, State, county, city, town, and village, is de-

scribed and briefly explained; the mysteries of the primary are laid bare; the intricacies of taxation are unraveled; and woman's close connection with the State and its departments as housekeeper and mother, as well as property-owner or industrial worker, is clearly shown.

#### PROBLEM OF THE FOREIGN-BORN WOMAN

One most important feature of the educational work which the New York State Woman Suffrage Party has set out to do is that of Americanization. According to the present law, the foreign-born woman becomes a citizen of the country by virtue of her husband's citizenship or naturalization. Only unmarried foreign-born women can apply for citizenship in their own right. A foreign-born man, in order to become a citizen, must be able to meet five tests—he must speak English, he must be of good character, he must have lived in the country five years, he must show that he is "attached to the principles of the Constitution," and, above all, he must take the oath of allegiance.

Without meeting a single one of these tests, his wife becomes a citizen of the United States when he does. In New York, to be sure, it is provided that she must have lived five years in the United States in order to vote; but she is not required to speak or understand English, to be of good character, to know anything whatever of the Constitution, or to take the oath of allegiance. There are four hundred thousand such women in the State of New York, two hundred thousand of them in the metropolis.

To meet the menace which these women are to the electorate, two steps have been taken. First, Miss Rankin, member of Congress from Montana, has introduced an amendment to the Federal Constitution providing the same requirements for foreign-born women as for foreign-born men before citizenship can be acquired; and, second, the New York State Woman Suffrage Party is organizing a great campaign of Americanization.

In every election district of the metropolis, Americanization leaders and captains have already been appointed; the

State Board of Regents has named a special committee to cooperate with these, and the municipal department of education has undertaken to conduct any classes that are formed. Volunteers for house-to-house work have been organized. A primer on naturalization has been prepared. In at least every Assembly district, neighborhood information centers are planned, and the cooperation of schools, churches, settlements, and all community centers is earnestly solicited.

At the next session of the New York Legislature, special legislation will be asked for the education of these women through the State's educational extension system. Miss Mary E. Dreier is chairman of the committee having this work in charge, and Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey, and Miss Esther E. Lape are associated with her.

#### WOMEN AND THE POLITICAL PARTIES

Of course, at a time when women are engaging in occupations outside the home in numbers never before contemplated, it is impossible that all of them should see their new political horizon bounded by the milk-station and the municipal market. Many of the new voters have views and intentions in regard to a number of most unhousewifely matters. Some of them have already joined the National Woman's Party, an organization which has so far existed chiefly for the castigation of members of Congress who do not hold acceptable views on the woman question. Others have joined the Socialists or the Democrats or the Republicans.

Some anxiously foreboding souls profess to see in women's votes the end of cakes and ale—at any rate of ale; as to that, however, it must not be forgotten that it was a Congress with only one woman member, a Congress representative of a far greater masculine than feminine constituency, which passed the Federal Prohibition amendment. The blame for that, if blame be its just due, cannot be laid at the door of the women voters of the country.

The condition of the foreign-born wives of foreign-born citizens has already been described as the concern of the Americani-

zation Committee of the State Woman Suffrage Party. Another group of women concerns itself with the problem of another class of wives—with the political disability of the American-born wives of foreign-born, unnaturalized men.

This body, which styles itself the Committee of One Thousand Women, is one of the more radical groups, whose talent is perhaps more for the publicity which it considers to be essential to drastic action than for the equally essential work of organization. Partly in response to its demand, the Governor ordered special Congressional elections to be held in four New York City districts left unrepresented by the resignation of their Congressmen to enter the military service of the country. The committee is now agitating to have a vacancy declared in at least one other district left similarly unrepresented, although its Congressman did not resign upon entering the army.

#### THE SPECIAL ELECTIONS OF MARCH 5

The women's vote in the elections held on March 5 was watched with much interest. There had been a special registration for the women voters of the four districts, and ninety-one per cent of those who registered went to the polls. They voted, not as women, but as citizens. The one woman who was a candidate for Congress, Mrs. Colvin of the Twenty-First District, a Prohibitionist, received less than four hundred votes, although the voting women of the district numbered more than nine thousand. The fact that in each district a Democratic candidate was elected may be read to mean that to the women, as to the men, the chief issue at present is the undivided prosecution of the war.

The orderly progress of the voting showed that the quaint fears which used to be expressed as to the possibility of unpleasant incidents at the polls were groundless. The women cast their ballots in a businesslike manner, many of them taking in their polling-place on their way to market, or while airing the baby. For the first time in his multifarious experiences, the New York policeman guarding that sacrosanct spot where the citizenry records its

sovereign will, had to keep an eye upon perambulators and their contents while mothers stepped inside to vote. It is safe to say that no one was hurt by the experience—policeman, baby, or mother.

No forecast of the New York woman's probable use of her vote would be complete without some consideration of what the voters already existing mean to do with her, or to try to do with her. How, for example, do the Tammany district clubs mean to act toward the women voters of their districts? They have not as yet made up their minds in detail; that is, they have not as yet decided whether there will be one coeducational club, so to speak, or two independent organizations. But they mean to welcome the women.

It is noteworthy that in at least one of the clubs run by the younger, more progressive men of the Tammany party, the first meeting after Election Day saw a sum appropriated for a general housecleaning and renovating of the clubhouse. Some of these young men admit that in their districts the sentiment was against woman suffrage; but they declare that there is to be no crying over spilt milk, no sulking in the tents. Women are voters, and the clubhouses must be made ready for good housekeepers.

With that spirit abroad in the last place where one would have expected to find it; with the great, well-organized campaign of education begun by the great, well-organized party that brought the women to victory last November; surely the State of New York has nothing to fear from the new order of things. The millennium is still vague upon a far-off horizon; but it cannot be doubted that henceforth New York will have as enlightened legislation for women and children as all the other woman-suffrage States have enacted. Nor can it be doubted that, with the political-educational program once started, there will be an ever-increasing growth of interest in social legislation and reform.

The Tammany club which voted an appropriation for a renovated clubhouse immediately after the success of the woman-suffrage campaign may become largely, and most happily, symbolic.



# The Roll-Call\*

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

Author of "Clayhanger," "These Twain," etc.

THE hero of the story is George Edwin Cannon—the son of Hilda Lessways, born before her marriage to Edwin Clayhanger—who is studying architecture in the office of Lucas & Enwright, in London. At first he lives with Mr. and Mrs. John Orgreave, in Bedford Park—John Orgreave being a partner in the firm and a fellow townsman of the Clayhangers. Later, the young man takes a room in Chelsea, in the house of old Mr. Haim, a factotum at Lucas & Enwright's. Another part of the same house—the top floor, and a studio built out into the garden—is jointly occupied by two artists—Buckingham Smith and Alfred Prince.

Mr. Haim has a young daughter, Marguerite, who is a designer of book-covers. She is an attractive girl, and George finds her a pleasant companion. Their mutual sympathy kindles into love, but they keep their romance secret, and its course is complicated by dissension in the Haim family. Mr. Haim, a widower, wishes to marry Mrs. Lobley, who has been doing the work of the house, and Marguerite, to her father's great distress, is bitterly opposed to the match. The old man tells George that he has just had a violent scene with his daughter, and that she has gone either to the two artists' studio or to her friend, Celia Agg. George volunteers to ascertain where she is.

## X

"CAN I come in?" said George, hatless, pushing open the door of the studio, which was ajar.

There were people in the bright and rather chilly studio, and none of them moved until the figure arriving out of the darkness was identified. Mr. Prince, who, in the far corner, was apparently cleaning or adjusting his press, then came forward with a quiet, shy, urbane welcome. Marguerite herself stood nearly under the central lamp, talking to Agg, who was seated. The somewhat celebrated Agg immediately rose and said in her somewhat deep voice to Marguerite:

"I must go."

Agg was the eldest daughter of the Agg family, a broad-minded and turbulent tribe who acknowledged the nominal headship of a hard-working and successful barrister. She was a painter, and lived and slept in semiindependence in a studio of her own in Manresa Road, but maintained close and constant relations with the rest of the tribe.

In shape and proportions fairly tall and fairly thin, she counted in shops among the stock sizes; but otherwise she was entitled

to call herself unusual. She kept her hair about as short as the hair of a boy who has postponed going to the barber's for a month after the proper time, and she incompletely covered the hair with the smallest possible hat. Her coat was long and straight and her skirt short. Her boots were high, reaching well up the calf, but they had high heels and were laced in some hundreds of holes. She carried a cane in a neatly gloved hand. She was twenty-seven.

In style Marguerite and Agg made a great contrast with one another. Each was fully aware of the contrast, and liked it.

"Good evening, Mr. Cannon," said Agg firmly, not shaking hands.

George had met her once in the way of small talk at her father's house. Having yet to learn the important truth that it takes all sorts to make a world, he did not like her, and wondered why she existed. He could understand Celia Agg being fond of Marguerite, but he could not understand Marguerite being fond of Celia Agg; and the friendship between these two, now that he actually for the first time saw it in being, irked him.

"Is anything the matter? Have you seen father?" asked Marguerite in a serious, calm

\* Copyright, 1918, by Arnold Bennett—This story began in the April number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*



tone, turning to him. Like George, she had run into the studio without putting on any street attire.

George perceived that there was no secret in the studio as to the crisis in the Haim family. Clearly the topic had been under discussion. Prince, as well as Agg, was privy to it. George did not quite like that. He was vaguely jealous of both Prince and Agg.

Indeed, he was startled to find that Marguerite could confide such a matter to Prince—at any rate, without consulting himself. While not definitely formulating the claim in his own mind, he had somehow expected of Marguerite that until she met him she would have existed absolutely sole, without any sentimental connections of any sort, in abeyance, waiting for his miraculous advent. He was glad that Mr. Buckingham Smith was not of the conclave; he felt that he could not have tolerated Mr. Buckingham Smith.

"Yes, I've seen him," George answered.

"Did he tell you?"

"Yes."

Mr. Prince, after a little hovering, retired to his press, and a wheel could be heard creaking.

"What did he tell you?"

"He told me about—the marriage. I gathered there'd been a bit of a scene."

"Nothing else?"

"No."

Agg then interjected, fixing her blue eyes on George:

"Marguerite is coming to live with me in my studio."

And her challenging gaze met George's steadily.

"Oh!" George could not suppress his pained inquietude at this decision having been made without his knowledge. Both girls misapprehended his feeling. "That's it, is it?"

"Well," said Agg, "what can Mr. Haim expect? Here Marguerite's been paying this woman two shillings a day and her food, and letting her take a parcel home at nights; and then all of a sudden she comes dressed up for tea and sits down, and Mr. Haim says she's his future wife. What *does* he expect? Does he expect Mar-

guerite to kiss her and call her mama? The situation's impossible!"

"But you can't stop people from falling in love, Agg, you know. It's not a crime," said Mr. Prince in his weak voice, surprisingly, from the press.

"I know it's not a crime," said Agg sharply; "and nobody wants to stop people from falling in love. If Mr. Haim chooses to go mad about a charwoman, when his wife—and such a wife—has been dead barely three years, that's his concern. It's true the lady isn't much more than half his age, and that the whole business would be screamingly funny if it wasn't disgusting; but still he's a free agent. And Marguerite's a free agent, too, I hope. Of course he's thunderstruck to discover that Marguerite is a free agent. He would be!"

"He certainly is in a state," said George with an uneasy, short laugh.

"And why is he in a state?" Agg continued. "Because Marguerite says she'll leave the house? Not a bit. Only because of what he thinks is the scandal of her leaving. Mr. Haim is a respectable man. He's simply all respectability. He'd sacrifice everything to respectability—except the lovely Lobley. It's not respectable in a respectable family for a girl to leave home on account of her stepmother; and so he's in a state, if you please! If he wanted to carry on with Mrs. Lobley, let him carry on with her. But no! That's not respectable. He's just got to marry her!" Agg sneered.

George was startled, perhaps excusably, at the monstrous doctrine implied in Agg's remarks. He had thought himself a man of the world, experienced, unshockable; but he blanched, and all his presence of mind was needed to preserve a casual, cool demeanor.

The worst of the trial was Marguerite's tranquil acceptance of the attitude of her friend. She glanced at Agg in silent, admiring approval. He surmised that until that moment he had been perfectly ignorant of what girls really were.

"I see," said George courageously.

And then, strangely, he began to admire, too. And he pulled himself together.

"I think I shall leave to-morrow," Mar-

guerite announced. "Morning. It will be much better. She can look after him. I don't see that I owe any duty—"

"Yes, you do, dear," Agg corrected her impressively. "You owe a duty to your mother—to her memory. That's the duty you owe. I'll come round for you to-morrow myself in a four-wheeler—let me see, about eleven."

George hated the sound of the word "duty."

"Thank you, dear," Marguerite murmured, and the girls shook hands; they did not kiss.

"By-by, Princey."

"By-by, Agg."

"Good night, Mr. Cannon."

Agg departed, slightly banging the door.

"I think I'll go back home now," said Marguerite. "Had they gone out?"

"Who? Your father and what's-her-name? She's gone, but he hasn't. If you don't want to meet him to-night again, hadn't you better—"

"Oh! If she's gone, he'll be gone, too, by this time. Trust him!"

Mr. Prince approached them, urging Marguerite soothingly to stay as long as she liked. She shook her head, and pressed his hand affectionately.

## XI

WHEN George and Marguerite reentered No. 8 by the front door, Mr. Haim was still sitting, overcome, at the tea-table. They both had sight of him through the open door of the parlor. Marguerite was obviously disturbed to see him there, but she went straight into the room. George moved into the darkness of his own room. He heard the voices of the other two.

"Then you mean to go?" Haim asked accusingly.

Marguerite answered in a calm, good-humored, sweet tone:

"Of course, if you mean to marry Mrs. Lobley."

"Marry Mrs. Lobley! Of course I shall marry her!" Haim's voice rose. "What right have you to settle where I shall marry and where I sha'n't?"

"I've fixed everything up with Celia Agg," said Marguerite very quietly.

"You've soon arranged it!"

No reply from Marguerite. The old man spoke again:

"You've no right—it 'll be an open scandal."

Then a silence. George now thought impatiently that a great fuss was being made about a trifle, and that a matter much more important deserved attention.

His ear caught a violent movement. The old man came out of the parlor, and, instead of taking his hat and rushing off to find the enchantress, he walked slowly and heavily up-stairs, preceded by his immense shadow thrown from the hall lamp. He disappeared round the corner of the stairs. George, under the influence of the apparition, was forced to modify his view that all the fuss was over a trifle.

He tiptoed into the parlor. Marguerite was standing at the table. As soon as George came in she began to gather the tea-things together on the tray.

"I say!" whispered George.

Marguerite's bent, tranquil face had a pleasant look as she handled the crockery.

"I shall get him a nice breakfast to-morrow," she said, also in a whisper. "And as soon as he's gone to the office I shall pack. It won't take me long, really."

"But won't Mrs. Lobley be here?"

"What if she is? I've nothing against Mrs. Lobley—nor, as far as that goes, against poor father, either. You see what I mean."

"He told me you'd had a terrible scene. That's what he said—a terrible scene."

"It depends what you call a scene," she said smoothly. "I was rather upset just at first—who wouldn't be? But—" She stopped, listening, with a glance at the ceiling. There was not the slightest sound overhead. "I wonder what he's doing?"

She picked up the tray.

"I'll carry that," said George.

"No! It's all right. I'm used to it. You might bring me the table-cloth. But you won't drop the crumbs out of it, will you?"

He followed her with the bunched-up table-cloth down the dangerous basement steps into the kitchen. She passed straight into the little scullery, where the tray with

its contents was habitually left for the attention of Mrs. Lobley the next morning. When she turned again, he halted her, at the entrance from the scullery, with a question:

"Shall you be all right?"

"With Agg?"

"Yes."

"How do you mean, 'all right'?"

"Well, for money and so on."

"Oh, yes!" She spoke lightly and surely, with a faint, confident smile.

"I was thinking as they'd cut down your prices—"

"I shall have heaps. Agg and I—why, we can live splendidly for next to nothing. You'll see."

He was rebuffed. He felt jealous—of both Agg and Prince, but especially of Prince. It still seemed outrageous to him that Prince should have been taken into her confidence. Prince had known of the affair before himself.

He was more than jealous; he had a greater grievance. Marguerite appeared to have forgotten all about love, all about the mighty event of their betrothal. She appeared to have put it away as casually as she had put away the tray. Yet ought not the event to count supreme over everything else—over no matter what? He was desolate and unhappy.

"Did you tell Agg?" he asked.

"What about?"

"Our being engaged—and so on?"

She started toward him.

"Dearest!" she protested, not in the least irritated or querulous, but kindly, affectionately. "Without asking you first! Didn't we agree we wouldn't say anything to anybody? But we shall have to think about telling Agg."

He met her and suddenly seized her. They kissed, and she shut her eyes. He was ecstatically happy.

"Oh!" she murmured in his embrace. "I'm so glad I've got you!"

She opened her eyes, and tears fell from them. She cried quietly, without excitement and without shame. She cried with absolute naturalness.

Her tears filled him with profound delight; and in the exquisite subterranean

intimacy of the kitchen, he saw with his eyes and felt with his arms how beautiful she was. Her face, seen close, was incredibly soft and touching. Her nose was the most wonderful nose ever witnessed. He gloated upon her perfection—for literally, to him, she was perfect.

With what dignity and with what a sense of justice she had behaved, in the studio, in the parlor, and here! He was gloriously reassured as he realized how in their joint future he would be able to rely upon her fairness, her conscientiousness, her mere pleasantness which nothing could disturb. Throughout the ordeal of the evening she had not once been ruffled. She had not said an unkind word, or given an unkind gesture, or exhibited the least trace of resentment.

Then, she had taste, and she was talented. But perhaps the greatest quality of all was her adorable beauty and charm. And yet no! The final attraction was that she trusted him, depended on him, cried in his embrace—he loosed her with reluctance, and she deliciously wiped her eyes on his handkerchief, and he took her again.

"I suppose I must leave here, too, now," he said.

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed. "You mustn't! Why should you? I don't want you to."

"Don't you? Why?"

"Oh, I don't, truly! You'll be just as well looked after as if I was here. I do hope you'll stay."

That settled it. And Manresa Road was not far off.

She sat on the table and leaned against him a long time. Then she said she must go up-stairs to her room—she had so much to do.

He could not forbid, because she was irresistible. She extinguished the kitchen lamp, and side by side they groped their way up-stairs to the first floor. The cat nonchalantly passed them in the hall.

"Put the lights out here, will you, when you go to bed?" she whispered.

He felt flattered. She offered her face.

The lovely thing slipped away up-stairs with unimaginable, ravishing grace. She vanished.

There was silence. After a moment George could hear the clock ticking in the kitchen below. He stood motionless, amid the dizzy memories of her glance, her gestures, the softness of her body. What had happened to him was past belief. He completely forgot the existence of the old man in love.

## XII

GEORGE, having had breakfast in bed, opened his door for the second time that morning, and duly found on the mat the can of hot water, covered with a bit of old blanket, and the can of cold water, which comprised the material for his bath. There was no sound in the house. The new spouse might be up-stairs or she might be down-stairs—he could not tell; but the cans proved that she was imminent and regardful. Indeed, she never forgot anything.

And George's second state at No. 8 was physically even better than his first. In the transition through autumn from summer to winter—a transition which, according to the experience of tens of thousands of London lodgers, is capable of turning comparative comfort into absolute discomfort—Mrs. Haim had behaved with benevolence and ingenuity. For example, the bedroom fire, laid overnight, was now burning up well from the mere touch of the lodger's own match. Such things are apt to count, and they counted with George.

As for Mr. Haim, George knew that he was still in bed, because since his marriage Mr. Haim had made a practise of staying in bed on Sunday mornings. The scheme was his wife's. She regarded it as his duty to himself to exercise this grand male privilege of staying in bed. To do so gave him majesty, and was a sign of authority.

A copy of the *Referee*, fresh as fruit new-dropped from the bough, lay in the hall at the front door. Mr. Haim had read the *Referee* since the *Referee* was. He began his perusal with the feature known as "Mustard and Cress," which not only amused him greatly, but convinced him that his own ideas on affairs were really very sagacious. His chief and most serious admiration, however, was kept for "Our Hand-Book."

"It's my Bible," he had once remarked. "I'm not ashamed to say it. And there are scores and scores of men who'd say the same."

Church bells could not be heard at No. 8. The *Referee* lying in the hall was the gracious sign of Sabbath morning. Presently Mrs. Haim would carry it up-stairs respectfully. For her it was simply and unanalyzably the *Referee*. She did not dream of looking into it. Mr. Haim did not expect her to look into it. Her mission was to solace and to charm, his alone to supply the intellectual basis upon which their existence reposed.

George's nose caught the beautiful odor of bacon; he picked up his cans and disappeared.

When he was dressed, he brought forward the grindstone to the fire, and conscientiously put his nose to it, without even lighting a cigarette. It had been agreed between himself and Marguerite that there should be no more cigarettes until after lunch. It had also been agreed that he should put his nose to the grindstone that Sunday morning, and that she should do the same away in Manresa Road.

George's grindstone happened to be Miers and Crosskey's "The Soil in Relation to Health." He was preparing for his final examination. In addition to the vast, imperial subject of design, the final comprised four other subjects—construction, hygiene, properties and uses of building materials, and ordinary practise of architecture. George was now busy with one branch of the second of these subjects.

Perhaps he was not following precisely the order of tactics prescribed by the most wily tacticians, for as usual he had his own ideas and they were arbitrary; but he was veritably and visibly engaged in the slow but exciting process of becoming a great architect. And he knew and felt that he was. The disordered bed, and the untransparent bath-water, and the soap-tin by the side of the bath, and the breakfast-tray on a chair, were as much a part of the inspiring spectacle as himself, tense and especially dandiical, in the midst.

Nevertheless, appearances deceived. On a table were the thirteen glorious illustrated



volumes of Ongania's "Basilica di San Marco," which Mr. Enwright had obtained for him on loan. And while George sat quite still, with his eyes and his volition centered fiercely on Miers and Crosskey, his brain would keep making excursions across the room to the church of St. Mark at Venice. He brought it back again and again with a jerk, but he could not retain it in place.

The minutes passed; the quarters passed, until an hour and a half had gone. Then he closed Miers and Crosskey. He had sworn to study Miers and Crosskey for an hour and a half. He had fought hard to do so, and nobody could say that he had not done so. He was aware, however, that the fight had not been wholly successful. He had not won it; on the other hand, neither had he lost it. Honor was saved, and he could still sincerely assert that in regard to the final examination he had got time fiercely by the forelock.

He rose and strolled over to the "Basilica di San Marco," and opened one or two of those formidable and enchanting volumes. Then he produced a cigarette and struck a match, and he was about to light the cigarette when squinting down at it he suddenly wondered:

"Now, how the deuce did that cigarette come into my mouth?"

He replaced the cigarette in his case, and in a moment he had left the house.

He was invited to Mrs. John Orgreave's new abode at Bedford Park for lunch. In the early part of the year Mrs. John had inherited money, and the result had been an increase in the spaciousness of her existence. George had not expected to see the new house, for he had determined to have nothing more to do with Mrs. John. He was, it is to be feared, rather touchy. He and Adela Orgreave had not openly quarreled, but in their hearts they had quarreled.

George had for some time objected to her attitude toward him as a boarder. She would hint that, as she assuredly had no need of boarders, she was conferring a favor on him by boarding him. It was of course true, but George considered that her references to the fact were offensive. He

did not understand and make allowances for Adela Orgreave. Moreover, he thought that a woman who had been through the divorce court ought to be modest in demeanor toward people who had not been through the divorce court.

Further, Adela resented his frequent lateness for meals. And she had said, with an uncompromising glance:

"I hope you'll turn over a new leaf when we get into the new house."

"Perhaps I sha'n't get into the new house," he had replied, with an uncompromising glance.

Nothing else had been said at the time; but after that both felt that mutual detestation had set in.

John Orgreave was not implicated in the discreet rupture. Possibly he knew of it; possibly he didn't. He was not one to look for trouble, and he accepted the theory that it was part of George's vital scheme to inhabit Chelsea.

And then Adela, all fluffiness and winsomeness, had called, in the previous week, at Russell Square and behaved like a woman whose sole aim in life is to please and cosset men of genius.

"I shall be dreadfully hurt if you don't come to one of my Sunday lunches, George!" she had said. And also: "We miss you, you know."

Marguerite had thoroughly approved his acceptance of the invitation. She thought that he "ought" to accept. He had promised, as she had an urgent design to do, not to arrive at the studio before 8 P.M., and he had received a note from her that morning to insist on the hour.

### XIII

THE roads were covered with a very even, very thin coating of mud; it was as if a corps of highly skilled house-painters had laid on the mud and just vanished. The pavements had a kind of yellowish-brown varnish. Each of the few trees that could be seen—and there were a few—carried about six surviving leaves. The sky was of a blue-black with golden rents and gleams that traveled steadily eastward.

Except the man with newspapers at the corner of Alexandra Grove, scarcely a sign



of life showed along the vistas of Fulham Road; but the clock over the jeweler's was alive, and bearing the usual false witness to the time of day. From the upper open galleries of the Workhouse three or four old men and old women in uniform looked down indifferently upon the free world which they had left forever. Then an omnibus appeared faintly, advancing from the beautiful gray distance of the straight and apparently endless street.

George crossed the road on his way toward Redcliffe Gardens and Earl's Court. He was very smart—indeed, smarter than ever—having produced in himself, quite naturally and easily, a fair imitation of the elegant figures which, upon his visits to the restaurant-building in Piccadilly, he had observed airing themselves round about Bond Street. His hair was smooth like polished marble; his hat and stick were at the right angle; his overcoat was new and indicated the locality of his waist; the spots of color in his attire complied with the operative decrees.

His young face had in it nothing that obviously separated him from the average youth of his clothes. Nobody would have said of him, at a glance, that he might be a particularly serious individual. And most people would have at once classed him as a callow, pleasure-seeking person in the act of seeking pleasure.

Nevertheless, he was at that moment particularly serious, and his seriousness was growing. His secret engagement had affected him, in part directly, and in part by the intensification of ambitious endeavor which had resulted from contact with that fount of seriousness, Marguerite.

Although still entirely dependent—even to cigarette-money—upon the benevolence of a couple of old individuals a hundred and fifty miles off, he reckoned that he was advancing in the world. The intermediate examination was past, and already he felt that he had come to grips with the final and would emerge victorious. He felt, too, that his general knowledge and the force and variety of his ideas were increasing. At times, when he and Marguerite talked, he was convinced that both of them had achieved absolute knowledge, and that their

criticisms of the world were and would always be unanswerable.

After the final, he hoped, his uncle would buy him a share in the Lucas and Enwright practise. In due season, his engagement would be revealed, and all would be immensely impressed by his self-restraint and his good taste. The marriage would occur, and he would be a London architect, an established man—at the mature age of, say, twenty-two.

No cloud would have obscured the inward radiance caused by the lovely image of Marguerite and by his confidence in himself, had it not been for those criticisms of the world. He had moods of being rather gravely concerned as to the world, and as to London.

He was recovering from the first great attack of London. He saw faults in London. He was capable of being disturbed by, for example, the ugliness and the inefficiency of London. He even thought that something ought to be done about it.

Upon this Sunday morning, fresh from visions of Venice, and rendered a little complacent by the grim execution of the morning's program of work, he was positively pained by the aspect of Redcliffe Gardens. The Redcliffe Arms public house, locked and dead, which was the daily paradise of hundreds of human beings, and had given balm and illusion to whole generations, seemed simply horrible to him in its Sunday morning coma. The large and stuffy unsightliness of it could not be borne. However, the glimpse of a barmaid at an upper window interested him pleasantly for a moment.

And the Redcliffe Arms was the true gate to the stucco and areas of Redcliffe Gardens. He looked down into the areas, and saw therein the furtive existence of squalor behind barred windows. All the sordid apparatus of London life was there. And as he raised his eyes to the drawing-room and bedroom stories, he found no relief. His eyes could discover nothing that was not mean, ugly, frowzy, and unimaginative. He pictured the heavy, gloomy, lethargic life within. The slatternly servants pottering about the bases of the sooty buildings sickened and saddened him.

A solitary Earl's Court omnibus that lumbered past with its sinister, sparse cargo seemed to be a spectacle absolutely tragic—he did not know why. The few wayfarers were obviously prim and smug. No joy, no eloquence anywhere! Only, at intervals, a feeling that mysterious and repulsive wealth was hiding itself like an ogre in the eternal twilight of fastnesses beyond the stuccoed walls and the grimy curtains.

The city worked six days in order to be precisely this on the seventh. Truly, it was very similar to the Five Towns, and in essentials not a bit better—a sociological discovery which startled him. He wanted to destroy Redcliffe Gardens, to design it afresh and rebuild it under the inspiration of St. Mark's and of the principles of hygiene as taught for the final examination. He had grandiose ideas for a new design. As for Redcliffe Square, he could do marvels with its spaces.

He arrived too soon at Earl's Court station, having forgotten that the Underground Railway had a treaty with the Church of England and all the Nonconformist churches not to run trains while the city, represented by possibly two per cent of its numbers, was at divine worship. He walked to and fro along the platforms in the vast, echoing cavern peopled with wandering lost souls.

At last a train came in from the void, and it had the air of a miracle, because nobody had believed that any train ever would come in. Then the Turnham Green train came in, and George got into a smoking-compartment, and Mr. Enwright was in the compartment.

Mr. Enwright also was going to the Orgreave luncheon. He was in what the office called "one of his moods." The other occupants of the compartment had a stiff and self-conscious air. Some, apparently, were proud of being abroad on Sunday morning; some, apparently, were ashamed. Mr. Enwright's demeanor was as free and natural as that of a child. His lined and drawn face showed worry and self-absorption in the frankest manner.

He began at once to explain how badly he had slept; indeed, he asserted that he had not slept at all; and he complained

with extreme acerbity of the renewal of his catarrh.

"Constant secretion—constant secretion," was the phrase he used to describe the chief symptom.

Then by a forced transition he turned to the profession of architecture, and restated his celebrated theory that it was the *Cinderella* of professions. The firm had quite recently obtained a very important job in a manufacturing quarter of London, without having to compete for it; but Mr. Enwright's great leading ideas never fluctuated with the fluctuation of facts. If the multiplicity of his lucrative jobs had been such as to compel him to run round from one to another on a piebald pony, in the style of Sir Hugh Corver, his view of the profession would not have altered.

He spoke with terrible sarcasm apropos of a rumor current in architectural circles that a provincial city intended soon to invite competitive designs for a building of really enormous proportions. He took oath that in no case should his firm enter for the competition. In short, his condition was markedly pessimistic.

George loved him, and was bound to humor him; and in order to respond sympathetically to Enwright's pessimism he attempted to describe his sensations concerning the London Sunday, and in particular the Sunday morning aspect of Earl's Court streets. He animadverted with virulence, and brought forward his new and startling discovery that London was in truth as provincial as the provinces.

"Well, I don't think it is," said Enwright, instantly becoming a judicial truth-seeker.

"Why don't you?"

"Simply because it's bigger—so much bigger. That's the principal difference, and you'll never get over it. You must appreciate size. An elephant is a noble animal, but it wouldn't be if it was only as big as a fly. London's an elephant, and forget it not."

"It's frightfully ugly, most of it, anyhow, and especially on Sunday morning," George persisted.

"Is it? I wonder whether it is, now! The architecture's ugly; but what's archi-

ture? Architecture isn't everything. If you can go up and down London and see nothing but architecture, you'll never be a first-rate architect." He spoke in a low, kindly, and reasonable tone. "I like London on Sunday mornings. In fact, it's marvelous. You say it's untidy and all that—slatternly, and so on. Well, so it ought to be when it gets up late. Jolly bad sign if it wasn't. And that's part of it! Why, dash it, look at a bedroom when you trail about getting up! Look how you leave it! The existence of a big city while it's waking up—lethargy business—a sort of shamelessness—it's like a great, strong animal! I think it's marvelous, and I always have thought so."

George would not openly agree, but his mind was illuminated with a new light, and in his mind he agreed, very admiringly.

The train stopped, people got out, and the two were alone in the compartment.

"I thought all was over between you and Adela," said Mr. Enwright, confidentially and quizzically.

George blushed a little.

"Oh, no!"

"I don't know what I'm going to her lunch for, I'm sure," said Mr. Enwright. "I suppose I have to go."

"I have, too," said George.

"Well, she won't do you any good, you know. I was glad when you left there."

George looked worldly.

"Rum sort, isn't she?"

"I'll tell you what she is. You remember 'Aida' at the Paris Opéra—the procession in the second act, where you lost your head and said it was the finest music ever written; and those girls in white, waving palms in front of the hero—what's his name? There are some women who are born to do that and nothing else. Thin lips—fixed, idiotic smile. They don't think a bit about what they're doing. They're thinking about themselves all the time. They simply don't care a damn about the hero, or about the audience or anything else, and they scarcely pretend to care. Arrogance isn't the word. It's something more terrific—it's stupendous! Mrs. John's like that. I thought of it as I was coming along here."

"Is she?" said George negligently. "Perhaps she is. I never thought of her like that."

Turnham Green station was announced.

#### XIV

DESPITE the fresh pinky horrors of its external architecture, and despite his own desire and firm intention to the contrary, George was very deeply impressed by the new Orgreave home. It was far larger than the previous house. The entrance was spacious, and the drawing-room, with a great fire at either end, immense. He had never been in an interior so splendid. He tried to be offhand in his attitude toward it, but did not fully succeed.

The taste shown in the decoration and furniture was almost unexceptionable. White walls; Heppelwhite; chints—black, crackling chints strewn with tens of thousands of giant roses. On the walls were a few lithographs—John's contribution to the general effect—John having of late years begun to take himself seriously as a collector of lithographs.

One-third of the room was divided from the rest by an arched and fretted screen of red lacquer, and within this open cage stood Mrs. John, winsomely surveying the expanse of little tables, little chairs, big chairs, huge chairs, sofas, rugs, flower-vases, and knickknacks. She had an advantage over most blondes nearing the forties in that she had not stoutened. She was in fact thin as well as short; but her face was too thin. Still, it dimpled, and she held her head knowingly on one side, and her bright hair was wonderfully done up. Dressed richly as she was, and assisted by the rejuvenating magic of jewels, she produced, in the friendly shadow of the screen, a notable effect of youthful vivacity, which only the insult of too close inspection could destroy.

With sinuous gestures she waved Mr. Enwright's metaphorical palm before the approaching George. Her smile flattered him; her frail, clinging hand flattered him. He had known her in her harsh morning moods; he had seen that persuasive manufactured mask vanish for whole minutes, to reveal a petty egotism, giving way re-

gardless of appearances to rage; he clearly observed now the hard, preoccupied eyes. Nevertheless, the charm which she exercised was undeniable. Her husband was permanently under its spell.

There he stood, near her—big, coarsening, good-natured, content, proud of her. He mixed a cocktail and he threw a match into the fire, in exactly the old Five Towns manner, which he would never lose.

As for her, she had thrown off all trace of the Five Towns; she had learned London, deliberately, thoroughly. And even George, with the unmerciful, ruthless judgment of his years, was obliged to admit that she possessed a genuine pertinacity and had marvelously accomplished an ambition. She had held John Orgreave for considerably more than a decade; she had had the tremendous courage to leave the heavy provincial manufacturer, her first husband; she had passed through the divorce court as a respondent without blenching; she had slowly darned her reputation with such skill that you could scarcely put your finger on the place where the hole had been; and lo, she was reigning in Bedford Park and had all she wanted—except youth.

Nor did she in the least show the resigned, disillusioned air of women who have but recently lost their youth. She bore herself just as if she still had no fear of strong lights, and was still the dazzling, dashing blonde of whom John in his earliest twenties used to say with ingenuous enthusiasm that she was "ripping"—the ripping Mrs. Chris Hamson. An epical creature!

This domestic organism created by Mrs. John inspired George, and instantly he was rapt away in dreams of his own future. He said to himself again, and more forcibly, that he had a natural taste for luxury and expensiveness, and that he would have the one and practise the other. He invented gorgeous interiors, which would be his, and in which he would be paramount and at ease. He positively yearned for them. He was impatient to get back home and resume the long labors that would lead him to them. Every grand adjunct of life must be his, and he could not wait.

Absurd to apprehend that Marguerite might not rise to his dreams! Of course

she would! She would fit herself perfectly into them, completing them. She would understand all the artistic aspects of them, because she was an artist; and in addition she would be mistress, wife, hostess, commanding impeccable servants, receiving friends with beauty and unsurpassable dignity, wearing costly frocks and jewels as if she had never worn anything else. She had the calm power, she had the individuality, to fulfil all his desires for her. She would be the authentic queen of whom Mrs. John was merely the imitation. He wanted intensely to talk to her about the future.

And then he had the seductive idea of making presentable his bed-sitting-room at Mr. Haim's. He saw the room instantaneously transformed; he at once invented each necessary dodge for absolutely hiding during the day the inconvenient fact that it had to serve as a bedroom at night; he refurnished it; he found the money to refurnish it. And just as he was impatient to get back home in order to work, so he was impatient to get back home in order to transform his chamber into the ideal. Delay irked him painfully. And yet he was extremely happy in the excitement of the dreams that ached to be fulfilled.

"Now, Mr. Enwright," said Mrs. John, in an accent to draw honey out of a boulder, "you haven't told me what you think of it."

Enwright was wandering about the room by himself.

"He's coming on with his lithographs," he replied, as if after a decision. "One or two of these are rather interesting."

"Oh, I don't mean the lithographs! You know those are all Jack's affair. I mean—well, the room. Now do pay me a compliment for once!"

The other guests listened.

Enwright gave a little self-conscious smile, characteristic of him in these dilemmas, half kind and half malicious.

"You must have taken a great deal of trouble over it," he said with bright amiability, and then, relapsing from the effort: "It's all very nice and harmless."

"Oh, Mr. Enwright! Is that all?" she pouted, though still waving the palm.



"And you so fond of the eighteenth century, too!"

"But I heard a rumor at the beginning of this year that we're living in the twentieth," said Enwright.

"And I thought I should please you!" sighed Adela. "What *ought* I to have done?"

"Well, you might have asked me to design you some furniture. Nobody ever has asked me yet." He rubbed his eye-glasses and blinked.

"Oh, you geniuses! Janet, darling!"

Mrs. John moved forward to meet Miss Orgreave, John's appreciably elder sister, spinster, who lived with another brother, Charles, a doctor at Ealing. Janet was a prim, emaciated creature, very straight and dignified, whose glance always seemed to hesitate between benevolence and fastidiousness. Janet and Charles had consented to forget the episode of the divorce court. Marion, however, the eldest Orgreave sister, mother of a family of daughters, had never received the divorcée. On the other hand the divorcée, obeying her own code, had obstinately ignored the wife of Jim Orgreave, John's younger brother, who, according to the universal opinion, had married disgracefully.

When the sisters-in-law had embraced, with that unconvincing, fulsomeness which is apt to result from a charitable act of oblivion, Janet turned lovingly to George and asked after his mother. She was his mother's most intimate friend. In the past he had called her "aunty," and was accustomed to kiss her and be kissed. Indeed, he feared that she might want to kiss him now, but he was spared.

As with negligence of tone he answered her fond inquiries, he was busy reconsidering his scheme for the bed-sitting-room—for it had been an eighteenth-century scheme, inspired by the notions of Mrs. John!

At the lunch-table George found that the party consisted of ten persons, of whom one, seated next to himself, was a youngish, somewhat plump woman who had arrived at the last moment. He had not been introduced to her, nor to the four other strangers, for it had lately reached Bedford Park that introductions were no longer the correct pre-

lude to a meal. A hostess who wished to be modern should simply throw her guests together in mutual ignorance, and leave them to acquire knowledge by their own initiative. This device added to the piquancy of a gathering. Moreover, there was always a theory that each individual was well known, and that therefore to introduce was subtly to insult.

On Mrs. John's right was a beautifully braided gentleman of forty or so, in brown, with brown necktie and hair to match. The hair was so perfect and ended so abruptly that George at first took it for a wig; but soon afterward he decided that he had been unkind. Mr. Enwright was opposite to this brown gentleman.

Mrs. John began by hoping that the brown gentleman had been to church.

"I'm afraid I haven't," he replied, with gentle regret in his voice.

And in the course of the conversation he was frequently afraid. Nevertheless, his attitude was by no means a fearful attitude; on the contrary, it was very confident. He would grasp the edge of the table with his hands, and narrate at length, smiling amiably, and looking from side to side regularly like a public speaker. He narrated in detail the difficulties which he had in obtaining the right sort of cutlets rightly cooked at his club, and added:

"But of course there's only one club in London that would be satisfactory in all this—shall I say?—finesse, and I'm afraid I don't belong to it."

"What club's that?" John Orgreave sent the inquiry down the table.

"The Orleans."

"Oh, yes, the Orleans! I suppose that is the best."

And everybody seemed glad and proud that everybody had known of the culinary supremacy of the Orleans.

"I'm afraid you'll all think I'm horribly greedy," said the brown gentleman apologetically.

Then, having noticed that Mr. Enwright was gazing up at the great sham oak rafters that were glued on to the white ceiling, he started upon this new architectural picturesqueness which was to London and the beginning of the twentieth century what



the enameled milking-stool had been to the provinces and the end of the nineteenth century—namely, a reminder that even in an industrial age romance should still survive in the hearts of men.

The brown gentleman remarked that with due deference to "you professional gentlemen," he was afraid he liked the sham rafters, because they reminded him of the good old times and all that sort of thing.

He was not only a conscientious conversationalist, but he originated talk in others, and listened to them with his best attention; and he invariably stepped into gaps with praiseworthy tact and skill.

Thus the chat meandered easily from subject to subject—the Automobile Club's tour from London to Southsea, the latest hotel, Richter, the war still in progress in South Africa—which the brown gentleman treated with tired respect, as some venerable survival that had forgotten to die—the abnormally early fogs, and the abnormally violent and destructive gales.

An argument arose as to whether these startling weather phenomena were or were not a hint to mankind from some undefined higher power that a new century had in truth begun, and that mankind had better mind what it was about. Mrs. John favored the notion; and so did Miss Orgreave, whereas John Orgreave coarsely laughed at it. The brown gentleman held the scales admirably; he was chivalrously sympathetic to the two ladies, and yet he respected John's materialism. He did, however, venture to point out the contradictions in the character of "our host," who was really very responsive to music and art, but who seemed curiously to ignore certain other influences—and so forth, and so forth.

"How true that is!" murmured Mrs. John.

The brown gentleman modestly enjoyed his triumph. With only three people had he failed—Mr. Enwright, George, and the youngish woman next to George.

"And how's Paris, Miss Ingram?" he pointedly asked the last.

George was surprised. He had certainly taken her for a married woman, and one of his generalizations about life was that he did not like young married women; hence

he had not liked her. He now regarded her with fresh interest. She blushed a little, and looked very young indeed.

"Oh, Paris is all right!" she answered shortly.

The brown gentleman, after a long, smiling smile, discreetly abandoned the opening; but George, inquiring in a low voice if she lived in Paris, began a private talk with Miss Ingram, who did live in Paris. He had his doubts about her entire agreeableness, but at any rate they got on to a natural, brusque footing, which contrasted with the somewhat ceremonious manner of the general conversation. She exceeded George in brusqueness, and tended to patronize him as a youngster. He noticed that she had yellow eyes.

"What do you think of his wig?" she demanded in an astonishing whisper, when the meal was over and chairs were being vacated.

"Is it a wig?" George exclaimed ingenuously.

"Oh, you boys!" she protested, with superiority. "Of course it's a wig."

"But how do you know it's a wig?" George insisted stoutly.

"Is it a wig?" she repeated scornfully.

"Well, I'm not up in wigs," said George. "Who is he, anyhow?"

"I forget his name. I've only met him once, here at tea. I think he's a tea-merchant. He seemed to remember me, all right."

"A tea-merchant! I wonder why Mrs. John put him on her right, then, and Mr. Enwright on her left." George resented the precedence.

"Is Mr. Enwright really very great, then?"

"Great! You bet he is. I was in Paris with him in the summer. Whereabouts do you live in Paris?"

She improved, especially at the point where she said that Mr. Enwright's face was one of the most wonderful faces that she had ever seen. Evidently she knew Paris as well as George knew London. Apparently she had always lived there.

Their interchanges concerning Paris, on a sofa in the drawing-room, were stopped

by a general departure. Mr. Enwright began it. The tea-merchant instantly supported the movement. Miss Ingram herself rose. The affair was at an end.

Nothing interesting had been said in the general talk, and little that was sincere. No topic had been explored, no argument taken to a finish. No wit worth mentioning had glinted; but everybody had behaved very well, and had demonstrated that he or she was familiar with the usages of society and with aspects of existence with which it was proper to be familiar. And everybody—even Mr. Enwright—thanked Mrs. John most heartily for her quite delightful luncheon. Mrs. John insisted warmly on her own pleasure and her appreciation of her guests' extreme good nature in troubling to come; and she was beyond question joyously triumphant. And George, relieved, thought, as he tried to rival the rest in gratitude to Mrs. John:

"What was it all about? What did they all come for? I came because she made me. But why did the others come?"

The lunch had passed like a mild nightmare, and he felt as if, with the inconsequence of dream-people, these people had gone away without having accomplished some essential act which had been the object of their gathering.

### XV

WHEN George came out of the front door, he beheld Miss Ingram on the sidewalk, in the act of getting into a very rich fur coat. A chauffeur, in a very rich livery, was deferentially helping her. Behind them stretched a long, open motor-car.

This car, existing as it did at a time when the public acutely felt that automobiles splashed respectable foot-farers with arrogant mud and rendered unbearable the lives of the humble in village streets, was of the immodest kind described, abusively, as "powerful and luxurious." It drew attention, because it had yet occurred to but few of anybody's friends that they might themselves possess even a modest car, much less an immodest one. George had not hitherto personally known a single motor-car owner.

But what struck him even more than the car was the fur coat, and the haughty and

fastidious manner in which Miss Ingram accepted it from the chauffeur, and the disdainful, accustomed way in which she wore it—as if it were a cheap rag—when once it was on her back. In her gestures he glimpsed a new world.

He had been secretly scorning the affair of the luncheon and all that it implied, and he had been secretly scorning himself for his pitiful lack of brilliancy at the luncheon. These two somewhat contradictory sentiments were suddenly shriveled in the fire of his ambition, which had flared up anew at contact with a spark. And the spark was the sight of the girl's costly fur coat. He must have a costly fur coat, and a girl in it, and the girl must treat the fur coat like a cheap rag. Otherwise he would die a disappointed man.

"Hello!" called Miss Ingram.

"Hello!" responded George.

She had climbed into the car, and turned her head to look at him. He saw that she was younger even than he had thought. She seemed quite mature when she was still, but when she moved she had the lithe motions of immaturity. As a boy, he now infallibly recognized a girl.

"Which way are you going?"

"Well—Chelsea, more or less."

"I'll give you a lift."

He ought to have said: "Are you sure I sha'n't be taking you out of your way?" But he said merely: "Oh! Thanks awfully!"

The chauffeur held the door for him, and then arranged a fur rug over the knees of the boy and the girl. To be in the car gave George intense pleasure, especially when the contrivance thrilled into life and began to travel. He was thankful that his clothes were as smart as they ought to be. She could not think ill of his clothes—no matter who her friends were.

"This is a great car," he said. "Had it long?"

"Oh, it's not mine," answered Miss Ingram. "It's Miss Wheeler's."

"Who's Miss Wheeler, if I may ask?"

"Miss Wheeler? She's a friend of mine. She lives in Paris; but she has a flat in London, too. I came over with her. We brought the car with us. She was to have

come to the Orgreaves' to-day, but she had a headache. So I took the car, and her furs as well. They fit me, you see. I say, what's your Christian name? I hate surnames, don't you?"

"George. What's yours?"

"Mine's Lois."

"What? How do you spell it?"

She spelled it, adding "of course." He thought it was somehow a very romantic name. He decidedly liked the name.

He was by no means sure, however, that he liked the girl. He liked her appearance, though she was freckled. She was unquestionably stylish; she had ascendancy; she imposed herself; she sat as if the world was the instrument of her individuality. Nevertheless, he doubted if she was kind, and he knew that she was patronizing. Further, she was not a conversationalist. At the luncheon she had not been at ease; but here in the car she was at ease absolutely, yet she remained taciturn.

"D'you drive?" he inquired.

"Yes," she said. "Look here, would you like to sit in front? And I'll drive."

"Good!" he agreed vigorously though he had a qualm about the safety of being driven by a girl.

She abruptly stopped the car, and the chauffeur swerved to the pavement.

"I'm going to drive, Cuthbert," she said.

"Yes, miss," said the chauffeur willingly. "It's a bit side-slippery, miss."

She gave no answer to this remark, but got out of the car with a preoccupied, frowning air, as if she was being obliged to take a responsible post, which she could fill better than anybody else, rather against her inclination. A few persons paused to watch. She carefully ignored them; so did George.

As soon as she had seized the wheel, released the brake, and started the car, she began to talk, looking negligently about her.

"She's only showing off," George thought.

Still, the car traveled beautifully, and there was a curious illusion that she must have the credit for that. She explained the function of handles, pedals, and switches, and George deemed it proper to indicate

that he was not without some elementary knowledge of the subject. He leaned far back, as Lois leaned, and as the chauffeur had leaned, enjoying the brass fittings, the indicators, and all the signs of high mechanical elaboration.

He noticed that Lois sounded her horn constantly, and often upon no visible provocation; but once, as she approached cross-roads at unslackened speed, she seemed to forget to sound it, and then sounded it too late. Nothing untoward happened, however; the Sunday traffic was very light, and she sailed through the danger zone with grand intrepidity.

"I say, George," she remarked, looking now straight in front of her. ("She's a bit of a caution," he reflected happily.) "Have you got anything special on this afternoon?"

"Nothing that you could call deadly special," he answered. He wanted to call her "Lois," but his volition failed at the critical moment.

"Well, then, won't you come and have tea with Miss Wheeler and me? There'll only be just a few people, and you must be introduced to Miss Wheeler."

"Oh, I don't think I'd better!" He was timid.

"Why not?" She pouted.

"All right, then. Thanks. I should like to come."

"By the way, what's your surname?"

"She is a caution," he reflected.

"I wasn't quite sure," she said, when he had told her.

He was rather taken aback, but he reassured himself. No doubt girls of her environment did behave as she behaved. After all, why not?

They entered Hammersmith. It was a grand and inspiring sensation to swing through Hammersmith thus aristocratically, repudiating the dowdy Sunday crowd that stared in ingenuous curiosity. There was a wonderful quality in the spectacle of the great, formidable car being actuated and controlled by the little gloved hands and delicately shod feet of this frail, pampered, wilful girl.

In overtaking a cab that kept nearly to the middle of the road, Lois hesitated in

direction, appeared to defy the rule, and then corrected her impulse.

"It's rather confusing," she observed with a laugh. "You see, in France you keep to the right and overtake things on their left."

"Yes. But this is London," said George dryly.

Half a minute later, just beyond the node of Hammersmith, where bright hats and frocks were set off against the dark, shuttered fronts of shops, Lois at quite a good speed inserted the car between a tram-car and an omnibus, meeting the tram and overtaking the omnibus. The tram went by like thunder, all its glass and iron rattling and shaking; the noise deafened, and the wind blew hard like a squall. There appeared to be scarcely an inch of space on either side of the car.

George's heart stopped. For one horrible second he expected a tremendous smash; but the car emerged safe. He saw the omnibus-driver gazing down at them with reproof.

After the roar of the tram died, he heard the trotting of the omnibus-horses and Lois's nervous giggle. She tried, and did not fail, to be jaunty; but she had had a shock, and the proof was that by mere inadvertence she nearly charged into the posts of the next street-refuge.

George switched off the current. She herself had shown him how to do it. The engine stopped, and Lois, remembering in a flash that her dignity was at stake, raised her hand and drew up fairly neatly at the pavement.

"What's the matter?" she demanded imperiously.

"Are you going to drive this thing all the way into London, Lois?" he demanded in turn.

They looked at each other. The chauffeur got down.

"Of course!"

"Not with me in it, anyhow."

She sneered.

"Oh, you boys! You've simply got no pluck."

"Perhaps not," he returned viciously. "Neither have you got any sense of danger. It seems that girls like you never

have. I've noticed that before." Even George's mother, when driving a horse, had no sense of danger.

"You're very rude," she replied. "It was very rude of you to stop the car."

"I dare say; but you shouldn't have told me you could drive."

He was angry now, and she not less so. He descended, and slammed the door.

"Thanks so much!" he said, raised his hat, and walked away.

She spoke, but he did not catch what she said. He was saying to himself:

"Pluck, indeed!" He did not like her accusation. "Pluck, indeed! Of all the confounded cheek! We might all have been killed—or worse. The least she could have done was to apologize. But no! Pluck, indeed! Women oughtn't to be allowed to drive. It's too infernally silly for words!"

He glanced backward. The chauffeur had started the car again, and was getting in by Lois's side. Doubtless he was a fatalist by profession. She drove off.

"Yes!" thought George. "And you'd drive home yourself now, even if you knew for certain you'd have an accident. You're just that stupid kind."

The car looked superb as it drew away, and she reclined in the driver's seat with a superb effrontery. George was envious; he was pierced by envy. He hated that other people, and especially girls, should command luxuries which he could not possess. He hated that violently.

"You wait!" he said to himself. "You wait! I'll have as good a car as that, and a finer girl than you in it. And she won't want to drive, either. You wait!"

He was more excited than he knew by the episode.

#### XVI

"TEA is ready, Mr. Cannon," said Mr. Haim in his most courteous style, coming softly into George's room.

George looked up at the old man's wrinkled face, and down at his crimson slippers, with the benevolent air of a bookworm permitting himself to be drawn away from an ideal world into the actual. Glasses on the end of George's nose would have set off the



tableau, but George had outgrown the spectacles which had disfigured his boyhood. As a fact, since his return that afternoon from Mrs. John Orgreave's, he had, to the detriment of modesty and the fostering of conceit, accomplished some small amount of further study for his final examination, although most of the time had been spent in dreaming of women and luxury.

"All right," said he. "I'll come."

"I don't think that lamp's been very well trimmed to-day," said Mr. Haim apologetically, sniffing.

"Does it smell?"

"Well, I do notice a slight odor in the room."

"I'll open the window," said George heartily.

He rose, pulled the curtains, and opened the French window with a large gesture. The wild, raw, damp air of Sunday night rushed in from the nocturnal Grove, and instantly extinguished the light.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Haim rather nervously.

"Saved me the trouble," said George.

As he emerged after Mr. Haim from the dark room, he was thinking that it was ridiculous not to have electricity, and that he must try to come to some arrangement with Mr. Haim for its installation. Fancy oil lamps in the middle of London in the twentieth century!

Shocks were waiting in George's mind for Mr. Haim. He intended, if he could, to get the room on the first floor, empty since the departure of Marguerite, and to use it for a bedroom, while keeping the ground-floor room exclusively for purposes of work and society. His project would involve shocks also for Mr. Edwin Clayhanger in the Five Towns, who would be called upon to pay the additional expense; but George had an airy confidence in the ability of his stepfather to meet such shocks in a satisfactory manner.

To George's surprise, Mr. Alfred Prince was in the sitting-room. Shabby and creased as usual, he looked far more like a clerk in some establishment where clerks were not morally compelled to imitate dandies than like an etcher of European

renown. But, also as usual, he was quietly at ease and conversational; and George at once divined that he had been invited with the object of relieving the social situation created by the presence of the brilliant young lodger at tea.

This tea was the first meal that George had taken with Mr. and Mrs. Haim, for he was almost never at home on Sunday afternoons, and he was not expected to be at home. The table showed, as Mr. Haim's nervousness had shown, that the importance of the occasion had been realized. It was an obviously elaborate table. The repast was ready in every detail; the teapot was under the cozy; the cover was over the hot crumpets; Mrs. Haim alone lacked.

"Where's the missus?" George inquired casually.

Mr. Haim had not come into the room.

"I don't know," said Mr. Prince. "She brought the tea in a minute ago. You been working this afternoon?"

At that moment Mr. Haim entered.

"Mrs. Haim isn't feeling very well, he said. "She's up-stairs. She says she's sure she'll be all right in a little while. In the mean time she prefers us to go on with our tea."

Mr. Price and Mr. Haim looked at each other, and George looked at Mr. Haim. The older men showed apprehension. The strange idea of unconquerable destiny crossed George's mind—destiny clashing ruthlessly with ambition and desire. The three males sat down in obedience to the wish of the woman who had hidden herself in the room above. All of them were dominated by the thought of her. They did not want to sit down and eat and drink, but they were obliged to do so by the invisible volitional force of which Mr. Haim was the unwilling channel.

Mr. Haim, highly self-conscious, began to pour out the tea. Mr. Prince, now also highly self-conscious, suggested that he should make himself useful by distributing the crumpets while they were hot. George, highly self-conscious, accepted a crumpet. Mr. Prince chatted; George responded in a brave, worldly fashion; Mr. Haim said "Yes, ye-es," very absently.



And then Mrs. Haim appeared smiling in the doorway.

"Ah!" breathed everybody, at once assuaged. "Ah!"

Mr. Haim moved from in front of the tea-tray to the next seat. Mrs. Haim was perhaps somewhat pale, but she gave a sincere and positive assurance that she was perfectly well again. Reassurance spread throughout the company. Forebodings vanished; hearts lightened; gladness reigned; the excellence of crumpets became apparent. And all this swift, wonderful change was brought about by the simple entry of the woman. But beneath the genuine relief and satisfaction of the men there stirred vaguely the thought of the mysteriousness of women, of the entire female sex. Mrs. Haim, chairwoman, was just as mysterious as any other woman.

As for George, despite the exhilaration which he could feel rising in him effortless and unsought, he was preoccupied by more than women's mysteriousness. The conception of destiny lingered and faintly troubled him. It was as if he had been walking on a clear path through a vast and empty forest, and the eyes of a tiger had gleamed for an instant in the bush and gone. Not a real tiger! And if a real tiger, then a tiger that would never recur, and the only tiger in the forest! Yet the entire forest was transformed.

Mrs. Haim was wearing the blue sateen. It was a dress unsuited to her, because it emphasized her large bulk; but it was her best dress; it shone and glittered; it imposed. Her duty was to wear it on that Sunday afternoon.

She was shy without being self-conscious. To preside over a society consisting of young bloods, etchers of European renown, and pillars of the architectural profession, was an ordeal for her. She did not pretend that it was not an ordeal. She did not pretend that the occasion was not extraordinary. She was quite natural in her calm confusion. She was not even proud, being perhaps utterly incapable of social pride. Her husband was proud for her. He looked at her earnestly, wistfully. He could not wholly disguise his anxiety for her success.

Was she equal to the rôle she had to play? She was. Of course she was. He had never doubted that she would be, he said to himself. His pride in her increased tremendously; scarcely escaped being fatuous.

"I must congratulate you on the new door-mat, Mrs. Haim," said Mr. Prince, with notable conversational tact. "I felt it at once in the dark."

Mrs. Haim smiled.

"I do like a good door-mat," she said. "It saves so much work, I always think. I told Mr. Haim I thought we needed a new one, and bless me if he didn't take me straight out to buy one."

The new door-mat expressed Mrs. Haim's sole and characteristic criticism of the organism into which she had so unassumingly entered. Secure in the adoration of Mr. Haim, she might safely have turned the place upside down and proved to the Grove that she could act the mistress with the best of them; but she changed nothing except the door-mat. The kitchen and scullery had already been hers before the eye of Mr. Haim had fallen upon her; she was accustomed to them, and had largely fashioned their arrangements. Her own furniture, such of it as was retained, had been put into the spare bedroom and the kitchen, and was hardly noticeable there.

The dramatic thing for her to do would have been to engage another charwoman; but Mrs. Haim was not dramatic; she was accommodating. She fitted herself in. The answer to people who asked what Mr. Haim could see in her, was that what Mr. Haim first saw was her mere way of existing, and that in the same way she loved. At her tea-table, as elsewhere, she exhibited no special quality; she said little; she certainly did not shine. Nevertheless, the three men were quite happy and at ease, because her way of existing soothed and re-inspired them.

George, especially, got gay; and he narrated the automobile adventure of the afternoon with amusing gusto. He was thereby a sort of hero, and he liked that. He was bound by his position in the world, and by his clothes and his style, to pretend

to some extent that the adventure was much less extraordinary to him than it seemed to them.

The others made no pretense. They were open-mouthed. Their attitude admitted frankly that above them was a world of luxury and gaiety to which they could not hope to climb, that they were not familiar with it and knew little or nothing about it. They admired George; they put it to his credit that he was acquainted with these lofty matters and moved carelessly and freely among them; and George, too, somehow thought that credit was due to him and that his superiority was genuine.

"And do you mean to say the young lady had never met you before?" exclaimed Mr. Haim.

"Never in this world!"

Mr. Prince remarked calmly:

"You must have had a very considerable effect on her, then."

His eyes twinkled. George flushed slightly. The idea had already presented itself to him with great force.

"Oh, no!" He negligently pooh-poohed it.

"Well, does she go about asking every man she meets what his Christian name is?" asked Mr. Prince.

"I expect she does."

There was silence for a moment. Mrs. Haim refilled a cup.

"Something will have to be done soon about these motor-cars," observed Mr. Haim at length, sententiously, in the vein of "Mustard and Cress." "That's very evident."

"They cost so much," said Mr. Prince. "Why, they cost as much as a house, some of them."

"More!" said George.

"Nay, nay!" Mr. Haim protested. The point had come at which his imagination halted.

"Anyhow, you had a lucky escape," said Mr. Prince. "You might have been lamed for life—or anything."

George laughed.

"I am always lucky," said he. He thought: "I wonder whether I *am*!" He was afraid.

Mrs. Haim was half-way toward the door before any of the men noticed what she was about. She had risen silently and quickly; she could maneuver that stout frame of hers with surprising facility. As she disappeared, her face was very pale, and there was a strange look of distress upon it.

Mr. Haim showed alarm, and Mr. Prince concern. Mr. Haim's hands clasped the arms of his chair; he bent forward hesitatingly.

"What—"

Then was heard the noise of a heavy subsidence, apparently on the stairs. George was out of the room first, but the other two were instantly upon him. Mrs. Haim had fallen at the turn of the stairs; her body was distributed along the little half-landing there.

"My God—she's fainted!" muttered Mr. Haim.

"We'd better get her into the bedroom," said Mr. Prince with awe.

The trouble had come back, but in a far more acute form. The prostrate and unconscious form, all crooked and heaped in the shadow, intimidated the three men, convicting them of helplessness and lack of ready wit.

George stood aside and let the elder pair pass him. Mr. Haim hurried up the stairs, bent over his wife, and seized her under the arms. Mr. Prince took her by the legs. They could not lift her. They were both thin little men, quite unaccustomed to physical exertion. Mrs. Haim lay like a giantess immovably recumbent between their puny, straining figures.

"Here, let me try," said George eagerly, springing toward the group.

With natural reluctance Mr. Haim gave way to him. George stooped and braced himself to the effort. His face was close to the blanched, blind face of Mrs. Haim. He thought she looked very young—astonishingly young in comparison with either Haim or Prince. Her complexion was damaged, but not destroyed. Little fluffy portions of her hair seemed absolutely girlish. Her body was full of nice curves, which struck George as most enigmatically pathetic.

But indeed the whole of her was pathetic, very touching, very precious and fragile. Even her large, shiny, shapeless boots and the coarse sateen stuff of her dress affected him. A lump embarrassed his throat. He suddenly understood the feelings of Mr. Haim toward her. She was inexpressibly romantic.

He lifted her torso easily; and pride filled him because he could do easily what others could not do at all. Her arms trailed limp. Mr. Haim and Mr. Prince jointly raised her lower limbs. George staggered backward up the remainder of the stairs. As they steered the burden into a bedroom, where a candle was burning, Mrs. Haim opened her eyes and, gazing vacantly at the ceiling, murmured in a weak, tired voice:

"I'm all right. It's nothing. Please put me down!"

"Yes, yes, my love!" said Mr. Haim, agitated.

They deposited her on the bed. She sighed; then smiled. A slight flush showed on her cheek under the light of the candle which Mr. Prince was holding aloft. Mysterious creature, with the mysterious forces of life flowing and ebbing incomprehensibly within her! To George she was marvelous, she was beautiful, as she lay defenseless and silently appealing.

"Thank you, Mr. Cannon. Thank you very much," said Mr. Haim, turning to the strong man.

It was a dismissal. George modestly departed from the bedroom, which was no place for him. After a few minutes Mr. Prince also descended. They stood together at the foot of the stairs in the draft from the open window of George's room.

"Hadn't I better go for a doctor?" George suggested.

"That's what I said," replied Mr. Prince; "but she won't have one."

"But—"

"Well, she won't."

The accommodating, acquiescent dame, with scarcely strength to speak, was defeating all three of them on that one point.

"What is it?" asked George confidentially.

"Oh, I don't suppose it's anything serious, really!"

## XVII

THAT George should collect the tea-things, together on the tray, and brush and fold the cloth, and carry the loaded tray down-stairs into the scullery, was sufficiently strange; but it was very much more strange that he should have actually had the idea of washing up the tea things himself. In his time, in the domestic crises of Bursley, he had boyishly helped ladies to wash up, and he reckoned that he knew all about the operation. There he stood, between the kitchen and the scullery, elegantly attired, with an inquiring eye upon the kettle of warm water on the stove, debating whether he should make the decisive gesture of emptying the kettle into the large tin receptacle that lay on the slop-stone.

Such was the miraculous effect on him of Mrs. Haim's simplicity, her weakness, and her predicament. Mrs. Haim was a different woman for him now that he had carried her up-stairs and laid her all limp and girlish on the solemn conjugal bed! He felt quite sure that old Haim was incapable of washing up. He assuredly did not want to be caught in the act of washing up, but he did want to be able to say in his elaborately nonchalant manner, answering a question about the disappearance of the tea things:

"I thought I might as well wash up while I was about it."

And he did want Mrs. Haim to be put in a flutter by the news that Mr. George Cannon had washed up for her. The affair would positively cause a sensation.

He was about to begin, taking the risks of premature discovery, when he heard a noise above. It was Mr. Haim at last descending the stairs to the ground floor. George started. He had been alone in the lower parts of the house for a period which seemed long. Mr. Prince had gone to the studio, promising to return later.

The bedroom containing Mr. and Mrs. Haim had become for George the abode of mystery. The entity of the enchanted house had laid hold of his imagination. He had thought of Marguerite as she used to per-

vade the house, and of his approaching interview with her at the Manresa Road studio. He had thought very benevolently of Marguerite, and also of Mr. and Mrs. Haim. He had involved them all three, in his mind, in a net of peace and good-will. He saw the family quarrel as something inevitable and tragic, and yet absurd—the work of a maleficent destiny which he might somehow undo and exorcise by the magic act of washing up, to be followed by other acts of a more diplomatic and ingenious nature.

The dull, distant symptoms of Mr. Haim on the stairs suddenly halted him at the very outset of his benignant machinations. He listened. If the peace of the world had depended upon his washing up, he could not have permitted himself to be actually seen in the rôle of kitchen-girl by Mr. Haim—so extreme was his lack of logic and right reason.

There was a silence, a protracted silence, and then Mr. Haim unmistakably came down the basement stairs. George thanked Heaven that he had not allowed his impulse to wash up run away with his discretion to the ruin of his dignity.

Mr. Haim, hesitating in the kitchen doorway, peered in front of him, as if at a loss. George had shifted the kitchen lamp from its accustomed place.

"I'm here," said George, moving slightly in the dim light. "I thought I might as well make myself useful, and clear the table for you. How is she going on?" He spoke cheerfully, even gaily, and he expected Mr. Haim to be courteously appreciative—perhaps enthusiastic in gratitude.

"Mrs. Haim is quite recovered, thank you. It was only a passing indisposition," said Mr. Haim, using one of his ridiculously stilted phrases. His tone was strange; it was very strange.

"Good!" exclaimed George with a gaiety that was now forced, a bravado of gaiety.

"The old chump evidently doesn't like me interfering," he thought. "Silly old pompous ass!"

Nevertheless his attitude toward the huffy landlord, if scornful, was good-humored and indulgent. Then he noticed that Mr. Haim held in his hand a half-

sheet of note-paper which seemed disturbingly familiar.

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Cannon?" Mr. Haim demanded, advancing toward the brightness of the lamp and extending the paper.

He was excessively excited. Excitement always intensified his age.

The offered document was the letter which George had that morning received from Marguerite. The missive was short, a mere note, but its terms could leave no doubt as to the relations between the writer and the recipient. Moreover, it ended with a hieroglyphic sign, several times repeated, whose significance is notorious throughout the civilized world.

"Where did you get that?" muttered George with a defensive menace half-formed in his voice.

He faltered. His mood had not yet become definitive.

"I have just picked it up in the hall, sir," Mr. Haim answered. "The wind must have blown it off the table in your room, and the door was left open. I presume I have the right to read papers that I find lying about in my own house."

George was dashed. On returning home from Mrs. John's lunch he had changed his suit for another one almost equally smart, but more comfortable. He liked to change. He had taken the letter out of a side pocket of the jacket and put it with his watch, money, and other kit on the table while he changed, and he had placed everything back into the proper pockets—everything except the letter.

Carelessness! A moment of negligence had brought about the irremediable. The lovely secret was violated. The whole of his future life and of Marguerite's future life seemed to have been undermined and contaminated by that single act of thoughtless omission.

Marguerite wrote seldom to him, because of the risks; but precautions had been arranged for the occasions when she had need to write, and she possessed a small stock of envelopes addressed by himself, so that Mr. Haim might never by chance, picking up an envelope from the hall floor, see George's name in his daughter's hand. And now



Mr. Haim had picked up an actual letter from the hall floor; and the fault for the disaster was George's own.

"May I ask, sir, are you engaged to my daughter?" demanded Mr. Haim, getting every instant still more excited.

George had once before seen him agitated about Marguerite, but by no means to the same degree. He trembled. He shook. His dignity had a touch of the grotesque; yet it remained dignity and it enforced respect.

For George, destiny seemed to dominate the kitchen and the scullery like a presence. He and the old man were alone together in that presence, and he was abashed. He was conscious of awe. The old man's mien accused him of an odious crime, of something base and shameful.

Useless to argue with himself that he was entirely guiltless, that he had the right to be the betrothed of either Mr. Haim's daughter or any other girl, and to publish or conceal the betrothal as he chose and as she chose. Yes, useless! He felt, inexplicably, a criminal. He felt that he had committed an enormity. It was not a matter of argument; it was a matter of instinct. The father's frightful and irrational resentment was his condemnation. He could not face the old man.

He was sad, too, because he could not blame the old man. Could he blame Mr. Haim for marrying a charwoman? Why, he could only admire him for marrying the charwoman. In marrying the charwoman the old man had done a most marvelous thing.

Could he blame Marguerite? Impossible. Marguerite's behavior was perfectly comprehensible. He understood Marguerite and he understood her father; he sympathized with both of them. But Marguerite could not understand her father, and her father could not understand either his daughter or George. Never could they understand! He alone understood. And his understanding gave him a melancholy, hopeless feeling of superiority, without at all lessening the strange conviction of guilt.

He had got himself gripped by destiny. Destiny had captured all three of them;

but not the fourth. The charwoman possessed the mysterious power to defy destiny. Perhaps the power lay in her simplicity.

Fool! An accursed negligence had botched his plans for peace and good-will.

"Yes," he said. "I am."

"And how long have you been engaged, sir?"

"Since before Marguerite left here." He tried to talk naturally and calmly.

"Then you've been living here all this time like a spy—a dirty spy! My daughter behaves to us in an infamous manner. She makes an open scandal. And all the time you're—"

George suddenly became very angry; and his anger relieved and delighted him. With intense pleasure he felt his anger surging within him. He frowned savagely. His eyes blazed. But he did not move.

"Excuse me," he interrupted, with cold and dangerous fury. "She didn't do anything of the kind."

Mr. Haim went wildly on, intimidated possibly by George's defiance, but desperate:

"And all the time, I say, you stay on here, deceiving us, spying on us. Going every night to that wicked, cruel, shameful girl and tittle-tattling. Do you suppose that if we'd had the slightest idea—"

George walked up to him.

"I'm not going to stand here and listen to you talking about Marguerite like that!"

Their faces were rather close together. George forced himself away by a terrific effort and left the kitchen.

"Jackanapes!"

George swung round, very pale; then, with a hard laugh, he departed. He stood in the hall, and thought of Mrs. Haim up-stairs. The next moment he had got his hat and overcoat and was in the street.

A figure appeared in the gloom. It was Mr. Prince.

"Hello! Going out? How are things?"

"Oh, fine!"

George could scarcely articulate. A ghastly sob impeded the words. Tears gushed into his eyes. The dimly glowing oblongs in the dark façades of the Grove seemed unbearably tragic.

*(To be continued in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)*





"WINTER SCENE IN HOLLAND"—A PAINTING BY AUGUSTIN HANCIOTTE, A CONTEMPORARY FRENCH ARTIST

# French Art in Retrospect and in Prospect

SAMPLES FROM A REMARKABLE COLLECTION LOANED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND EXHIBITED AT THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM

By John E. Bechdolt

SO intimately is the art of France connected with the life of the nation that the history of one is, chronologically, the story of the other. With the political revolutions of 1830 and 1848 came the artistic revolutions whose product was romanticism. Coincident with the final establishment of a republican form of government in 1870 was the revolt in the world of art that gave us the modern school of realism.

Because of this, one cannot view the collection of almost priceless objects loaned

by the French government to the Brooklyn Museum without the liveliest speculation as to the future.

The retrospective and contemporary collections of paintings, sculptures, tapestries, Sèvres glazes, and decorative objects which, thanks to the fortunes of war and the generosity of our Ally, have recently been enjoyed by millions of Americans, are so honestly an expression of the half-century past, taking their color and mood from the fortunes of France, that one must look to the French art of the coming years

for the most sympathetic reflection of the present dark days.

What form this future expression will take, who can guess? Perhaps the birth of still another distinct mode of interpretation of life; perhaps a return to earlier simplicity. Whatever it will be, depend upon it, it will be honest art, inspired by that desire to speak clearly and truly which has put France foremost among artistic nations.

There is, too, a strong sentimental interest in the French loan exhibit. One cannot view the accumulated expressions of a nation's thoughts and aspirations without being stirred by pity for her present suffering and breathing a prayer for her future.

The exhibit in Brooklyn is a most generous selection from the Luxembourg Museum, from the Mobilier National, and from the studios of living masters. For the first time since the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915, the collection is shown in its entirety. Added to the French exhibit

are the works contributed by Belgium, now in the care of the French government and safe on American soil.

#### HALF A CENTURY OF FRENCH ART

A visit to the Brooklyn Museum is to see France in its happiest expression. Generous use of space has made it possible to display the wonderful glazes of the Sèvres factory and the tapestries of the Gobelin works to their best advantage. Wonderful rugs and furniture of state heighten the richness of the great hall to which the visitor is first ushered, and arouse a mood of sympathetic appreciation for the splendors in paint and clay beyond. The catalogue of the collection is a fair-sized book, and even a mention of the notable art objects it contains would be impossible in a magazine article.

The galleries have been arranged to show the retrospective exhibit, which embraces the significant work between the years 1870 and 1910, at the visitor's right. On the other hand he will find the work



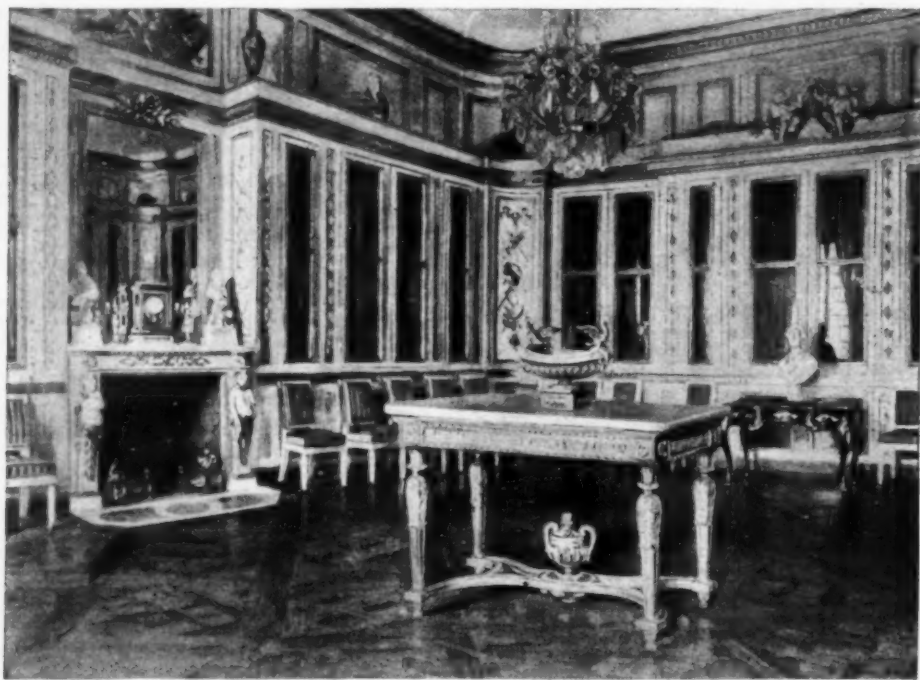
"ALPHONSE DAUDET AND HIS DAUGHTER"—A PORTRAIT GROUP BY EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE, A CELEBRATED FRENCH ARTIST WHO WAS A LEADER OF THE SECESSIONIST MOVEMENT ABOUT THIRTY YEARS AGO

of French and Belgian artists of the present day.

Memories of the retrospective gallery center around a wonderful Renoir, "Portrait of Mme. H."—a harmony of quiet color that has a powerful vitality. There is a Manet canvas, "The Balcony," which, the catalogue tells us, presents Mlle. Mori-

through the poetic eyes of Corot—these and many others will be recognized with genuine pleasure.

There is a heightened interest to-day in the battle canvases of Alphonse de Neuville, whose painted stories of 1870, with their elaborate detail of brilliantly uniformed figures and dramatic action, present



"THE KING'S LIBRARY AT VERSAILLES"—A PAINTING BY MAURICE LOBRE

zot, the painter's sister-in-law, herself an artist, and Antoine Guillemet, the landscape painter; but so masterful is the presentation in its restrained firmness that one's interest in the subjects is overshadowed.

Here there are many of the masters long familiar to America by reproductions of their work. Breton, who pictured homely peasant life, and Dagnan-Bouveret; Detaille, who is represented by one of his most famous battle pieces, "The Dream"; Puvis de Chavannes, with his decorative symbolism; the veteran Jean Paul Laurens, with a painting of monastic life; Harpignies, who saw the French landscape

such a contrast to the pictures of that same France in 1918.

Among the work of contemporary painters, one canvas, "The Greased Pole," is sure to attract the admiration of those who admire the brilliant power of the Americans, Bellows and Luks. Three of these modern paintings—modern before the beginning of a new era in August, 1914—now make powerful appeal to the emotions. "The Silver Thread of the Marne," by Georges Griveau, breathes a peace that is no longer France. Paul Helleu's "Cathedral of Rheims" has a sentimental value quite aside from its splendid merit as a work of art; and the same is true of

NOTE—The illustrations accompanying this article are published by courtesy of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.



"A SUMMER NIGHT"—A PAINTING BY GASTON LA TOUCHE, ONE OF THOSE SMART AND MODERN PIECES OF GENRE WORK THAT ARE SO TYPICALLY FRENCH.



"THE CALL OF JEANNE D'ARC"—THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF FOUR MODERN GOBELIN TAPESTRIES FORMING PART OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT LOAN COLLECTION EXHIBITED AT THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM





"JEANNE D'ARC SETTING OUT FOR THE COURT OF KING CHARLES VII" — THIS FINE SERIES OF TAPESTRIES WAS MADE IN THE GOBELIN WORKS. FROM DESIGNS BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS



"JEANNE D'ARC ARRIVING BEFORE PATAY"—AT PATAY, NEAR ORLÉANS, JEANNE D'ARC AND THE COUNT OF DUNOIS WON ONE OF THE VICTORIES THAT  
—FREED FRANCE FROM ENGLISH RULE IN 1429



"THE DEATH OF JEANNE D'ARC"—THE LAST TAPESTRY OF THE SERIES SHOWS THE TRAGIC CLOSE OF THE LIFE OF THE MAID OF ORLÉANS, WHO WAS BURNED AT THE STAKE IN ROUEN, MAY 30, 1431



"A CORNER OF THE ROOM"—A PAINTING BY HUGUES DE BEAUMONT, A CONTEMPORARY FRENCH ARTIST

Albert Baertsoen's "Mining Country Under Snow, Liège."

#### A FINE SERIES OF MODERN TAPESTRIES

Four modern tapestries that tell the story of Jeanne d'Arc attract much attention for both sentimental and artistic reasons. These rich, high-colored weaves represent the Gobelin work of to-day at its best. They are from designs by Jean Paul Laurens. Older pieces give a hint of the past splendors of the state factory, which is still quartered in the Paris house of the brothers Gobelin, on the avenue bearing their name, where it began life by command of Louis XIV in 1662.

The story of the Maid of Orléans is told with a directness, a decorative quality, and a richness of coloring thoroughly in keeping with the high tradition of that ancient loom. The history starts with the vision at Domrémy—a weaving in mauves, light

olive, and warm grays with deep-blue and purple-blue shadows, where the angel with gold armor and rose-colored wings bids the peasant girl go forth to save France. Joan is also pictured starting for the court of Charles VII, before Patay, where she and Dunois discomfited the English in June, 1429, and finally at the stake in Rouen.

This final tragedy is an impressive scene, somber with early morning shadows against an orange sky. There seems a hush of horror over the massed groups of sad-eyed citizens and stern soldiers as the savior of a nation moves with hidden face toward the heap of fagots that waits the executioner's torch.

A portrait of "Alphonse Daudet and Daughter," by Eugène Carrière, a canvas of rare charm, reproduced on page 923, is from the retrospective collection. The work is done almost in monotone of thin, brown oil. The heads are wonderful in

draftsmanship, and the slender hands of the father add greatly to the story of the dreamer and artist.

"Summer Night," by Gaston La Touche, is one of those smart and modern pieces of *genre* work that are so typically French. It is a fête night, and a great burst of fireworks seen through ivy-clad arches helps to light the tables on a balcony. The crowd of well-dressed Parisians is partly lost in the warm shadows, brought into view by the glow of candelabra that makes such a charming contrast to the intense blue-black night beyond.

Augustin Hanciotte's "Winter Scene in Holland" is the work of a clever contemporary artist, essentially humorous, yet decidedly decorative. It is in rather high key, decidedly colorful, full of gay blues and bluish-greens and purples. The intricate detail of the homely skating scene is arranged in harmonious, sweeping lines that curve through the composition, making a lovely pattern while they tell a wealth of lively anecdote.

Two paintings of rooms, neither with a figure, have much to say of contemporary life. "A Corner of the Room," by Hugues de Beaumont, has a joyous quality. The room is full of sunlight. It is lavishly decorated with rich and beautiful objects. It is a place to frame laughter and fine women.

"The King's Library at Versailles," is a room of quite another sort—a room of state. One does not feel that the monarch ever enjoyed this room. It is formal and cold—green and gold in color, with stiff, stately chairs, and a splendid, polished table. It is a show-place, and the artist has caught the spirit of it. Both of these still-life subjects are brilliantly painted with a wonderful sympathy for textures and a sure grasp of atmosphere.

New York and Brooklyn are to be congratulated on having an opportunity to see this French exhibit. Nothing that France could do could promote a more sympathetic bond between thinking Americans and their splendid Ally.

#### A WAYSIDE PRAYER

REMEMBER, artist soul of mine,  
This green, gold, white, and blue  
Of May-time in the morning shine,  
When every leaf is new;

How cotton-soft the white clouds rise  
To drift in laggard train  
Through the warm stretch of azure skies  
Washed clean by April rain.

Remember dancing o'er the grass  
Winds such as Corot knew,  
Flinging a fragrance as they pass  
Of lilacs drenched with dew;

The thrush upon the tall oak's limb,  
In leafy, high survey,  
Tossing the rapture of his hymn  
Through the green fields of May.

Hold these, my soul, inviolate—  
Clear colors of the spring,  
Soft winds that bid the thrushes mate  
And set the leaves aswing;

Bird song and lilacs drenched with dew  
Keep as they are to-day,  
That they may pass in dream review  
When sleep has had her way!

Eleanor Robbins Wilson



# THE STAGE

By Matthew White, Jr.

OH, for the palmy days of Wallack's and Daly's, when a manager had nobody but himself to consult before putting out a new play! The more I learn about the inside workings of the modern theatrical game, the faster the gilt comes off the gingerbread, leaving only sordid columns of counting-room figures to take the place of proscenium-arch, footlights, and the dear old smell of the theater.

In the eighties the history of a play went in this wise—once written, the author decided whether it was better adapted to Lester Wallack's company, Augustin Daly's, or A. M. Palmer's, and then offered it to one or the other of these managers, who, if he liked it, put it on as soon as opportunity offered. In 1918, on the other hand, negotiations do not cease, but merely intensify themselves, with the acceptance of a manuscript. Take a case in point.

The play, by a celebrated dramatist at that, was written more than a year ago, with a certain well-known actor in the author's mind. The actor took it with him to the coast and gave it a summer try-out. It went fairly well, and was held in reserve for New York.

Meanwhile the star was asked by another firm to play the lead in a light farce, as far removed as you could possibly imagine from the drama in question. Actors must live, so he took up with the offer. The farce scored a knock-out hit, and there came a chance for the actor to secure a monetary interest in it. The temptation was too great to be resisted, so he threw in his lot with the piece of thistle-down, and the serious play was once more in the market.

Eventually another star became interested in the piece, which the author had altered so as to give it more of a punch. Then a new manager had to be unearthed, which was eventually accomplished.

"But," said he, "although I like your play and I like your star, I've got to go

down into Wall Street to find somebody to back it."

After some hunting an angel was found, but he in turn, being wise to the game, hesitated.

"How about your bookings?" he wanted to know.

"Well," said the manager, "I think there will be no trouble about those, with a name such as our author's and the prestige of the star."

"Thinks don't go with me!" was the very uncelestial retort. "I want to be shown."

So once more the manager went out, undecided whether to try K. & E. or the Shuberts. He finally got "time," and at this writing the play is considered a Broadway success.

There's another way of getting new plays—one which the late Charles Frohman was fond of employing, and with which he had his greatest success. This is by watching the London market and securing the right to the hits over there. Of course there's always the chance that what appeals to the taste of England will not suit that of America. The most notable recent instance of this is "A Little Bit of Fluff," which lasted just one week in New York in the autumn of 1916, but has been drawing steadily at the Criterion, in London, since October 27, 1915.

But that may be regarded as the exception that proves the rule. "Chu Chin Chow" goes big in both countries, so does "Seven Days' Leave," which one of New York's leading business men described the other day in my hearing as "the best play in town." It's melodrama, to be sure, but melodrama unashamed, and acted by good people. Elizabeth Risdon, the heroine, for instance, was seen here in Bernard Shaw's "Misalliance" no longer ago than last autumn. She was selected by Shaw to play the lead in the New York company that produced his "Fanny's First Play."



ELIZABETH RISDON, LEADING WOMAN IN THE MILITARY MELODRAMA HIT FROM LONDON,  
"SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE"

*From a photograph by Abbé*

The leading man with whom the English Miss Risdon pairs off is the American William J. Kelly, formerly Harlem's favorite in stock. According to the *Evening Sun*, Kelly has been on the stage eighteen years, and in that time has played nearly a thousand different rôles; but I'm gambling he will not add a new one for some time to come. "Seven Days' Leave" has taken such a grip on the public, and Kelly is so eminently well adapted to the part of the Irish-American hero, that it would seem almost a crime to substitute any one else.

Although it's a war play, and there are two or three dastardly German spies parading through it, there's a lot of fun likewise, good slices of this element being supplied by Percy Ames as *Lord Arthur Pendennis*—no relation to Thackeray's *Pen*—who serves as a private under *Major Terry Fielding* (Kelly).

Ethel Barrymore fell back on England to supply her with a successor to "The Lady of the Camellias," which, as done over by Edward Sheldon, lasted eight weeks. I doubt if she gets more out of "The Off Chance," by R. C. Carton, author of "Lord and Lady Algy"—of which the new piece is a near relation in more than owning to common fatherhood. She may have resorted to the revival of Pinero's "Mid Channel," announced last summer as the second in her season of repertory offerings, by the time you are reading this.

"Captain Jinks" was the third on the list, which reminds me that I have just unearthed a newspaper interview with Miss Barrymore, given out in 1907, when the Clyde Fitch comedy in which she first became a star was revived for her at the Empire. In view of the eleven years that have since passed, it is of interest to look back now, to see what her ambitions were then and how far she has succeeded in realizing them.

She expressed a desire to act *Rosalind*, and admitted leanings toward Greek tragedy—neither of which has she done as yet. She told the reporter that she wanted to play in "The School for Scandal," which she considered finer than anything Shaw ever wrote. That hope is to come to fruition this spring. With the love of the stage

born in her through her mother, Georgia Drew, and her father, Maurice Barrymore, she declared that she was never so happy as when working, and expected to keep on acting till she was an old, old woman. In fact, she didn't know what she would do with her nights unless she did act. Well, she found out about this a year or two ago, when she was posing for the movies.

Her brother Lionel was claimed by the screen for a much longer period. Soon after the time of which I have just been writing—that is to say, in 1908—Miss Barrymore received word that Lionel, who had been studying art in Paris, was so well pleased with the progress he had made that there was little likelihood of his returning to the stage. He spent three years in the French capital studying at the celebrated Atelier Julien; and when he did return to the United States it was the screen, and not the footlights, that won him away from the brush.

His first stage appearance had been made in 1893, in "The Rivals," with his famous grandmother, Mrs. John Drew, as the *Mrs. Malaprop*. Later he was with James A. Herne in "Sag Harbor," and then he went to his uncle, John Drew, with whom he made his first pronounced hit as the organ-grinder in "The Mummy and the Humming-Bird." It was in 1905, while playing in Barrie's "Pantomime," that he suddenly decided to exchange the actor's sock and buskin for the palette of the painter.

When young Barrymore got back from France, he found the movies in the throes of their mighty birth-pangs to bigger things than nickelodeons. Through his father-in-law, the late McKee Rankin, he met D. W. Griffith, and thus it came about that he astounded everybody by throwing in his lot with the cinema crowd, with whom very few of the players of the speaking stage had as yet affiliated themselves. In the picture world he remained until his brother Jack persuaded him to undertake a part in "Peter Ibbetson," about a year ago. Thus the ice was broken; and now he has registered so big as the chief figure in Augustus Thomas's newest play, "The Copperhead," that it seems unlikely that he will ever go back to painting or to the films.



MARY BOLAND AS THE NURSE WHO MAKES EDWIN NICANDER GLAD TO PRETEND TO BE  
ILL IN "SICK-A-BED"

*From her latest photograph by White, New York*



EMILY STEVENS, STARRING IN THE SMART COMEDY, "THE MADONNA OF THE FUTURE,"  
BY ALAN DALE, THE WELL-KNOWN DRAMATIC CRITIC

*From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York*

You may imagine, from what I said about it last month, that I have very little use for "The Copperhead." It is based on a story by Frederick Landis, and its theme resembles that of Fenimore Cooper's novel "The Spy." I understand that the Lincoln atmosphere was injected into the piece after its preliminary try-outs. What it must have been before that I shudder to contemplate. A comment of the London *Daily Telegraph* on Pinero's newest play,

"The Freaks," would seem aptly fitted to Augustus Thomas and "The Copperhead," perhaps substituting "dramatic strength" for "queerness."

He (Pinero) seems to have been allured by the queerness of the original idea—the freaks in a suburban household—and then to have written his play for the pleasure of separate scenes.

Until close to the end of "The Copperhead" the audience is kept in the dark as to the utter innocence of the one char-



acter it is supposed to sympathize with; for the poor, long-suffering wife of the first two acts dies in the next intermission, and her place is taken by her own grandchild — both parts being played by Doris Rankin (Mrs. Lionel Barrymore). This is handicap enough, but on top of it Mr. Thomas places another. The girl wants the post of school-teacher and there is doubt as to whether her grandfather's reputation will allow her to get it; but meanwhile she accepts a proposal of marriage, which puts her out of the running. Nevertheless, we are still expected to be concerned as to whether she obtains the position or not.

However, admirers of fine acting may claim that these are details beside the wonderful opportunity the final act gives Barrymore. Superbly handled is his recital of Lincoln's asking *Shanks* how much he loves his country, and telling him that he must make a still greater sacrifice than dying for it. Another fine passage in the play is at the close of the first act, where the troops recruited from the town march away to war, arousing a real thrill in the hearts of the spectators whose sons and brothers, perhaps, are sailing to bear their part in a struggle the like of which our forebears of 1861 could never have conjured up even in their wildest visions.

While on the theme of the various fashions in which producers get their plays, I have just seen on Broadway one which was abandoned two years ago. With a fresh backer, a new name, and another cast, "Sick-a-Bed" followed



MARGARET ANGLIN IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF THE GREEK TRAGEDY OF "MEDEA," BY EURIPIDES

*From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York*



LIONEL BARRYMORE, WHO HAS MADE THE HIT OF HIS LIFE AS MILT SHANKS IN  
"THE COPPERHEAD"

*From a photograph by Purdy, Boston*



ETHEL BARRYMORE, WHO IS PLAYING A SEASON IN REPERTORY AT THE NEW YORK  
EMPIRE THEATER

*From her latest photograph by Charlotte Fairchild, New York*



FLORENCE SHIRLEY, WHO MADE A HIT AS THE FLAPPER IN "BUNKER BEAN" LAST YEAR, AND WHO IS NOW SCORING ANOTHER AS FANNY WELCH IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY TEN-STRIKE, "OH, LADY, LADY!"

*From her latest photograph by Abbé*

"General Post" at the Gaiety, and none but those who keep close track of theatrical doings would have known it for "Good Night, Nurse," to which A. H. Woods said good-by in Boston the season before last.

The thing has nothing to do with "The Sick-a-Bed Lady," a story whose dramatization was once much talked about. It's a farce of very unequal caliber, turning on the efforts of a young man to evade being called as a witness in a divorce case. Hence

his taking to bed, where, of course, he falls in love with his nurse. Heroes of plays have been doing this with more persistency than ever since the hit of "The Boomerang"—which, by the bye, is still being played on tour with the same company that produced it at the Belasco in the autumn of 1915.

It is the cast Klaw & Erlanger have given it that makes "Sick-a-Bed" in any sense worth while. Edwin Nicander, who was so

clever in "Good Gracious Annabelle" got up out of a real sick-bed to take to a pretended one as *Reginald Jay*, and Mary Boland, whom we have not seen in town since her brief career as *Lady Camber*, last spring, makes an altogether adorable nurse.

Miss Boland is another of the good things besides automobiles that have come to us out of Detroit, where she had her training in stock; but she had to travel across the

ocean to London, where Charles Frohman saw her play with Robert Edeson, before she gained entry to Broadway. He made her leading woman with Francis Wilson, and then promoted her to the same post with John Drew, with whom she remained several seasons in "Jack Straw," "Smith," and other English comedies. She did excellent work in another play from England requiring infinite versatility—"My Lady's



ALICE BRADY, WHO NOW SEEMS TO BE WEDDED TO MOTION-PICTURES, IN WHICH SHE HAS BEEN REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL

*From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York*





MADALINE TRAVERSE, WHO FOLLOWED WILLETTE KERSHAW IN "YES OR NO," AN ODDLY BUILT PLAY WHICH HAS BEEN ON VIEW IN NEW YORK FOR SOME MONTHS

*From a photograph by Dobkin, New York*



EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON, LATELY LEADING WOMAN FOR SIR HERBERT TREE,  
NOW STARRING IN 'CHARLES RANN KENNEDY'S NEW PLAY,  
"AN ARMY WITH BANNERS"

Dress"; after which pictures claimed her for a while.

After the photographs had been selected for this number, I discovered that by mere chance we are including two ladies, one of whom wore the other's shoes just ten years ago. This was Edith Wynne Matthison, when she followed Margaret Anglin in "The Great Divide." As it would have been necessary to have new shoes made, as the old ones happened to fit Miss Matthison, and as there was only a week's time

for preparation, the Canadian actress suggested that her successor from England should step into her shoes literally as well as figuratively.

Miss Matthison, who was born in Birmingham, says that the first word she ever spoke on the stage was "Columbus." This was in "The Schoolgirl," with Minnie Palmer. Aspiring to greater things than light comedy, she took a course in Ben Greet's school of acting, after which she toured with his company in Shakespeare.

Meanwhile that interesting old morality play, "Everyman," was being tried at Oxford, where it made such a deep impression that a London engagement followed. For this another *Everyman* was needed, and Miss Matthison was selected. Her success was instantaneous, and in due course, when the late Charles Frohman brought the piece to America, she came with it.

Her first part in this country as a woman was *Viola* in "Twelfth Night." This was at the Knickerbocker Theater in 1904. The same year she returned to England, where she became the late Sir Henry Irving's leading woman in "The Merchant of Venice." Four years later she was back in the United States again, to participate in the wonderful, vogue achieved by "The Servant in the House," a play written by her husband, Charles Rann Kennedy.

In the season of 1910-11 came Miss Matthison's noteworthy engagement at the New Theater—now the Century—when she charmed all who were fortunate enough to see her as *Sister Beatrice* in the Maeterlinck play of that name. She was also *Hermione* in "A Winter's Tale," and *Mistress Ford* in "The Merry Wives." Then came *Light* in "The Blue Bird" and the title-rôle of "The Piper," an American play which had taken a prize in England, and in which Miss Matthison afterward went on tour. More recently she became leading woman with the late Sir Herbert Tree during his final season.

In fact, I know of few artists with greater cause to look back with pride on their repertory; and during the past winter it must have been with particular joy that Miss Matthison found herself able to give the series of Shakespeare matinées which crowded the Cort Theater with delighted audiences of youngsters. These eager listeners drank in the charms of "The Merchant of Venice" and "As You Like It," with never a thought that their author had been voted out of date and a disastrous gamble by the commercial managers.

Margaret Anglin is another player who constantly seeks to associate herself with the best things. While Miss Matthison was doing Shakespeare matinées, Miss Anglin, in association with the New York

Symphony Society, was giving special performances of two famous Greek tragedies—the "Electra" of Sophocles and the "Medea" of Euripides. In 1910, at the Greek Theater, Berkeley, California, she acted in Sophocles's "Antigone," and at Boston the next year she appeared as *Phaedra* in "Hippolytus." Of course, you will regard these as highbrow efforts, but an acquaintance with Miss Anglin will quickly disabuse you of the idea that she belongs to that tribe of humans herself. Born in Ottawa, and gifted with a talent for declamation, she joined a school of acting, like Miss Matthison. At her initial public performance Charles Frohman's eagle eye lighted upon her, and he offered her a part in a road company of "Shenandoah." Three years later found her with E. H. Sothorn as the slavey in "Lord Chumley."

As slaveys weren't the line along which Miss Anglin hoped to make her mark, she welcomed a rain-storm in Philadelphia which brought her an unexpected meeting in a hotel lobby with the late A. M. Palmer, through whom she got to Richard Mansfield. You may recall that it was her performance of *Roxane* in "Cyrano" that brought her into Broadway prominence with a leap; but you may have forgotten—Miss Anglin told me the story herself for these pages twelve years ago—that she had not really been engaged for leading woman at the time. She had merely been reading the lines, so that Mansfield could go on with the rehearsals, pending the engagement of some actress with a reputation for the part.

As she was getting only sixty dollars a week, and was without a regular contract in spite of her success, she accepted another offer—as *Constance* in "The Musketeers." This in turn brought her the chance to play *Mimi* with Henry Miller in "The Only Way." The post of leading woman in the Frohman stock company at the Empire was then awarded her, and here she soon scored her sweeping triumph in "Mrs. Dane's Defense." She became a star in 1904, and the following year she rang up another ten-strike as *Zira* in a fresh dramatization of Wilkie Collins's novel, "The New Magdalen."



PHOEBE FOSTER, LEADING WOMAN IN THE CLEVER COMEDY, "THE GIPSY TRAIL,"  
NOW ON TOUR AFTER A WINTER IN NEW YORK

*From her latest photograph by Geisler & Andrews, New York*

In 1911 Miss Anglin married Howard Hull, of Detroit, brother of Shelley, now with "Why Marry?" and of Henry, on the road with "The Man Who Came Back." In 1913 she played four Shakespearian heroines—namely, *Viola*, *Katharine*, *Rosalind*, and *Cleopatra*.

Apropos of Shakespeare, Brandon Tynan is having the time of his life with a piece called "Success," in which he enacts a player of *King Lear*, with a twenty-year interval between the two periods in which he is seen. This is the sort of thing that all players simply love to do. I am not so certain that the public loves to see them do it. I can testify that there are some rather tedious moments in Tynan's piece with the hazardous title, which was written by Adeline Leitzbach and Theodore A. Liebler, Jr.

The latter is a son of the senior member of the famous theatrical firm to whom players have been indebted for many pleasant hours. The Lieblers were the first to star the late Charles Coghlan, Viola Allen, Eleanor Robson—now Mrs. August Belmont—George Arliss, and others, and they came to grief because they spent too much money in giving the public the very best in the way of mountings. Brandon Tynan was with them as *Joseph* in the Bible story when for two seasons they took their turn with the white elephant on Central Park West. It was the Lieblers, in fact, who rechristened it the Century.

#### TUNING UP OLD COMEDIES

When I say that I enjoyed "Oh, Look!" more than any other musical comedy of the season, I should add, I suppose, that I have not yet seen "Going Up." Both pieces are based on comedies by the same author, James Montgomery—"Going Up," a leading box-office best-seller, on "The Aviator," and "Oh, Look!" on "Ready Money." I was very keen about the last-named piece when it was produced at Maxine Elliott's Theater in August, 1912, with William Courtenay in the chief part, now played by Harry Fox. Turning to my review of the season for that year, I find that the career of the farce was one of the inex-

plicable puzzles of the season, for, in spite of its ingenious plot and the enthusiastic reviews it received, it lasted only until about Thanksgiving. I recall, however, that it was much more of a go in London.

Now, with music added, and with the girls whose scarcity the critics deplored in its first version, I think it should run on at the new Vanderbilt almost until the Fourth of July—around which holiday its action hinges. The score was written by Harry Carroll, and contains one number which got at least ten encores—"Typical Topical Tunes." It's all of the jingly description that has made the fame of the other two "Oh" shows—"Oh, Boy!" and "Oh, Lady, Lady!" I suggest, by the way, that the next piece of this sort might conserve fuel in the electrics by styling itself simply "Oh My!"

The predecessor of "Going Up"—in which Frank Craven is now the aviator—was even less of a box-office hit than "Ready Money," when it was produced at the Astor in December, 1910, although it was greeted with the same unanimity of praise by the press. The biggest success hitherto attained by their author was achieved with "Nothing but the Truth," which was played in New York all last winter by William Collier, and which, I hear, has just established itself as a go in London. "Oh, Look!" was the third piece based on a play to come under the wire a winner in the present season, the first being "Leave It to Jane," suggested by "The College Widow." A fourth has just turned up in "Toot, Toot!" from Captain Rupert Hughes's railroad farce, "Excuse Me," which has been brought absolutely up to date by making the journey one from the Pacific Coast to the Atlantic, carrying a troop of soldiers on the way to France.

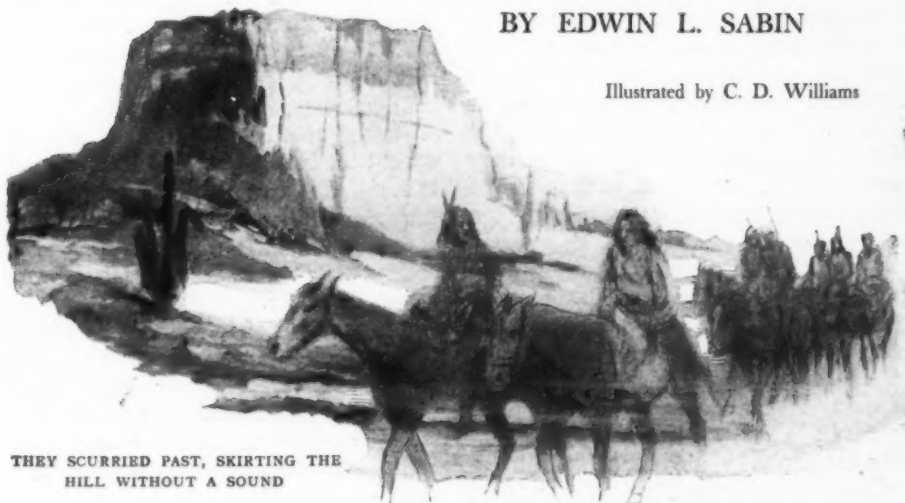
Possibly this is the reason why Colonel Savage has taken such pains to indicate on the program in just what position each man of the company stands with respect to serving the colors. For instance, Donald MacDonald, the lieutenant, around whose efforts to get married all the action revolves, is set down as "awaiting call." He's a clever boy, especially with his legs, and you saw him last winter in "Have a Heart."



# The Fantom-Chasers

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

Illustrated by C. D. Williams



THEY SCURRED PAST, SKIRTING THE HILL WITHOUT A SOUND

INTO the desert twilight a tiny spiral of smoke was rising from somewhere near the hollow upon which we had had the corner of an eye; so, driving our burro, Haines and I rounded the end of the low ridge to a point where we could see the length of the dip.

Sure enough, as we had hoped, at the tail of the dip there was trace of a pool, scummy-blue; and a man, black of outline, was squatting beside a little fire; and a burro, likewise black against the sunset glow, was scratching his ear with a hind hoof. The burro pricked his ears at our burro, they exchanged hee-haws, but the man scarcely glanced until we were upon him.

"Grub-Stake Matt, by all that's holy!" murmured Haines. "Hello, Matt!" he hailed.

"Evenin', boys," returned Matt, which was as much as we might expect.

"Room for us, Matt?"

"Reckon so."

He never stirred, save to tend his fire and his coffee-pot. Albeit his welcome was none too enthusiastic, we unpacked our burro and got out our tools. Old Matt added to his pot a splash more of water and a dash more of coffee-grains, our burro

hastily rolled over, got up, kicked the other burro in the ribs, and took possession of a choice cactus; and we proceeded to be a happy family together, while the coffee gurgled, and the bacon hissed, and Matt sucked at his venerable pipe. •

"Out long, Matt?"

"Few days."

"Bound far, this time?"

"Peckin' 'round, peckin' 'round."

Haines winked at me. We might as well ask the burro what lay over the next ridge.

Old Matt had outlived his last name, whatever it may have been. Yuma, Tucson, Phoenix, Prescott, and the towns between were familiar with him as merely an alkali-tanned, parchment-skinned, long-haired, dusty-whiskered, uncurried derelict, in greasy slouch-hat, faded flannel shirt, baggy trousers tucked into scorched boots, eternally trailing in after supplies and eternally trailing out again by his lonesome, except for his burro, on a quest eternally unrewarded.

A cunning old chap he was—too cunning. Nobody spied on him, nowadays; nobody staked him; he had worn out his mystery, and was only a habit. To grub-stake a habit butters no parsnips. Arizona was beginning to depend upon scientific

prospecting more than upon the divining-rod of luck wielded by the desert rat and the fantom-chaser.

Well, we five—a fellow always counts his burro—complicated together quite cheerfully that evening around the fire, while the sky deepened from purple to blue-black, and thirsty coyotes eyed us wistfully. Presently old Matt rapped the ashes from his last pipe, and with a grunt went to bed in his clothes. Haines and I were a little more esthetic; we changed our feet by removing our brogans.

In the eastern flush of early morning we breakfasted. Then we packed.

"Which way for you, Matt?" asked Haines.

"Yonder a piece," evaded old Matt. "Thar'll be no water hyar to-morrow. Well, luck to yez!"

Haines winked again at me.

"We'll travel a stretch with you, then, Matt, if you don't mind," he said. "We're bound yonder ourselves."

Matt grunted ungraciously, whacked his burro, and led out.

"Good chance to find where the old boy's heading for," remarked Haines in an undertone as we fell in behind.

With one sound lung between us, and nowhere in particular to go, we followed on into the still, hot day of fuming sandy swales and blistering grayish ridges, where the Gila monsters sprawled luxurious and the cacti were few and high.

It seemed as if old Matt was bent upon trying us off. He spoke never a word other than an occasional mutter to himself; and in due time Haines and I quit talking to save breath and keep our tongues moist.

The burros were lagging when at noon Matt halted on the shadeward side, so to say, of a square-faced outcrop—the September sun being a little aslant. Here we could sit, with our backs cooling and our legs roasting, and eat a snack and drink a swallow, and gaze in front of us at nothing especial. With packs eased, the burros dozed.

Matt snored. I drowsed off. Suddenly Haines roused me with a sharp thrust of his elbow and a quick exclamation:

"Look! What's that—a mirage?"

The shade now had crept to my knees, but beyond the knees all was stewing and shimmering. A quarter of a mile—half a mile—three miles away—*quien sabe?*—I saw the mirage, and it was a dandy.

The desert yonder had broken into a hill, dotted with mesquite and giant cactus and boulders, where none had been before. A castle of rim-rock crowned it, sheer against the blue. It wavered, receding, advancing, as if we were trying to focus on it through a lens. Then with a leap across space it steadied, large, sharp, natural, until you almost could see the lizards basking on the rocks.

Into the field of its base there entered a company of moving figures. The leaders of the band were mounted; following them came other men afoot. They were brown, they were half-naked, they were black-headed, they moved fast. They were Indians—Apaches!

"I'll be dog-goned!" muttered Haines, and I felt him stiffen.

The Indians scurried past, skirting the hill without a sound, although you might have thought that you should hear the patter of hoof and the scuff of moccasin. And now we could see that one of the figures near the head of the procession was not an Indian brave. It was a woman—a white woman!

Evidently she was a prisoner of the Apaches. Her hair flowed loose, her dress was torn, she seemed to be half insensible. It made a fellow's blood boil—'twas hard to savvy—and this was Arizona, 1906!

Old Matt yelped harshly, shattering the spell.

"Lord a'mighty, it's Belle McKeever! Down with you! Flatten out! If them blasted skunks sight us—"

This was child's play; nevertheless, such was the hypnotic power of him that we flattened and watched.

Old Matt breathed hard; his hands fumbled, pawing out upon the sand.

"Whar's that gun?" he muttered. "But I daren't shoot—don't anybody shoot, or they'll kill the woman. I reckon they're going," he sighed.

And going they were—one-by one vanishing complete, as if stepping from a mir-

ror; emerging from the unknown at the right and instantaneously disappearing into the unknown at the left. Now the hill remained, empty, with the mesquite, and the cactus, and the red rim-rock castle limned against the blue.

## II

HAINES sat up; Matt sat up; I sat up. The burros lowered their ears. They had seen, too, so it had not been a dream.

Matt's whiskered face was strangely gaunt, his eyes glared avid, searching the distance, his hands twitched. Haines was trembling curiously. I strove to laugh. It had been so awfully real. Haines spoke.

"They sure had me buffaloed!" he gasped. "Seemed as if we could have reached 'em with the twenty-two. What the—look now!"

Like a stage setting, the slope of the hill had waited. Another line of figures entered, as from the wings. Cavalry, this time—United States cavalry, in their old-time blue trousers and shirts, as much out of date as had been the Apaches. They cantered by, on the trail, with never a jingle. Their officer and bugler vanished; one by one the men, including a corporal, vanished—and in a twinkling the whole hill vanished, and only the empty desert remained!

Matt was on his feet, tense and staring.

"They'll never ketch 'em! They never did ketch 'em, an' they won't this time—or mebbe they won't. But they're still a follerin'. Boys, we're in luck at last! Thar's our trail, straight for the Belle McKeever. We ain't got much time to lose, an' we'll have to travel light. Carry yore canteens, so if the burros give out—"

"What you talking about, Matt?" I demanded, hauling him short.

He seemed to be crazed.

"Me, Flannigan? Whar are yore wits, man? Ain't you an' I an' Wormley thar been huntin' the Belle McKeever for thirty-five year an' better?" He was calling me "Flannigan" and Haines "Wormley"! "Hooray, boys! I knowed 'twas off thar some'eres," he shouted, as he slung on his canteen.

"Who do you think you are, Matt?"

"Sergeant Matthew Crossthwaite, by golly, Fust Cavalry, U. S. A." He chuckled as he cinched his burro. "Folks said I pinched out in the desert, that time away back, didn't they? An' Wormley went bad, an' Flannigan, he pinched out, too; but that was jest a lie, so's to skeer other folks from lookin' for the Belle McKeever. Hyar we are, still a s'archin'—the three of us; an' now all we got to do is to foller that trail—"

"Man alive!" we blurted. "Don't you know that was a mirage?"

"A put-up job, somewhere," urged Haines. "There aren't any Apaches ridin' that way these days, except perhaps in a circus."

"And those soldiers' uniforms date back twenty-five years," I added.

"Hey?" Old Matt paused and blinked. "Mirage? Yes, I know mirages. So do yez. The desert's full of 'em—queerer ones 'n that. We've been a seein' 'em, these many years. D'yez remember the one with the Spanish priest an' the soldiers wearin' armor, time afore we all was 'most under an' got tuk into Fort Yumy?" He fussed impatiently. "Come on, now! You, Flannigan, drive the critters. You, Wormley, step behind me. Fall in with yez. For'ard, march!"

"Where, Matt?"

"To cut the leftenant's trail, o' course. Is the sun in yore brains? Didn't you see the sign, yon? Don't ye rec'lect the basin among the rocks, an' the yaller gold a sparklin' in our tin cups, that time when the 'Paches carried off Belle McKeever from the emigrant train, an' the leftenant an' the rist of us from old Fort Yumy tuk the trail, an' we made camp, an' we dug for water, an' we found the gold wash, an' we all went nigh crazy with it, an' wore the skin from our fingers a clawin' up the gravel to fill them same cups? An' when the leftenant ordered us on agin, to rescue the woman, didn't you an' I desert, one night, an' hide out, an' set our feet to the findin' o' the place? Leftenant Swinerton, he was. That was in sixty-nine; an' through all these weary years the leftenant's been chasin' the 'Paches, an' Belle McKeever, 'round an' 'round the desert—"

for he swore he'd ketch 'em. An' through all these weary years you an' I've been chasin' the Belle McKeever mine 'round an' 'round the desert, for we swore we'd ketch that. But it's jest ahead. I saw Corp'al Clavers in that file, an' he was wiped out 'fore we made the gold camp."

Matt grabbed his battered Winchester, where it stuck in his pack, and cocked it.

"What yez gapin' an' jabberin' for?" he said fiercely. "Plannin' to do me, are yez? Plannin' to put yore sergeant out the way an' split his share betwixt yez? Shame on yez! We'll stick together, now. We'll have no skulduggery, mind yez. If one of us strays off, on his own hook like, 'tis for the others to shoot him down. March!"

"All right, Matt," we soothed. He handled his gun in ugly fashion. "Wait till we tighten pack, Matt." He glowered and muttered. "But maybe the lieutenant found the Belle McKeever himself, long ago, Matt."

"He'd not stop. The leftenant? When orders were to get the woman? You heard him swear to it, didn't yez, when he made us leave the gold, an' our fingers were raw an' so were our hearts? An' ye see him still a goin', don't yez—an' the woman before? Are yez ready? For'ard,

"WATER! IT'S OUR  
GOLD—WATER,  
WATER!"



march, then, ahead o' me, till we strike the trail at the fut of the hill. I remember the hill; I remember it well. On with yez!"

"Nutty as a parrot," confided Haines to me, shrugging his shoulders.

### III

We set out, in the lead, the two

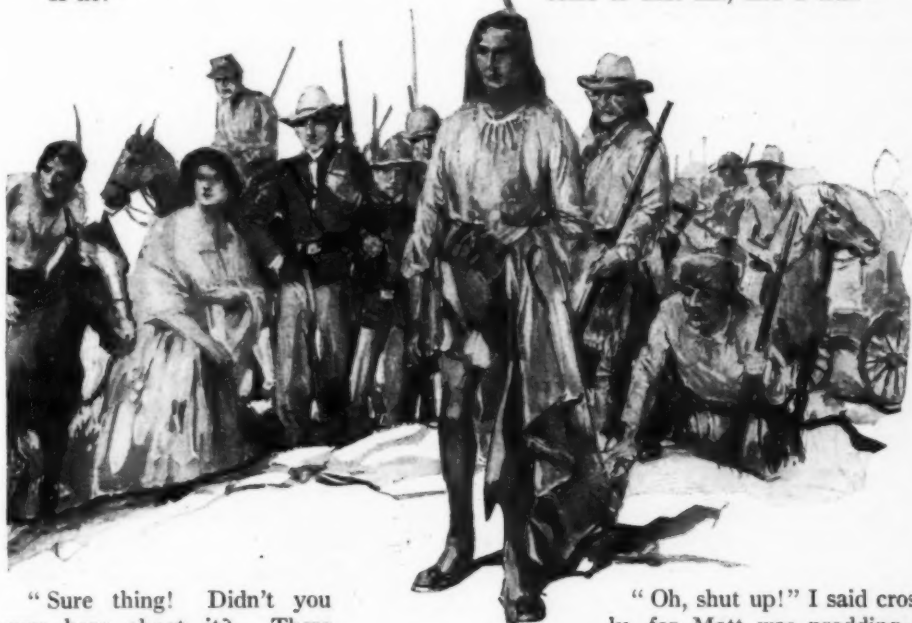


burros following, and Matt trudging beside them, carrying his rifle and mumbling nonsense.

"The old cuss is right on the Belle McKeever, you know," said Haines.

"Is he?"

"They were found by accident, though. And that sure was a queer mirage! Matt claims he recognized the lieutenant and the corporal. We saw them—saw the Injuns, too, and the woman; and if we come to that hill, and a trail—"



"Sure thing! Didn't you ever hear about it? There was a woman captured by the Injuns. Troops followed, and struck gold where they camped one evening. Struck it rich, when digging for water, and lost the place again. People have been looking for the Belle McKeever ever since. It lies in a basin, just as Matt says; that is, the wash from it. There was a sergeant and two men, too, that died or went loco, according to the story; but that was thirty years ago, and Matt may be that sergeant. He's old enough. You've heard of the Belle McKeever, haven't you?" he pursued. "With gold wash like buckshot?"

"Yes; that dope and plenty of other dope—buckshot gold and flake gold and wire gold and mountains of gold; the Belle McKeever, the Nigger, the Peg Leg, the Adams, the Frenchman, the Madden—"

"The Madden's been found," interrupted Haines eagerly. "So has the Frenchman. They're no fakes!"

"But they weren't found by chasing a mirage," I answered.

"Oh, shut up!" I said crossly, for Matt was prodding us on, and the desert all looked alike and was infernally hot. "I hope we come to them mighty soon, then!"

"So do I, boy," breathed Haines softly. His mind seemed to be working differently from mine. Was he going crazy, too?

Matt yelled.

"Squad halt! At ease! Let's drink a sip; but be gentle with the water. When we'll strike more, I dunno."

He caught up with us. We gladly drank a few swallows from the canteen. The burros stood panting. We had traveled straight and rapidly. The little rock rampart was out of sight, beyond the everlasting washboard of yellow sand and blackish ridges. A great pleasure excursion, this!

"A-a-ah!" sighed old Matt, wiping his lips with the back of a gnarled and shaking hand. "'Twon't be long now, I'm thinkin'. Do ye mind, Flannigan," he said, "an' ye, Wormley, how the gold lay like buckshot in the bottom o' the hole whar we'd dug, an' how we scooped it up with our hands



into the tin cups an' went crazy jinglin' it? Man, man! An' now, after all the weary years! The desert's good to us at last."

"Do you remember, Flannigan?" Haines gravely asked me. "An' the next night we deserted—eh, Matt?"

"So we did, an' disgraced the uniform," acknowledged Matt. "But our time was nearly out, anyhow." He peered ahead. "I thought I saw the hill," he said. "My eyes ain't what they used to be. Do ye see the hill, either o' yez?"

"Not I." But my eye and thought were on his rifle. If I might only grab that!

He alertly stepped back a pace.

"No matter. It's yon, an' so's the trail. For'ard, march! We'll keep a goin', for we've no time to waste."

"For'ard, march, Flannigan, my boy," echoed Haines; and he winked solemnly.

We marched. Tramp, tramp; trudge, trudge; and the sun sank lower, and our shadows lengthened, and a blister on my sole hurt maddeningly, and Haines occasionally laughed to himself, and the burros groaned. But old Matt doggedly forced us along.

The canteens were suspiciously light when we made dry camp, at Matt's orders. The sun had set, the sand and ridges were flooded with a pink glow. Nothing moved anywhere.

"Flannigan 'll unpack the animals an' Wormley 'll build the bit of a fire for the coffee," directed Matt. He seated himself, with his rifle, to watch us. "If you'll give me yore word, boys, that you'll play fair, I'll help yez. Sure, we're all together for the Belle McKeever. There's gold enough, in plenty."

"You have my word, Matt," replied Haines shortly.

"Do I have Flannigan's?"

"I'll play fair," I agreed, to humor him.

"Flannigan will play fair," announced Haines.

"Oh, well, 'tis two to one, anyhow, for I see the gold in Wormley's eye," assented Matt.

He laid aside his gun. Several times during the supper-getting he paused, to stand and peer into the closing horizon.

"We're after ye!" once he said. "Lord, but I see ye plain!"

And again:

"D'ye mind, lads, that to-morrow we'll be as rich as Croesus? As I remember, 'tis only a little way from the hill; an' now we'll have the old trail, frishened by the leftenant himself. He'll not stop; but we will—eh?"

And again:

"Gold as big as buckshot, for the scoop-in' up; an' a rotten vein feedin' in, all lousy with yaller. Waitin' for us—wait-in' for us!"

Plumb crazy! And Haines appeared to egg him on.

"Why do you lead him along all the time?" I challenged, when in the dusk after supper we two smoked our pipes together.

"Did you ever think," mused Haines, shifting restlessly, "of the strange things that have happened in the desert? That—that chase we saw would be true, in the desert, if in any place—Flannigan?"

"Don't call me 'Flannigan'!" I objected. "I'm no more Flannigan than you're Wormley."

"Quite so, bo," agreed Haines evenly.

"But about the desert, and those Injuns and soldiers. I don't see any reason why, with all the thousands of souls, Injun, Spanish, American, who have passed through— Did you hear Matt mention that priest and soldiers in armor?" he queried suddenly.

"Ring off!" I ordered. "You'll be crazy yourself, in a minute."

He laughed annoyingly and sprang to his feet.

"What did you say, Matt?"

"I was askin' yez if yez minded the buckshot gold, lads, an' how it tinkles in a tin cup, yaller an' heavy? The leftenant, he won't stop, with the woman still on ahead o' him. Ain't we in great luck?"

"'Round and 'round, after the same Injuns," murmured Haines. "And we saw it, the burros saw it!" He paced back and forth, now and again halting to puff and to stare out into the desert, just as Matt was puffing and staring. "Lord!" he cried. "If we strike the trail, and follow it to the

Belle McKeever—that's all we've got to do. Matt says he knows."

The fellow alarmed and angered me with his growing flightiness. I did not care for the prospect of finding myself alone in the desert with two madmen.

"Ghosts don't make trails, you ass," I growled at him.

"No, maybe not," breathed Haines. His eyes shone down upon me, his cheeks burned with a red spot in their center. "But the hill! Matt remembers the hill, and now he has the direction. He's dead sure."

"That mirage may have been thrown from a hundred miles behind us," I retorted.

"If it was a mirage," panted Haines. "Yes, I know, I know; but how do you reckon it was a mirage? What made those figures? You talk like a fool." He rubbed his hand across his brow, and I saw that his brow was wet. "Supposing it's true, man! It means millions for us. There may not be a trail. I don't say there won't be, though; there'll likely be some marks left—the desert doesn't change. Anyway, when we come to the hill, we're all right. The Belle McKeever, and we're due to find it!"

He hastened across to Matt, picked up a canteen, and took a long drink. He squatted beside Matt, and they talked. Snatches of their conversation floated to me, and did not serve to allay my apprehensions:

"Flakes as big as yore thumb-nail"—"Layin' in the holler"—"The lode's plain to be seen"—"A rotten outcrop ye can pluck to pieces like 'twere chalk"—"Only the three of us to stake it"—"Water? We can dig for water in the holler, same as we did before."

Two of them crazy now! Well, it was useless to reason with them; so I knocked the ashes from my pipe, spread my blanket, and turned in.

Whenever I wakened their voices and their same exclamations drifted to me—of gold, gold, gold, and the waiting Belle McKeever, and the lieutenant and the Apaches racing around and around on the unending trail.

Twice I heard a canteen clink, as somebody drank. Evidently the talking was thirsty work.

#### IV

THE stars were still shining, although the lesser luminaries had begun to pale, when I was finally aroused by a general stir. The fire flickered eerily; Haines was making coffee. Matt stepped to me briskly as I sat up.

"Time to turn out, Flannigan," he said. "We'll have a sip o' coffee, an' travel whilst the coolness is on."

"What does Haines say?" I put.

"Haines? Ye mean Wormley there? That's the name he listed by, an' it's good enough for me. What does he say? Sure, what would any man say when the day's come to bury his hands to the wrists in the pure stuff runnin' twinty dollars to the ounce! Get up with ye. That's right. Now for the coffee, an' then the trail to the Belle McKeever!"

Haines glanced aside at me.

"Hello!" he greeted. "Sleep well?"

"Nothing extra," I replied.

"Neither did I. I kept seeing yellow all night, when I wasn't talking it. Matt didn't lie down at all."

"You're going on, are you?"

He eyed me.

"Of course. What are we here for? Are you crazy?"

"No," said I; "but you are."

I lifted a canteen for a drink. The chill night air had dried me out. The canteen was empty.

"You'll find a swig in that other," directed Haines. "There'll be plenty more at the McKeever. We can dig, like we did before."

"We"? Talk sense," I retorted.

"Oh!" He laughed, and rubbed his hand across his brow. "We'll not quarrel over trifles," he muttered vaguely. "The gold's the main thing."

The burros had wandered from sight during the night. I was for trailing them—likely they had hunted water; but Matt and Haines would have none of my proposal.

I was for lining a march to the nearest

water, anyway—tried to get out of Matt where the water should be; but he and Haines would have none of this either. Haines suddenly changed his attitude of friendly persuasion and grabbed up our twenty-two.

"A mutiny, sergeant! That won't do. He'll have to come along, whether or no. He said he'd play fair. It would serve him right to leave him behind, but we'll play fair, too."

"Our camp stuff, though," I argued. "We'd better find the burros, boys, to pack them."

"Silence in the ranks!" rasped old Matt. "No more out o' you, Flannigan. Ye heard what Wormley said, an' he's yore bunk. Would you lose millions in good gold for the sake of a mere trifle o' dunnage? We can carry all we'll nade an' we'll travel the lighter. Do three soldiers want a Gin'ral Crook pack-train? Now gather yore duds, sech as ye can, an' step out with ye. Darn the jacks!"

"Darn the Belle McKeever!" answered I, hot with anger, but utterly helpless, with the twenty-two casually covering my stomach, and Haines's bloodshot eyes fastened upon me.

Matt tapped his head significantly.

"Poor Flannigan, he was a wee bit teched by the sun yisterday. An' it's been a long, long trail."

There was a note of fatherly compassion in his voice. Haines nodded gravely, concurring.

We set out—Matt leading, Haines at the rear, I between them.

"We're headin' right, boys," Matt called back cheerily. "Hain't yez the feel o' the gold in yore bare hands? Ain't it a strong itch, though? Hooray!"

"Hooray!" gasped Haines.

The sun rose high. The sand and wash-board ridges fumed again, furnacelike. Above and below there was steady, burning heat. Haines overtook me.

"Lend me a pull at your canteen, chum," he said.

"Where's your own?"

He stared blankly at me.

"Why should I be carrying an empty canteen when there'll be water along with

the gold? The jug was dry, and so am I." He flared up. "Curse you!"

He leaped for me, tugged until he snapped the strap, drank, and tucked the canteen under his arm.

"Mutiny again, sergeant!" he proclaimed. "But I've got him. He can't go far without his canteen."

Matt had stopped, and swung his hat, and shouted, pointing forward with wavering finger.

"The hill, lads! See the hill? Glory be, the hill!"

Puffing, we joined him on the next ridge, where he stood; and by my soul, a hill there actually was, in the distance straight before us!

Haines turned on me, aflame; his eyes glistened.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy," Flannigan," he blatted.

He laughed harshly, clapped Matt on the shoulder, and Matt laughed, chuckling triumphantly.

"Who's dreamin'?" he said. "Now mebbe ye'll deny thar'll be a trail right at the fut o' yon hill. Come on!"

They toiled, they panted, they sweated. I toiled, I panted, I sweated. The hill grew nearer and larger. Through the quivering air the mesquite and the cacti detached themselves against the flank, and on the top was a red rim-rock castle limned against the blue. It was the hill!

I was sorry—and at the same time I felt the spur of an intense, biting expectancy, of which I was ashamed. Child's play, child's play; yet if—

Haines and Matt exchanged excited, foolish comment—voiced the wildest, maddest assurance.

"The trail nixt! Who'll be the fust to set fut on the trail to the Belle McKeever?" chattered Matt. "It doesn't matter about the trail, though, for I know the lay o' the land. 'Tis all plain, at last, at last. We'll share the gold as equals, lad. Come on, Wormley! Come hard, Flannigan! Hooray!"

He cheered; Haines cheered, gasping; and I swore, for a knife-blade was twisting in my scarce-healed lung.

The hill rose from the farther edge of a little dip. It was not high, but for many miles there was no other hill like the one that we had seen in the mirage.

Old Matt, age-toughened and marvelously long-winded, with Haines in pursuit, went plunging down the slight sandy pitch. Across it, at the base of the hill, they flourished their arms wildly and yelled like Indians.

When I reached them they were sitting for a moment triumphant. They had found the trail!

A trail, that is. But this in itself was enough to startle me, who was trying to be the sober third party—enough to make the heart of me thump painfully, and the eyes of me stare hot and dry. For the hillside slanted upward, untenanted by living creature, and the bare, rock-ribbed desert bore away parched and lifeless clear to the horizon; and nevertheless, here, coming from nowhere and going nowhere, there stretched a clean-cut trail freshly marked by hoof and foot!

"From yisterday!" fairly shouted Matt, scrambling up. "The sand's scarce done runnin' into the prints. D'ye see, boys? Frish hoof-marks, an' moccasins! Sure, both o' yez know a moccasin track—ye've seen many a one in the old days. Now foller me!"

"Wait a minute," I pleaded, and my voice shook in spite of me. "I've got to have a drink."

Haines no longer carried my canteen. He must have drained it and thrown it aside. Matt stripped off his own and slung it at me by the straps.

"A swaller or two as a cilibration, my lad! Thar's more ahead, an' after that ye can buy champagne. Yes, by the bucket ye'll be buyin' the champagne. Hurry, now, for every moment's golden!"

I frantically unscrewed the stopper, tilted the canteen, had just wet my imploring tongue, when with a rabid snarl Haines was upon me. He wrested the treasure from me, sent me staggering, and sucked noisily. Then, cursing the scant measure, he hurled the canteen far.

As I sprang forward with fist ready, Matt stoutly thrust me back.

"None o' that! Would ye be losin' time?" And to Haines: "'Twas the same trick ye played that day agone, when we petered out an' was tuk into Yummy. In thirty year ye should have mended yore manners. Oh, well," he sighed, "soon we'll be too rich to quarrel. What's a trifle o' water 'mongst millionaires? Come on! For'ard, march! Nixt stop we'll be thar."

Things swam dizzily before me, but we started. Wormley, the skunk—that is, Haines—dropped his blanket with an oath at its weight; so, not to be outdone, I dropped mine.

The trail left draw and hill and led right out upon the desert, somewhat broken, but as monotonous as a skull. Matt trudged sturdily.

"The red devils were aimin' for the Black Rocks, remember," he called back. "Yes, 'tis the country, all right. Hooray! Hooray!"

The confidence of his pace and tone was infectious. Inspired by the coincidence of hill and trail, and by the exultant rapid-fire talk of Haines and old Matt, I found myself half believing that the business might be true.

We toiled on. Haines was wheezing loudly; now and again he slipped, only to recover fiercely and make up the loss. With mouth open and eyes on his heels, I was firmly resolved not to be left. They should not run away from me, for the Belle McKeever *might* be on ahead, after all.

The sun was well past the noon mark when old Matt first halted, peering aside; but as we panted in, agape, he shook his head.

"'Tain't it. 'Tis a likely holler, lads, but not the one for us. D'ye think so, Wormley? D'ye think so, Flannigan? No, no; 'tain't the same. Remember, do yez, thar was a three-pronged cactus a growin' on the lip of it, with a 'Pache arrer stuck through? No, 'tain't the Belle McKeever."

We wagged our heads solemnly.

"No, 'tisin't it."

"We'll strike it at evenin', same as we did afore," asserted Matt. "Yes, that's the proper time. Thar's a good deal in



havin' the same kind o' light on the place, unnerstand."

## V

TRUDGE, trudge; plod, plod. The sun beat into my eyes, my joints creaked, the breath whistled in my dry throat, and the blisters rolled hugely under my soles. The tin cup of the man in front of me—sometimes Haines, sometimes Wormley—flopped with irritating rhythm. I cunningly silenced mine, in the hope that he would throw his away as he had thrown the canteens; and then how would he gather the gold—the jingly buckshot gold of the Belle McKeever?

The sun persistently shifted from left to right, and from before to behind, basting me to a turn. Amid the glare the bending figure of old Matt alternately waxed and shrank to a pin-point. He was powerful hard to see, at times; and now and again he disappeared into a dip among the wash-board ridges.

But the trail remained plain—the trail of the Apaches and the cavalry troop. We were on it, at last. Not for nothing had we three—Sergeant Matt, and Private Wormley, and Private Flannigan, who was myself—not for nothing had we hungered and thirsted and nearly died; not for nothing were we a little crazy at the present moment. I heard myself laugh. The Belle McKeever would buy us food and drink and everything else.

The sun was getting low, and its level rays were blinding. How long had we been on the move—thirty-five years? 'Twas a queer feeling.

Wormley dropped his twenty-two, but I had too much sense to pick the red-hot thing up—to waste my strength on his attempt to delay me in the race to the golden basin.

Chug, chug; squeak, squeak; one, two; one, two.

Thank Heaven, the sun was tired of nagging us; we had put him quartering behind us, and he was quitting, only lingering yonder on the rim of the world to see us rediscover the Belle McKeever. He knew, that sun did!

Doubled over before me, Wormley was

still pushing himself on with his feet; but Matt—where was Matt, the tough old devil? Had he played the game unfairly, after all? Had he given us the slip, and was he wallowing by himself in the gold, leaving us to go on and on forever through the desert?

No, not yet. For as we rounded the next spur, there was Matt, standing and craning down into a hollow like a whiskered buzzard. He waved his ragged arm, his gun aloft.

"Lord, but yez were long a comin'," he hailed wheezily. "Tell me, now—ain't this it? I don't want to be mistuk. Ain't this it? Look! Sure, 'tis the old campin'-place. The leftenant's been stoppin', occasional. 'Twas hard to pass, but he went on." The trail had widened, and the ground was trampled, down into the hollow. "Yes, an' two pack-mules abandoned—the same two, by golly! Yez mind the two pack-animals?" A couple of objects had trotted into the dazzling sunset and were gazing back with long ears pricked. "I don't see the cactus; mebbe the mules have et the cactus."

The little basin slowed in its mazy dance as our eyes focused. I caught a rasping breath. It certainly had a familiar aspect—dawned more and more familiar, rising from the mists of memory. It was—it was—hooray, it must be!

With a hoarse shout Haines went lunging in for the trace of seepage that showed whitish in the hollow. We rushed after him, and fell to our knees, grubbing.

"Water! Water!"

Haines and I sucked at the barely moist handfuls, but Matt's warning bawl brought us to.

"Lord, the gold! The Belle McKeever! I told yez—an' she's all here, an' richer'n ever! Buckshot an' flakes, boys—look at the yaller of it! Would yez waste it by swallerin' it?"

And suddenly my fingers were yellow, and the yellow glinted and slithered through them, and Haines and I fought for space.

"'Asy, 'asy," old Matt was cautioning. "We'll clane out the placer fust; heap it into piles, to make sure ag'in' the time the



lieutenant's around once more. In the mornin' we'll stake out the golden vein. 'Tis all ourn. I told yez, I told yez! The mules have been pawin' it up for us, but they tuk none away."

We worked madly with fingers and cups, each of us scraping the golden pebbles and flakes into his own pile, ere the twilight faded. Thirst and hunger were nothing; the gold was drink and meat. Ah, that free, heavy gold, bedded in the sands!

Matt uttered a harsh cry, shattering the medley of panting grunts.

"Watch out, boys! They're here, darn 'em!" And he crawled, fumbling for his gun. "Keep back, all o' yez!" he screamed.

For here they were, a shadowy mass, cavalry, Indians, women, emigrants, pressing on us. A veritable horde of the desert had come to dispute the gold with us. At the muzzle of Matt's menacing rifle they recoiled, yelling, threatening.

"'Tis ourn!" blared Matt. "Every fut is staked off. Away with yez! Nothin' but ghosts yez are! For the love o' Heaven, lieutenant, don't make me fire on yez, but ye've no authority. We got our discharge—hear that? Ye've no claim—ye or that bloody crew!"

Haines and I wallowed, hugging our piles with covetous hands.

"'Tis ours!" we blatted. "Our gold, our gold!"

## VI

THE gibbering, staring, jostling line essayed us with mingling commands that volleyed in vain. I heard the thin clamor of them only vaguely, for the gold beneath me was hot and dear. Nothing should tear me loose from it. Haines snarled furiously, as if with curling lips, and sobbed.

But somebody was advancing, alone, straight for us, into the muzzle of Matt's rifle.

The lieutenant, was he? What was his name? I didn't know him. He seemed to resolve into a figure in knee-breeches of civilian cut; but he was speaking with voice incisive, military.

"Don't shoot, my man. It's all right, but don't shoot. We're friends. Don't

shoot, I say! We mean you no harm. There—just a moment. Bring a canteen—help me, you fellows!"

"Water!" on a sudden Haines burst out. "It's our gold—water, water!"

They overpowered us. Haines and Matt were writhing and struggling. A form bent above me, a hand turned me, while I clawed weakly to cling to my pile. Wetness bathed my face and trickled upon my lips, so that I forgot the gluey gold and thought only of more, more.

"Steady!" spoke a voice out of the confusion wherein a thousand voices droned and eddied. "Don't fight. I'll attend to you. I'm a doctor. Slow and sure, my man!"

I drank again, sucking babyishly. And now I rose from dizzy depths, and a face was close over me, and the figures of soldiers and Indians and women and emigrants were still surrounding me.

"'Tis ours, all ours!" I repeated.

"What is yours?"

"The Belle McKeever."

The ghosts laughed, but the voice silenced them.

"Steady, my man," it bade. "You're getting all right. You're coming out. Drink—a-ah! That's enough for the present. Now, listen—what's that about the Belle McKeever?"

"It's here," I wailed. "All here—ours!"

"The Belle McKeever, certainly," said the face. "We're the motion-picture company taking pictures to film the story of Belle McKeever, and I'm the doctor with the outfit. But how did you know? We're on our way in, and find you here, at last night's camping-place, on our back trail—you three men and two burros. Do you understand?"

We? Two burros? At a last night's camping-place? But Matt was calling out against the "lieutenant" and the "Paches," Haines was moaning—destined, the one to the asylum, the other to the hospital, were they two; and all my sick mind staggered and heaved.

So how was I to understand yet, here in the depths of Arizona, where never motion-pictures had been filmed before—how was

I, the ignorant, to understand that a make-believe for the camera had been imaged in the air, to delude us and craze us and bring us back to our first basin, whither the burros, water-seeking, had themselves backtracked?

"No, no!" I besought. "The gold—the gold of the Belle McKeever. It's ours—we found it!"

And I clutched for the yellow dust with both hands, and held it tight, lest they might rob me.

Whereupon the voice said:

"Is that it? Look, my man. Look close, and see!"

I looked, very, very close. It was sand—cold sand and gravel, as sterile as ashes. What a cruel trick! I was swearing horribly at this, and with a great fear I wrung

my hands empty and dug into my pile, and peered, and pawed, and peered again—and it, too, was only sand and gravel, sand and gravel.

That shocked me. Bitter, bitter wrath surged within me at the treachery of the desert. I propped myself; an arm supported me secure, and I cast about at those other swimming faces, mockingly intent upon my frenzies.

"Steady, my man! 'Tis hard, I know; but there's no gold here. I wish there were, for your sake. Now, drink all you want."

Forthwith, my comprehension being set upon only the one thing, and the gold having turned to dross, I drank deeply of the blessed water, and then slept like the dead till morning.

#### A WINDMILL IN FLANDERS

I SAW you from my dull red tent,  
Perched on a wooded hill;  
Slowly, so slowly your wind-arms went.  
What were you dreaming, old mill?  
Were *Don Quixote* here, he'd tilt at you  
And pierce your valiant arms.  
To me you're a giant touching the blue,  
Grinding the harvest of many farms.

You care not for the guns' loud roar,  
For the crash of thundering bomb  
Ripping its way to earth's dark core,  
Or for those who fell on the Somme.  
You swing your arms in the winter wind  
With sky for roof and hill for throne;  
You know naught of war, for your ways are kind;  
You hear not the fallen warrior's moan.

When sunset touches your little hill,  
Your arms are burnished in gold.  
Of rosy clouds you have your fill;  
You gather them close in evening fold.  
You rustle the leaves of many a tree;  
And when the stars shine clear,  
You turn them round and round for me,  
Throwing them far and near.

When I, too, shall go up the line,  
And take a long last look at you,  
Wave farewell for auld lang syne!  
Your arms have touched the clouds and blue;  
Long may you stand on your little hill,  
Braving the winds of land and sea;  
Oh, windmill, if it be your will,  
Stretch forth your arms and beckon me!

F. Hadland Davis

# The Lion's Mouse\*

BY C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor," "The Shop-Girl," etc.

**R**OGER SANDS, a New York lawyer, has been summoned to California to fight a case for John Heron, a millionaire oil man. Returning on the Santa Fe Limited, he has a strange experience.

A girl tells him that she is in great danger, and begs him to protect her until they reach Chicago, where she expects that some one will meet her. She is beautiful and appealing, and a chivalrous impulse leads Sands to give her his stateroom as a hiding-place and to safeguard a sealed envelope which she entrusts to him. On reaching Chicago, the girl—who calls herself Beverley White—finds no one waiting for her, and her distress is more pitiful than ever. Sands impulsively urges her to marry him, and she consents, though she warns him that she cannot disclose her past, beyond the fact that no man has ever been anything to her.

Beverley now finds herself established in New York as the wife of a rich and successful man. There is no cloud upon their happiness except the mystery of her unknown past and a passing shadow from Roger's jealousy of Justin O'Reilly, a brilliant lawyer and Congressman who has already figured in the story as one of the passengers on the Santa Fe Limited.

One day Beverley is out with Clodagh Riley, a young Irish girl, whom she has befriended, and who is devoted to her, when a stranger accosts them and informs Mrs. Sands that he is the man who was sent to meet her in Chicago. He tells her to send Clo Riley to him at the Westmorland Hotel with the mysterious envelope, which Beverley is still keeping. She complies, but when the man, who calls himself Peterson, receives the envelope, he finds that it contains only blank sheets of paper. He angrily declares that Mrs. Sands has tricked him, and bids Clo warn her that a life will pay for what she has done.

On this same afternoon Roger tells his wife that he has a surprise for her. It is indeed a surprise—a present of a magnificent rope of pearls, the necklace of a European queen, sold by its royal owner for the benefit of her country's Red Cross funds, and purchased by Sands from the queen's agent, Count Lovoresco. Beverley is delighted with the splendid pearls, but accidentally breaks the string, and Roger goes off to get a pearl-stringer—Miss Ellen Blackburne—to repair the damage. At this point Clo returns with Peterson's message, which dismays Beverley. The original contents of the envelope must have been stolen during the journey from California, and she suspects Justin O'Reilly of having done it—though how it was done she cannot guess.

With this slender clue to work on, Clo Riley undertakes a daring mission. She calls on O'Reilly at his hotel, the Dietz, and, by pretending to faint, she maneuvers him into taking her home in a taxi. Arrived at the Sands apartment, he helps her up-stairs. Taking advantage of his pity for her weakness, she pleads with him to talk to Beverley before he leaves, and he consents to do so. Meanwhile she has managed to abstract his keys from his pocket, and armed with these she hurries back to the Dietz to search his room. In a wall safe there she finds a large envelope which she thinks may contain Beverley's missing papers, so she takes it and escapes in the nick of time, just as O'Reilly is at the door, by climbing out of his window and along a cornice to another room.

When Roger Sands returns with the pearl-stringer, he learns from his butler that Justin O'Reilly has called in his absence—a discovery which renews his jealousy. He goes off to dine at a club, leaving behind him a house full of excitement and distress; for when Miss Blackburne opens the case supposed to contain the pearls, she finds it empty, and the envelope which Clo purloined from O'Reilly has also disappeared unaccountably. Clo suspects that Miss Blackburne may know something about one or both of these disappearances; but the pearl-stringer denies it.

## XIX

**C**LO realized that there was no more to be said, since to accuse Miss Blackburne of lying would only make matters worse. The pearl-stringer could not be forced to tell what had happened in Beverley's absence. All that Clo could do was to try to learn for herself the truth about the pearls and, above all, the papers.

When Beverley came back to say that the servants had been questioned and the flat searched in vain, the girl had made up her mind what to do next. There were two things, one of which had better be done at once; the second must be done before ten o'clock.

The first was to settle with Miss Blackburne; to get rid of her, because there was now no work for a pearl-stringer, and be-

cause it would be wise not to risk a meeting between her and Roger Sands. The second thing was to keep the appointment with Peterson. It was more important, Clo thought, to see him than to see O'Reilly, though she expected Angel to suggest an immediate talk with O'Reilly in person or by telephone. She hoped to bring Beverley to her point of view.

Clo's few words alone with Miss Blackburne had eased matters in one direction. The latter had ceased to harp upon the personal difficulties that she feared might result if the pearl-theft were to be concealed from Roger Sands. The girl's suspicion that she "knew something" seemed to have changed Miss Blackburne's point of view.

It seemed, also, that she had become suddenly anxious to leave the house. Without waiting for a question from Mrs. Sands as to what would be best, she proposed going home.

"Of course, I rely on you to let me clear myself, if you don't find your pearls," she reminded Beverley. "I'm sure you'll let me know when you have news. I sha'n't get much rest till I hear; but meanwhile there's nothing to stay for, is there? I might as well be with mother."

It was arranged that she should go home in a taxi, to save the time that would be wasted in waiting for Beverley's car. Mrs. Sands paid, of course, and gave the pearl-stringer a present of fifty dollars, "to repay her for her trouble." Miss Blackburne was not too proud to accept; and, aware that her hostess yearned to be free, she went out to seek a taxi for herself. It wasn't late, she said, and there was no use in bothering any one to telephone.

No, it was not late, for it was only fifteen minutes past nine; but on this night of stress and ordeal, when there was so much to do, it seemed late enough to strain the nerves to breaking-point. The instant Miss Blackburne was out of the house, the two girls turned to each other and clasped hands.

"Thank God, she's gone!" Beverley breathed. "Now I'll call up Justin O'Reilly, and—"

"Wait till I tell you something I've thought of—then you can decide," Clo cut

in. "I believe that horrible creature Peterson may be the thief, not O'Reilly. How he could have got into the flat, and out again, I can't see; but he probably specializes in stunts like that. He has the face—and the fingers—for it. I shouldn't wonder if he terrorized poor Blacky. She's just what we said—good, good as gold; but she's not cut out for a heroine, is she? Maybe the man was under the table in the boudoir. Maybe he threatened to kill her if she squealed. Maybe he warned her that, if she gave him away afterward, he'd do for her and all her belongings. That would scare Blacky blue! She worships her mother. I haven't got the tangle straightened out in my head yet, and perhaps I've begun wrong; but this new idea looks good to me, so far. If Peterson's the thief—if he's pocketed the papers and the pearls—it seems to me he'll try and make a quick getaway. Why should he wait for a call from one of us, or for you to put a detective onto him, if he's nicked everything he wants? What I say is, jump on him *now*, at the Hotel Westmorland, before he expects us, and before bothering with O'Reilly. O'Reilly will keep!"

"You may be right," said Beverley. "I almost hope you are; for if Peterson has the papers, I shall be so thankful that I'll hardly grudge him the pearls. Anyhow, nothing that you or I could say would induce a man of his stamp to give them up."

"Nothing we could say," Clo agreed; "but are you sure there's nothing we could *do*? These pearls must be well-known. He can't get rid of them, even to a fence, for any big sum. I think very likely he'd exchange them—perhaps for some money and some less valuable jewels that he would dare to sell. Haven't you something that your husband has forgotten, or wouldn't mind if he doesn't see you wear it?"

"Yes," Beverley answered, gaining courage. "I have six or seven hundred dollars by me. There's a diamond muff-chain, too, and a tiara that Roger thinks too old-looking for me. He proposed to have the stones reset—but that's months ago. He *has* forgotten, I'm sure, for he's given me so many other things since. I could bargain with the chain and tiara, and perhaps a few



bracelets and rings. But what if Peterson's game is blackmail—threatening to keep the pearls and write some lie about me to Roger, unless I pay and pay?"

"A bird in the hand is worth more than two in the bush with creatures like him, I should say," Clo urged. "Anyhow, we can try. Let me take the jewels and money in a bag to the Westmorland. I can leave it at the desk while I do the bargaining. It's best to be on the safe side, if you're a mouse holding up a ferret! Besides, there's a question we've almost lost sight of in this business, Angel. We're not sure the right papers were in the envelope I took from O'Reilly. They might be something else that he valued."

"Yes, they might," said Beverley, "though I counted on their being the right ones—the ones I must give Peterson—"

"Well, I've only to see him to make sure," Clo went on. "He may lie—will, if it suits him; but I *know* I can tell by his face. Angel, waste no time on O'Reilly. There's not one second to lose! Get your jewels together, and let me go."

"We'll both go," said Beverley. "No, don't object, child—it's useless! I oughtn't to let you go at all, and I *won't* let you go alone. You've done more than enough already. I'm a wretch to let you slave for me, your first day out of bed; but I daren't call at Peterson's alone, not because I'm afraid for myself—I'm not such a coward—but because of Roger. Besides, I can depend on you to keep your head."

Clo saw that argument was vain.

"Very well," she consented. "I'll try and deserve your faith. The first thing that occurs to me is this—we must put on plain coats and hats. My new hat I left at the Dietz—had to; but you'll lend me something. And we'll not phone for a taxi. Best slip away and not let the servants know we've gone. If you've a latch-key, we may go, and even get back, without a soul being the wiser."

"Come to my room and choose wraps for us both, while I collect the money and what jewels I dare spare," Beverley said.

As she spoke, she ran in front of Clo and opened a safe in the wall, not unlike the hiding-place Clo had rifled at the Dietz.

The girl selected two automobile-coats, one of gray silk, the other of brown, both intended to match the colors of dresses, but inconspicuous and plain. There were toques made of the same material, with thin veils attached. She took for herself the brown coat, which was shorter than the gray, and pulled the brown toque well over her red hair.

By this time Beverley had stuffed a roll of greenbacks, a chain of platinum set with brilliants, half a dozen sparkling rings and bracelets, and a flexible diamond tiara into a dark leather hand-bag. Clo helped her into the long gray coat, which covered her evening dress; and the two stole out of the flat like flitting shadows. They went down in the elevator; but the hall-porter was off duty for the night, having left a young understudy in charge. His face was new to Beverley, and she hoped that he might not recognize hers.

The girls walked fast to the nearest taxi-stand, Clo stumbling along somehow, trying not to breathe hard and so remind Angel of her weakness. As the chauffeur slowed down in front of the Westmorland, Beverley held up her wrist-watch for Clo to see.

"Twenty-five minutes to ten," she said. "What if Peterson hasn't come in?"

"He will have come in," Clo assured her confidently. "I only hope he won't have gone out again! Now, you wait for me in the taxi, Angel, while I—"

"No, you're to wait for me," Beverley decided. "I can do better with the man than you, because there are things you don't know. But don't wait here. It's too far away, and I might need you in a hurry. We'll keep the taxi, so there'll be no delay in getting off, and we'll both go into the hotel together. You were here this afternoon, so you had better ask for Peterson. We can make up our minds what to do next when we get the answer."

A moment later a tall young woman in a gray motor-cloak and a small young woman in a brown cloak entered the hotel. The veils that covered their close-fitting toques and fell over their faces were not thick, yet in the electric light the gauze took on a disguising glitter. In their plain wraps they were not conspicuous figures, even in a



third-rate hotel like the Westmorland; and the clerk whom they approached was not moved to curiosity. Had he happened to notice the white satin slippers and lace-medallioned silk stockings under the gray silk cloak, he might have taken more interest in the visitors; but he sat behind a desk, and did not see the ladies' feet.

"Mr. Peterson?" he repeated. "He's in—came in over an hour ago, and mentioned that he expected a caller. The party was to go right up to his room. Didn't say whether it would be man or woman, but—"

"He's expecting us—one or both," Clo cut in hastily. "What's his number?"

"No. 658, top floor," said the clerk. "The elevator's there to the left—see?"

They did see, and with a murmur of thanks took their way to it.

"We'll go up together," Clo whispered; "and then, if you really think best to see the man alone, I'll hang about somewhere in the hall till you come out and call me."

Beverley made no reply. Already she was fathoms deep in thought. Perhaps she had not even heard; but Clo took silence for consent. They did not speak as the musty-smelling lift shot them up to the top floor; and Beverley, stepping out ahead of Clo, had the air of having forgotten her existence.

The girl's anxiety deepened. She could not tell whether Angel's absent-mindedness was real or assumed, and dared not ask a question. The best she could do was to guide her friend through dimly lighted corridors, to the right number, 658.

Before they left the taxi, Beverley had given the money and jewels into Clo's keeping. The girl clutched the bag convulsively. Her overstrained nerves began to take their revenge. She felt that this shabby hotel was an evil place. Each closed door, it seemed, hid something secret and sinister.

They met no one between the elevator and Peterson's room, though sounds of talking and laughter came from behind two or three of the doors they passed. Involuntarily, the two paused an instant in front of No. 658, before knocking. There was no sound within. If Peterson were in his room, apparently he was alone. Beverley tapped—a sharp, nervous tap.

"Come in!" cried a voice which sounded far off, as if the speaker called from the farthest corner of the room, or from the depths of a wall-cupboard.

"Keep near, but not too near," whispered Beverley, and opened the door.

To her surprise and Clo's, there was no light in the room; yet it was not really dark. The blind on the curtainless window opposite the door was rolled up to the top, and admitted a glow from the brilliantly illuminated street below.

As Beverley passed in, Clo caught a glimpse of a man's figure comfortably seated in a high-backed armchair in front of the window. She recognized the mean profile of Peterson, outlined in black against the luminous square of a window-pane, and anger pricked her that he should dare to receive Mrs. Sands without rising. Then the door shut, and Clo, obeying the order to "keep near, but not too near," took a few steps down the corridor. Within sight of the door, but not within hearing of voices on the other side of it unless they should rise to a shout she hovered about uneasily.

The girl's heart was heavy in her breast. It was hateful to her that Angel should be alone with the ferret-faced man behind a closed door. He might choke Beverley to death with those sly, thievish hands of his, and the sentinel outside would not know.

"Angel was too kind to say she didn't want me to overhear their talk," Clo thought. "She knew I wouldn't listen on purpose. But—she was anxious for me to be out of ear-shot."

This was the only way to interpret Beverley's command; and though she was not hurt by it, the girl was very sad. She kept her eyes on the door, hoping to see it open, hoping to hear her name called.

Lights could be seen over one or two doors in the long passage, shining through the transoms above; but most of these had dark paper, or some other opaque material, pasted over them. This was the case with No. 658, as Clo now noticed, and she understood why they had not seen at first glance that the room was unlighted.

"Why was he sitting there in the dark," she puzzled, "like a spider in his web, waiting to pounce?"

She stared gloomily at the covered transom, and could not put away the impression that there was something wrong, something even worse than Beverley had expected.

The girl had feared that people might pass and wonder inconveniently what was her business; but no one came or went. After all, she had been there only four or five minutes, though the time seemed much longer. Beverley couldn't possibly have reached any settlement with the man yet. It might easily be half an hour, Clo reminded herself, before she could hope to be called into consultation, or invited to hand over the precious bag.

"Good gracious, what a weak thing I am!" she thought. "Just because I've missed a meal, and run about a little, I feel ready to drop. I do hope I'm not going to faint, or do anything silly, just when I need all my strength and all my wits!"

But there was no disguising the fact that her body was beginning to fail. She looked wistfully toward the nearest end of the corridor. There, in front of a window, was a big brown trunk. If she were sure that she wouldn't be wanted for a few minutes, she could go and sit there.

Indeed, she must do it! She would fall if she tried to keep on her feet any longer. Even at that distance she would be well within sight of Peterson's door. Her eyes would never leave it. With renewed life she could spring up as she saw it opened by Angel.

"Yes, I've got to the limit!" the girl said.

She was so weary, so spent, that her feet seemed to have weights attached to them as she dragged herself toward the trunk. Reaching it, she dropped, rather than sat, upon the rounded top.

No sooner had she touched the lid, however, than she bounded up as if she had received an electric shock. It seemed that something inside the trunk had moved, and that the heavy box had quivered under her.

At the same instant the door of No. 658 was thrown open, and Beverley came out.

## XX

THERE was something strange in Beverley's air and manner. Normally she had a proud, erect carriage, and Clo had often

admired her grace in entering or leaving a room. There was nothing stagy about it, yet it would have been charming in an actress. Now, she came stumbling out of No. 658 as if she walked in her sleep. Her bearing, even her figure, suggested an older woman. With drooping head, and shoulders bent, she crept into the hall, leaving the door half-open behind her; but when she had passed it by a few steps, going toward the elevator, she stopped abruptly and turned back.

It was then that she should have seen Clo, who—forgetting her own weakness, and forgetting the brown trunk—was hurrying to join her friend; but Beverley seemed to be unconscious of the girl's presence. She stood as far as possible from the door, and stretched out her arm to pull it shut. This she did noiselessly, and she was walking away again when Clo's arm slipped round her waist. At the touch she started, almost as Clo had started when something had moved inside the trunk.

"Darling, what has he said, what has he done to you?" the girl implored.

Beverley made no reply, but seized Clo by the wrist and pulled her toward the lift.

"Hurry!" she whispered. "Hurry! We must get away as soon as we can, for Roger's sake!"

The girl held back.

"But what about the papers and the pearls?" she persisted. "Had Peterson taken them? Did you get them, or—"

"I don't know whether he had them or not. Nothing matters now, except to get home!" was the astounding answer.

Clo could hardly believe that she had heard aright. Ten—five minutes ago, nothing in the world mattered except the papers and the pearls. Now they had lost all their importance.

"You don't want them any more?" she gasped.

"Want them?" Beverley echoed. "Yes, I want them more than ever; but it's too late. Don't ask me why. I can't explain—here. Only come!"

The girl yielded. She could not argue with Angel, or oppose her, in such a mood as this; and yet still less could she resign herself to failure. With all her soul she

wished that she had taken her own way, and gone herself to have it out with Peterson. She felt that nothing he could have said or done would have forced her to give up without at least knowing whether the booty was or was not in his possession. As she kept pace with Beverley, she was screwing up her courage to attempt one last, desperate *coup*. She would make it in spite of Angel!

They came to the elevator, but before Clo could put out her hand to touch the electric button Beverley drew her farther on, to the staircase. They went down swiftly and in silence.

History seemed continually to repeat itself for Clo. How long ago was it—an hour, or a month—since she had run down flight after flight of endless stairs at the Dietz? The thought came to her that she was like a squirrel in a cage, forever turning round and round in a wheel, without sense of time.

She wondered if she was dreaming the whole adventure. Any minute she might wake, in her top-floor room, and find that she had never jumped out of the window at Moreton & Payntor's; that she had never met Beverley Sands or Justin O'Reilly; that she had never sat down on a haunted trunk, and that if she didn't get up this instant, she'd be late for work. Surely that was more believable than that such things should truly be happening to a girl like her!

But still the dream went on. The tall gray figure at her side continued to seem real. The stairs seemed real, and the smell of dust and cockroaches; but then they also belonged to the top-floor room. They had been quite a specialty there, so that proved nothing!

By and by the entrance hall of the hotel materialized with equal realism. Its smell was that of tobacco. They descended into it behind the elevator. A group of men surrounded the desk where they had inquired for Peterson, and the two girls in motor-coats and veiled toques passed it without catching sight of the clerk who had sent them to No. 658. They hoped, if he were still in his place, that the rampart of heads and shoulders might equally prevent him from seeing them.

Three or four men of the commercial-traveler type glanced at the gray and brown figures; but the elevator had at that moment released a golden-haired, black-eyed young woman in a pink evening dress. She became at once an object of interest, and the plainly cloaked pair vanished unregretted, unnoticed.

The taxi, which had been ordered to wait, was at a distance. They hurried to it. Beverley had not spoken, but Clo could hear the sobbing breaths she drew, and guessed that she was fighting down hysterical tears.

It was Clo who opened the door of the cab and almost pushed Angel in.

"Shall I tell him to go to the corner where he picked us up?" she asked.

Beverley nodded and sank back against the shabby leather cushions. This was Clo's moment. She had led up to it, and had decided what to do. First she placed the bag of jewels in Beverley's lap. Next she spoke to the chauffeur, giving clear directions. Then she slammed the door shut and stepped back upon the sidewalk, motioning to the man to start.

"Angel will be so surprised, she won't know what to do for a minute," the girl thought. "The poor darling's almost out of her wits, and by the time she pulls herself together she'll realize it's too late to stop me."

As fast as she dared, Clo retraced her steps to the hotel. She hated to leave Beverley alone, but between two evils it seemed that she had chosen the less. Angel would understand and would perhaps thank her afterward for carrying out the plan which she herself had failed to accomplish. If not—if Mrs. Sands was angry instead of grateful, why, Clo must just bear her burden; she would not regret her effort, even if her benefactor sent her away forever. To get what Angel wanted was worth any risk; and indeed the girl was more anxious about Beverley's lonely home-coming than concerned for her own personal fate.

After all, she consoled herself, there wasn't much cause for worry. Angel was not the fainting sort. When the taxi stopped she would get out; and then she would have only a few blocks to walk be-

fore reaching home. As for the bag, she could hardly forget it in the cab. The thing was too heavy to fall from her lap without being noticed. She would have the jewels safe, while Clo tried to bargain with Peterson on promises of reward.

By the time she had argued away her worst tremors, Clo had again entered the Hotel Westmorland. She had decided to say that her friend had forgotten something up-stairs, if a question were asked; but the desk was still surrounded with its group of talkative men. Her appearance seemed to excite no curiosity, and she walked to the stairs at the back of the hall as if she were a guest of the hotel. Thence she toiled to the top, forced to pause now and then to rest or take breath.

It was only when she approached the door of No. 658, and saw once more the brown trunk at the end of the hall, that Clo remembered the odd side-issue of her adventure. She hesitated between the need for haste and the wish to solve the mystery that troubled her. It would take only a minute to run to the trunk, to sit on it again, and see what happened! Meanwhile, any one who went into or out of No. 658 must do so under her eyes.

Curiosity conquered. Clo tiptoed to the trunk, sat heavily down on the rounded top, as she had done before, and—nothing happened. There was no sign of movement within; and Clo wondered if, after all, the thing that had stirred under the lid had been created by her own jumping nerves. This was the reasonable solution; yet the impression had been strong, and it came back now so vividly that she looked at the trunk with disgust, even with fear.

Suddenly the impulse came upon her to try and open it. She seized the corner of the rounded lid, but it remained immovable. She picked at the metal hasp which covered the cheap lock. It did not yield, but her fingers—or she fancied it—touched moisture. The girl shrank back and looked at her hand. Thumb and forefinger were smeared with blood!

The girl felt sick. If she had been at home in her own room, if there had been nothing which must be done and done at once, she might have let herself faint com-

fortably; but she had not risked Angel's anger, and ventured back alone to this hateful place, to indulge in fainting-fits.

"Pooh!" she scolded herself. "You've cut your finger, that's all, you silly! Serves you right for not minding your own business. Go to it now, and no nonsense, if you please!"

Goading herself to courage, she marched to the door of No. 658 and knocked. No answer came, and the girl's heart sank. It seemed too bad to be true that Peterson should have escaped during the few minutes spent in putting Angel into a taxi. Besides, she had scarcely gone beyond eye-shot of the hotel entrance.

"Perhaps he's asleep," thought Clo, and knocked again.

Still all was silence. She turned the handle, and to her surprise the door yielded. She had expected to find it locked. As before, the room was unlit, save by golden reflections from the street below.

The girl opened the door wide, and deliberately looked in. Strange! There sat the man in his easy chair in front of the window, with his mean profile outlined against the light, just as he had sat when Beverley went into the room. One would say, to look at him, that he had not moved an inch.

Clo's theory had gone wrong. She had urged upon Angel her conviction that he was the thief, and that he would be in a hurry to get away with his booty. Yet here he sat in the dark, asleep. He must be asleep; otherwise, even if he didn't choose to answer the knocking at his door, he couldn't resist a glance at the person who opened it.

"Unless," Clo told herself, "for some sly reason he's pretending. Well, I sha'n't back out for a bluff!"

She stepped across the threshold, softly closed the door behind her, felt along the wall for an electric switch, found one, and flooded the room with light. Still the figure in the chair did not stir.

"He's doped himself!" the girl said half aloud. "What a fool I was not to guess that the first thing!"

The wave of fear which had swept over her subsided. She felt brave and self-con-



fident again. Perhaps he had been on the point of dropping into a drugged doze at the moment when he had called "Come in." Perhaps Beverley had supposed that he was dying.

Clo glanced round the squalid room. Peterson had begun to pack. A suit-case lay open on the narrow bed. The wrinkled, gray-white counterpane was half covered with scattered clothing.

"If he's fast enough asleep, I can go through everything," she thought, "including his pockets!"

She tiptoed across the room, and stopped in front of the easy chair, within a yard of the outstretched feet, where she could take a good look at the sleeper. His head was bent down over his breast, and the girl had to stoop a little to peer into the face; but a glance sent her reeling back. The top of the man's head had been crushed in by some blunt instrument. His forehead, and the side of his face turned toward the window were covered with blood. His shirt and coat were soaked with it, in a long red stripe, and a dark pool had formed on the patterned carpet.

Clo had never before seen a dead man, but she did not doubt for a second that this man was dead. Instinct made her terribly sure. But he could have been dead for a short time only. The blood on the livid face glistened wet in the electric light. It had hardly ceased to drip from the wound in his head.

For a time—the girl would never know how long—she stood still, as if frozen. Even her brain seemed turned to ice; but slowly the power to think came back.

To her own horror and disgust she found herself wondering if Beverley Sands had killed Peterson. It would have been a tremendous blow for a woman to strike, but Beverley was desperate, and she was strong. Only the other day she had boasted of her strength of arm to Sister Lake, who had tested and admired the splendid firmness of her young muscles. Besides, the man had been caught unawares, and had been struck from behind; the position of the wound showed that.

On a small table by the chair lay the weapon. It was a long pistol, Clo did not

know of what kind or make, but it looked old-fashioned; and there was no question as to the way in which it had been used. Some one had taken it by the muzzle and struck with the butt end, which was coated with blood and hairs. Perhaps the pistol had not been loaded, or perhaps the murderer—no, "avenger" was the word she would rather use with that fear knocking at her heart—had not dared to fire because of the noise.

Clo's mind began to work more quickly. She pieced details together. The person who had killed Peterson could not have picked up the pistol from that table without being seen by him; therefore it could not have been lying there before the murder. Most likely it had lain on the bed, among the scattered things that the ferret-faced man had begun to pack. In that case, any one entering the room might have spied and snatched it, unsuspected by the man in the chair.

"If my poor, tortured Angel didn't do this, I can bear anything!" Clo told herself. "It wouldn't so much matter for *me*. I'd have killed him for her sake, I believe; but for her it would be horrible!"

The girl remembered the blood that she had found on her fingers after touching the lock of the brown trunk, and this remembrance gave her hope. The murderer must have passed that way, whereas Beverley had not been near the trunk.

"Thank goodness for one perfectly good bit of evidence, in case it's ever needed!" Clo thought. "Who knows but the murderer was hiding in the trunk, and jumped in his fright when I plumped down on it? Well, if he did, he must either be smothered by now, since the trunk's been locked since then, or else he's escaped. Oh, Angel, how could I dream for a minute that it might have been you? And yet—and yet—"

She would not let the sentence finish itself in her brain. Something inside it had time to ask the question:

"If he was dead then, who was it that called 'Come in'?"

This was what Beverley had seen in the half darkness, this blood-stained face, these eyes with their stare of surprise and dread! She had said that the only thing was to go



quickly, for Roger's sake. And it was to encounter this horror that Clo had returned, in her pride of superior courage!

A wild impulse to shut her eyes upon the hideous sight, and run away as fast and as far as she could, seized the girl. She started toward the door, but stopped half-way. No, she would not fail Angel. The man was dead. He could do her no harm. If Beverley's pearls or Beverley's papers were in this room—no matter where, even if she had to touch that blood-stained coat to search the pockets—she would not go without them.

She shuddered with loathing of her own resolve, and all that it must entail, but she would not give up. Her thoughts whirled through her head like frightened birds beating their heads against a cage. Her one wish was to escape, and then to forget; but she forced herself to stand rigidly still, her eyes averted from the figure in the chair, till a kind of iron calmness cooled her blood.

Then she was able to ask what must be done first, and to answer her own question. The dark shade ought to be pulled down, because from some high window she might be seen, and identified afterward, if trouble came of this night's work. To reach the shade she had to step over the feet that sprawled beyond the chair. Stretching up her arm to touch the broken cord, she was conscious that her dress brushed the dead man's knees.

Next she went to the bed and began turning over Peterson's miserable belongings. She had little hope of finding what she wanted, but she prayed that by some miracle she might come across the sealed envelope. As for the pearls, if the murderer were of the Peterson type, to steal them would have been his first thought. But it would need a stout-hearted criminal to go through the pockets of his victim; and if the motive were other than theft, it might be that the pearls and papers were still on the body.

If Clo failed to find them elsewhere, she would have to ransack the dead man's pockets. The thought was too horrible to dwell upon. Frantically she tossed over the contents of the suit-case, lifting and shaking every garment scattered on the bed.

She peered under the pillows; she pulled out the drawers of wash-stand and dressing-table; but there was nothing to be found there, not even a letter, not a torn morsel of paper which could serve Beverley's cause.

Clo's spirit groaned a prayer for strength when at last, sick and shaking, her palms damp, she had to set about the pillage of the dead man's pockets. Some she needed merely to touch with her finger-ends, to make sure that they were empty. Others had to be searched to their depths; and the girl felt convinced that she would die, that her heart would burst, if in the horrid business she plunged a hand into some unseen sop of blood.

From a waistcoat-pocket she pulled out a small leather cigarette-case, still warm from the wearer's breast—another proof, if she had let herself think of it, that he had not been dead long. In the leather case, behind a store of tightly-packed cigarettes, was a card—the cheapest sort of visiting-card, on which, scrawled in pencil, was the name "Lorenz Czerny."

On the back of this card, in a different handwriting, but also in pencil, a memorandum had been scribbled. A glance showed Clo that it consisted of names, abbreviated addresses, and the hours of appointments, or perhaps of trains. She did not stop to examine the card thoroughly, but slipped it into her pocket for future reference, and went on with her task.

The sealed envelope she sought was too large not to protrude over the top of any pocket of a man's indoor coat; but Clo reflected that the envelope might have been destroyed, and the contents distributed, or folded into smaller compass. With this idea she spared herself nothing in her quest; but the sole reward she had, save for the cigarette-case, was the finding of a paragraph cut from a newspaper, a roll of blood-stained greenbacks—which she hastily replaced—and a torn silk handkerchief, of all the colors in Joseph's coat.

The newspaper cutting told of Roger Sands's magnificent house in Newport, whither he and his "beautiful young bride" would shortly move. This also Clo annexed, in order that no connection should seem to exist between Beverley Sands and

the man Peterson when the police got to work. The handkerchief she took from the coat-pocket into which it had been untidily stuffed, in order to search underneath it.

The nervous jerk she gave pulled out something else—something small, which fell to the floor with a tinkle like that of a tiny stone striking wood, as it touched a chair-leg and rolled under the chest of drawers. Clo had not time to see what the thing was. There was only a flashing glimpse of a pebblelike object as it disappeared. But her heart leaped at the thought of what it might be; and, thrusting the handkerchief into a pocket which she had already examined, she had stooped to peer under the clumsy piece of furniture when a telephone-bell began to ring.

The girl sprang to her feet, quivering and alert. It seemed that the bell had rung almost in her ear. Some one was calling Peterson!

## XXI

THE bell rang on relentlessly. To Clo, its clamor was as the voice of a demon. Somehow she got to the telephone, which was placed on the wall by the door, and her hand trembled on the receiver before she realized that the bell which rang was in the adjoining room. There was no communicating door between, but the wall must be almost as thin as cardboard, for the noise seemed to smite her ear-drum.

For an instant Clo's relief was overwhelming; but as the shrill noise struck her nerves blow after blow, they rebelled. She could hardly resist the temptation to call up the operator down-stairs, and say that there was no one in the room adjoining No. 658. She did not do this, however, because, through all, she clung to her sanity.

She tried to remember what she had been about to do when the telephone-bell began to ring. There had been something—something important—what was it? Her brain refused to pick up the connection until, suddenly, blessed silence fell.

Once more she had a sense of being saved—of being pulled out of the fire into a cool place. The power of recollection came back. She knew that she had been going to look for the thing which had dropped

out of Peterson's handkerchief and rolled out of sight. She went down on her knees for the second time, but only to spring up and stand quivering like a creature at bay. Again the telephone-bell was ringing, and now there was no doubt, no chance of mistake. The sound was in the room. The call was for No. 658.

Mechanically she walked to the door, though her knees felt weak, as if she were wading through deep water. She did not know whether she ought to answer the call or be silent. If she were silent, some one might come up to see why Peterson—known to be in the hotel—did not reply. If she answered, she might say the wrong thing; or an answer in a woman's voice might rouse suspicion.

The girl felt very young and inexperienced, and horribly alone in the world. For the first time it seemed cruel to her that she, almost a child, and just out of a sick-bed, should have no one on earth to whom she could turn for a helping hand or a word of advice.

While the bell rang distractingly, she fancied herself found in this room, locked in with a murdered man whose body was still warm. Suppose there were blood-stains on her dress! What excuse could she make for being where she was, with the key turned in the door? She would be arrested.

No matter how she might lie, they—the dreadful "they" who dispensed alleged justice—would trace her connection with Beverley Sands. They could do that quite easily through the dressmaker whose name was printed in gold letters on the belt of her new gown. Instead of saving, she would be the means of ruining Angel.

For an instant Clo thought of shooting herself with the blood-smeared pistol; but then she remembered that in death, as well as in life, she would probably be used as evidence against Roger Sands's wife. She must answer the call, and trust to luck to save the situation.

"Hello!" she saluted the unknown.

"Hello!" came the response, in a man's voice. "This is Chuff calling. Are you Peterson?"

"Peterson is in the room," returned Clo, after an instant's pause, in which her heart

missed a beat; "but he can't come to the phone just now."

"Oh, say, is that you, Kit?" the man wanted to know.

Clo was almost incapable of thinking, but she was vaguely aware that the accent was slightly foreign.

"Yes," she ventured. "It's Kit."

"Nice thing you are! I've been trying to get you the last ten minutes. Thought your room was next door to his. Couldn't you hear your own phone from Pete's?"

"I've just come in," said Clo.

"You're late. Anything wrong?"

"No. I was kept."

"Huh! Your voice sounds queer."

"I've got chewing-gum in my mouth," said Clo. "It's too good to put out. What do you want to say to Pete?"

"I want to know if he's got the papers."

Clo's blood rushed to her head. This looked like a wonderful chance to tap a secret, if she didn't lose it by giving the wrong answers. Beverley Sands's whole future might depend upon the next few minutes. How the girl prayed to make the right use of them!

"Hold the line a second or two," she said.

She needed to think. If she replied that Peterson had the papers, embarrassing questions might be asked. If, on the contrary, she said that he hadn't, the man at the telephone might end the conversation before she had learned enough to help Angel.

"I'll try hedging," she decided, and began again with a tentative: "Hello!"

For an instant there was no response, and Clo was sick with fear lest she had been cut off. But luck was with her. The foreign-sounding voice answered:

"Well, is Pete there this time?"

"No," said the girl. "Pete is packing. He wants me to say it isn't much after ten. He's expecting to get the papers any minute now."

"He phoned me he'd made ten the time-limit. Didn't he tell Olga that Stephen would sure be done for, if she didn't hand over the documents by ten o'clock sharp?"

Olga! Stephen! Clo felt that she was hearing things she had no right to know.

"The lady had her hands full all evening," she answered carefully. "I suppose you know what's been going on?"

"Don't know a blamed thing since Pete phoned some little skirt had brought around the wrong papers to the hotel. Tell him to quit his packing and show up at the phone."

"He's gone out this very instant," said Clo. "A boy came to the door to say there was some one to see him down-stairs. Maybe it's the right one. He won't be long, anyhow; but I'm just as glad to have a chance for a word with you while he's out of the way. Seems sort of funny he didn't put you wise about the excitement; you know where."

"You mean Park Avenue?"

"Yes. I can't talk over the phone the way I would if the wall was thicker. Didn't Pete tell you about the present the lady got from her husband?"

"No."

"Not a word about pearls?"

"What pearls?"

"I can't tell you their whole history, but maybe Pete could, if he wanted to."

"What makes you think so? Have you got onto some deal, or are you kidding?"

"Well, the lady didn't keep her pretties long. Somebody relieved her of them. That's what's made her busy the rest of the time. Might account for documents being late."

"Say, what are you giving me? Has Pete made a deal on his own—pearls instead of papers?"

"Hold the line again for a jiffy, and I'll go through his togs."

"All right. Look sharp!"

Clo let the receiver hang loose, and for the third time went down on her knees before the chest of drawers. She could see nothing on the floor save many gray flakes of dust, like chicken-feathers; but she thrust her arm underneath and passed her hand over the dirty carpet. Lodged against the wall at the back, in a corner, was something round and hard, something which seemed to be about the size of a small filbert. The girl brought it out between thumb and finger, freed it of dust, and saw an immense pearl.

"That settles *that!*" she said to herself.

Peterson was the thief; but had he stolen the envelope as well as the pearls? Oh, if she could only galvanize the dead to speak! The next best thing was to speak to the telephone. The truth might come from that direction, bit by bit, piecing the different parts of the story together.

As Clo told herself this, getting to her feet again, she was struck, as by lightning, with a sudden luminous idea.

Kit—the woman she was personating, the woman apparently set to watch Peterson—had found out about the pearls! Either she had believed him a traitor to the gang, or she had wanted the pearls for herself. In either case she had killed him to get them; and one pearl had escaped to tell the tale of its fellows.

Yes, Kit had the pearls. But where were they, and where was she? The woman was not in her room, because the telephone-bell had been ringing there and she hadn't answered, although there had been some appointment between Kit and her pals.

What if, for some reason, she hadn't been able to get back to her room after the murder? Clo began to imagine various obstacles. Kit might have locked her door when she came to have a chat with Peterson. It was likely enough that there would be things in her quarters which she wouldn't want a prying chambermaid to see! Perhaps she had peeped through Peterson's keyhole, and had seen him looking at the pearls. Perhaps, when she knocked, he had thrust the broken rope back into his pocket with the loose pearls. Perhaps Kit had put him off his guard, chatting of other things, while he packed.

But no, she had caught him unawares when he sat as he was sitting now! Clo pictured her offering to help him pack. That must have been the trick! He had lolled comfortably while Kit worked. Then she had come behind him and dealt that frightful blow with the butt of his own pistol. A strong, determined woman Kit must be! Yet Pete had trusted her. While watching how he carried out instructions, she had known how to play at being his friend.

Possibly she had meant only to stun, not

to kill him, but had struck too hard. She had been excited, and had missed a pearl or two when emptying the pocket into which Peterson had stuffed the rope. She must have been in mad haste to get away after that, either to vanish with the spoils, or to go whence she had come, with the tale of her deed and Pete's treachery to the gang—that gang of whose existence Peterson had hinted to Clo.

Clo could almost see Kit—a tall, strong creature—rushing from the room on the way to her own. What had prevented her getting into harbor? What had happened in the passage between those two doors?

Kit might have forgotten the key—might have left it among Peterson's things, and then she might have heard voices or footsteps. If there were blood on her hands, blood on her dress, what could she have done in such a dilemma? If she dared not retreat to Peterson's room, for fear of being found there, she might have thought of the trunk in front of the door—*her* door, and no doubt her trunk. If there were time to unlock it, or if it were already unlocked, in a second she could have flung herself in and shut down the rounded lid.

Clo remembered how she and Beverley had walked slowly from the corridor of the lift into Peterson's corridor, looking at the numbers over the doors; and remembered that she had said to Angel:

"This must be the right way to turn."

Even after that, they had paused a moment for Beverley to gather up her failing courage; and if Kit had then been in the act of opening the trunk, she could easily have hidden herself inside before the owners of the voices she heard had turned the corner. It must have given her a beautiful fright when some one sat down on the trunk with a thud. No wonder she had jumped, and had made the big box shake!

So far, the theory seemed reasonable. Clo approved it at every step of the way. As for Kit's actions later, they could be plausibly accounted for, too. She must have guessed that one of the two women she had heard speaking—had seen, perhaps, if she contrived to peep from the trunk when their backs were turned—had been in Peterson's room. How she must have



wished that she had taken time to lock his door on the outside!

As it was, she couldn't have been sure that an alarm would not be given downstairs. Her one thought must have been haste. If she had forgotten her key in Peterson's room, she would not be likely to venture back to get it. No, she would have crept out of the trunk and looked at her dress in the dim light to see whether blood-stains showed. If she wore dark clothing she might have run the risk.

Clo pictured her locking the trunk and following, as closely as she dared, the cloaked figures in gray and brown; pictured her pausing in the background to see whether the pair stopped at the desk, or went away with their secret; pictured her relief when they passed on in silence, and the bid for freedom she must have made a minute later.

"I bet, by the time we were in our taxi, that woman was out of this, and legging it as fast as she could go. She wouldn't take a cab, for fear of being traced," Clo finished her reflections.

She had stared at the pearl in her hand as a seer gazes into a crystal. It seemed to her that from its gleaming heart had come the pictures in her mind. But the vision ended for Clo outside the hotel. She could not see, or even surmise, whether Kit had vanished into the unknown with her treasure-trove, or whether she was loyally on the way to headquarters.

"Awkward for me if Kit gets to the man at the other end while her double chats to him at the Westmorland!" the girl thought, and flew back to the telephone. "Are you there?" she called, trembling for the answer.

It came instantly.

"You bet your sweet life I'm here! Did you find the beans?"

"I've found something I must bring to you," said Clo. "Where's a safe place?"

"What's the matter with here?" Was there a hint of suspicion in the tone, or did she morbidly imagine it?

"It won't do," she answered, between hope and fear. "I'll explain why when I see you. All I can tell you now is, it's on account of Pete!"

"Well, then, come to Churn's. When 'll you be there?"

This was a blow! Clo was angling for an address, with street and number; but she was not downed by one disappointment.

"Same reason holds good for Churn's," she said. "Can't you think of some place Pete doesn't know? And think quick, or he'll be back."

"Think quick yourself! We'll go around to your house, you dub! Pete ain't sure whether your pitch is heaven or the other place—unless you've blabbed."

"I may have dropped something that's put him wise. I can't remember," the girl persisted, in desperation. "I tell you I'm not talking to hear myself talk, when I ask for a new place."

"Krantz's Keller, then, eleven thirty."

"Right for Krantz's Keller; but I can't be sure of eleven thirty. I'll have to keep an eye on Pete till I know what he's up to. Maybe I can phone you there. What's his number?"

"Can't give it to you, without looking it up. Haven't you got the book there?"

"No. Somebody must have nicked it."

"Ain't there one in your own room?"

"Yes, but say—a fool thing's happened. I locked my door when I came into Pete's, and I've dropped my key. It must be here somewhere; only—"

"Find it, and go look at the book. Jake's got mine. I'll call you up in your room in five minutes. Then, if Pete's back, it won't matter—see?"

"Yes, but—what? Have you gone?"

There was no answer. Clo could do nothing save hang up the receiver, and begin to search for a key which, despite her elaborate deductions, might be in Kit's pocket for all she knew. Luck was with her once more, however, and again the cleverness of her guesswork was proved. On the floor by the mantelpiece lay a key, almost hidden in the deep fur of a mangy goat-hair rug. Clo might have wasted twice the time in her search, had she not chanced to step on the key.

"I'll make the best of a bad bargain," she promised herself. "If I *must* go to Kit's room, I won't throw away a single second!"



There was a bad moment for Clo as she hovered in the hall, fastening Peterson's door on the outside; and another while, with unsteady fingers, she fitted the key that she had found into the lock of the door to the left—Kit's door—the door in front of which stood the brown trunk.

Fortunately the key served, as she had felt almost certain it would. Hastily she locked herself into the room, and switched on the light.

It was a mean little room, a facsimile of Peterson's in most of its features—the same type of cheap, light-colored furniture, the same pattern of carpet and dull wall-paper; but a woman's clothing hung from hooks on the door, and on the bed and chairs and dressing-table a woman's belongings were flung untidily about. There were hats, gloves, collars, a flowered chiffon scarf, a hand-bag of jet and steel beads.

Kit must have hated to leave that bag, thought Clo; but it was an ill wind that blew no one any good. She drew the ribbons, and took a hasty peep at the bag's contents. She saw a dirty handkerchief, a stick of chewing-gum, a powder-puff and rouge in a chamois-skin case; and there was also a soiled suede purse.

In the purse, mixed up with a few greenbacks, there were some papers. Clo dared not stop to examine them. She could only hope that they might give clues which she had failed to obtain from the telephone.

Kit had evidently made, or intended to make, a stay of several days at the Westmorland, for she had provided herself with clothing enough for a week. There were four or five frocks hanging on the door, showy blouses and bright-colored skirts; but Clo searched in vain for pockets. In the chest of drawers, which was the twin of Peterson's, was a certain amount of under-clothing, much trimmed with cheap lace. There were silk petticoats with torn frilling, and shoes and slippers, white, brown, and black—altogether, enough to have filled the brown trunk to overflowing; but nothing was marked with a name, or even with initials.

Kit, though gaudily coquettish in her taste, was apparently careless in her habits. Or was she merely untidy, and careful to

give an effect of carelessness? Clo could not quite decide, from what she saw; but her mental picture of the woman changed. She no longer visioned Kit large, masculine, and determined, a tigress woman. Instead she saw a lithe, catlike creature, strong, no doubt—it had taken strength to strike that blow; and Clo would have staked her life that it *had* been struck by Kit—but not big or massive.

"If I had some one in this game with me," she thought, "some one besides Angel, we could find out exactly what Kit looks like by inquiring at the desk. We could learn what name she signed in the hotel register, and whether she was always with Peterson, or whether they pretended to be strangers. But what's the use of thinking about that? I've got to play my hand alone!"

The five minutes' grace must certainly have passed before Clo had come to the end of her inspection, but the telephone was silent. This struck the girl as ominous, for it might mean that Kit had appeared in person at the other end of the line. It might mean that some trap was being laid to catch her double.

"If Kit turns up and tells everything, they can't let me get away with what I know—even what I know about Krantz's Keller," Clo told herself. "They'll have to send some one to watch, especially if they think I'm a detective who's found Peterson's body. My best hope is, they can't know what I'm like. All the same, if they don't call me up in just one minute more, I must make a bolt. I've found out all I can. I'll count sixty, and see what happens."

## XXII

WHAT happened was that the telephone began ringing in the next room—Peterson's room. It began when Clo had counted up to forty, and it went on with the same piercing persistence that had already racked her nerves.

She had hoped not to go back to the room of the dead man. She had searched it from end to end, and, having escaped, it had seemed impossible that she could face again that lolling figure in the easy chair. But

now she knew the thing would have to be done; so the less time she gave to dreading it the better.

Already the jet and steel bag hung by its ribbons over her arm. Without waiting for another glance around the room, Clo switched off the electricity, and let herself out into the hall. No one was in sight—perhaps few rooms on this top floor were occupied, she thought—and before she had finished her count of sixty seconds she was once more locked into Peterson's room. So confidently had she expected to hear the same foreign-sounding accents that she almost dropped the receiver and started away when her "Hello!" was answered by a strange voice.

"Is this Mr. Peterson?" it asked.

But *was* it a strange voice? Before it finished the brief sentence, Clo had an impression that she had heard it before. Assuredly the speaker was not the man who had just been talking to "Kit." As to that, there could be no mistake; but the voice sounded astonishingly, alarmingly familiar. She could not yet identify it, but she felt sure that recognition was only a question of instants.

"This is Mr. Peterson's room," she replied. "He is—here. He wishes me to speak for him."

"I had better tell you before we go further, then, that I'm talking for Mr. John Heron. When you have explained that, Mr. Peterson will decide whether he still wants you to continue the conversation, or whether he would rather come to the phone and attend to the business himself."

Clo was glad of the pause. John Heron! That was the man whom Peterson had mentioned during her second conversation with him. He had said that Roger Sands was "working for John Heron" when Roger and Beverley met in the train; and she—Clo—had heard the name with a queer thrill which she could not understand. So far as she knew, it was strange to her; yet she seemed to have heard it in dreams—sad dreams, where some one had sobbed in the dark.

Clo had not forgotten that thrill. Through the strenuous adventures which had kept body and brain busy, the girl had

recalled it again and again, since the moment when the name had fallen from Peterson's lips. She had wondered if she would ever dare to ask Angel who John Heron was, and had told herself that she would have no right to put the question. Whoever he might be, Heron was in some way connected with Beverley's secret, or Peterson would not have spoken his name in that connection.

Clo had resigned herself to let the name and the thrill, remain a mystery, rather than risk distressing Angel; but now both came back to her with the added mystery of a familiar voice talking through the dead man's telephone.

She stood for a few seconds with the receiver in her hand and these thoughts in her head. Then she answered quietly:

"Mr. Peterson allows me to go on speaking for him."

"Very well," returned the voice. "Mr. Peterson called Mr. Heron up not long ago, to say that he could sell him a rope of fine pearls for Mrs. Heron at a low price. He had heard, it appears, that Mr. Heron wished to buy pearls, and he suggested an appointment for to-night. Mr. Heron did not receive this message himself. He was indisposed at the time when it came, and Mrs. Heron took it, but was unable to answer for her husband. He is not yet well enough to come to the phone, but has learned of the matter from his wife. He asks me to say, in his name, that if Mr. Peterson has some particularly fine pearls to dispose of, he would be pleased to look at them—to-morrow morning, about ten o'clock, at his hotel, the Dietz."

"The Dietz!" cried Clo. "Now I know who's speaking to me. You're Justin O'Reilly!"

Inadvertently she had kept her lips at the receiver. The cry had flown to the man who held the line.

"And you're my girl burglar! By Jove, I thought I knew that voice!" came back to her. "Are *you* in the pearl business, too? Has Mrs. Sands commissioned you and some fellow called Peterson to sell her pearls to Mrs. Heron? Now I begin to see light! She tried to make a bargain with me over those pearls. I refused in Heron's

name and my own. What's her game now, when there's nothing left to bargain for, and you've sent the papers back?"

"Sent the papers back!" Clo gasped into the telephone.

This coming into touch with O'Reilly over the wire had been a shock; but she forgot the surprise of it in the new surprise of his last words. Her heart was thumping so hard that she feared the sound might drown the response, though her ear was glued to the receiver.

"Wasn't it you who sent them?" she heard faintly.

She stopped to think before daring a reply. O'Reilly had got the papers back, or he wanted her to think so; for some reason of his own he was making a tremendous bluff. Why shouldn't she make one, too?

"Well, if you must know, perhaps I *did* send them," she prevaricated.

"I'm glad to have this chance to thank you for repenting. I felt at the time you weren't the stuff that confidence-trick ladies and burglaresses are made of!"

"I didn't exactly repent," confessed Clo, getting back her presence of mind. "I had an object to gain. I'm glad the papers weren't lost on the way. You're sure no one had tampered with the envelope?"

"Apparently not. The messenger handed it to me sealed up and seemingly intact, with the address of my bank on it in my own handwriting. The boy wouldn't say how he knew I was staying at the Dietz. He wouldn't say anything, in fact. I had half a mind to give him a note to take to you. I would have done it, if I hadn't been afraid of getting you into trouble. You see, I don't bear malice."

As Clo listened, wondering what use she could make of O'Reilly in this terrible business, she was surprised at the soothing effect of his voice upon her nerves. It was like hearing the voice of a friend. She could not feel that she and he were enemies. After all, why should they be enemies, since of the two O'Reilly was the injured party, and had just assured her that he didn't bear malice? But he was going on to ask what was the object she had wished to gain.

"Do you mean to tell me?" he inquired; "or is it one of your many mysteries?"

"I realized that I'd gone to work with you in the wrong way," she ventured.

"Now I need some one's help. It ought to be a man's help; and except Mr. Sands you're the only man I know."

She heard O'Reilly laughing. It was a pleasant, rather youthful-sounding laugh. She thought it sounded Irish, and that fancy warmed her heart. But he wouldn't laugh if he could see what her eyes saw!

"So you want to call a truce?" he asked.

"Yes, if I could trust you."

"I like that! I wasn't the betrayer."

"I know. I was; but—"

"Never mind! Your second thoughts are better than your first. And anyhow, you weren't working for yourself, I'm sure. Do you really want my help?"

"*Don't* I? But it would be for—for—I won't speak her name through the phone, but you know what I mean. And you're her enemy, aren't you?"

"Not the least in the world! But I can't buy her pearls, and I'm sure Heron will refuse to bargain, if—"

"The pearls aren't for sale any more. They've been stolen. She thinks you took them, for a hold-up."

"The deuce she does! But you know better."

"Yes, I do; and that's where the worst trouble comes in."

"Tell me what you wish me to do for you, and I'll do it—I swear I will. I was wanting to see you again, anyhow. You were like a bad but interesting dream, broken off in the middle, that I longed to dream over again."

"I only wish I were a dream! And I feel as if I *had* been broken off in the middle!" said Clo. "I may be broken past mending if somebody doesn't pick up the pieces good and quick! What I want you to do is to meet me outside the Westmorland. Will you? And if so, how soon?"

"I will," came the answer. "I'll be there in eight minutes, with a taxi. Does that suit you?"

"Yes. Have the taxi draw up in front of the hotel. As it slows down, I'll jump in. Give the chauffeur orders before he starts—not to stop, but to go on the instant I'm in. A lot may depend on that."

"What mischief have you been up to?" asked the laughing voice, which to Clo, in the room of death, seemed to come from another world.

She shuddered as her eyes turned to the figure in the chair.

"Good-by!" she said, and hung up the receiver without another word.

Eight minutes! It would take her about three to get out of the room, down-stairs, and to the front door—if all went well. What was she to do with the other five?

Now that her mission was ended, she could not stay where she was. She had reached, and almost passed, the limit of her endurance. One idle moment in that place would surely drive her mad! Yet she could not stand in the street, waiting for O'Reilly to come to the rescue. Kit and the man who had talked to Kit might be ready to pounce upon her there.

### XXIII

"DON'T be frightened, mother! It's only me, back earlier than I expected," Ellen Blackburne announced herself at the door of her mother's bedroom.

The two faces that smiled at each other looked as if they had been conscientiously cut to follow the same undistinguished pattern. The only visible difference was that one was somewhat older than the other, and a little more creased and faded.

Mrs. Blackburne was propped up in bed, reading Young's "Night Thoughts." She always read a little from her favorite book on Sundays, before settling herself to sleep.

"Of course I'm not frightened," she reassured her daughter. "I'm only surprised. That's what makes my hands tremble."

"I was in hopes that you'd have gone to sleep," said Ellen, "and that I could slip in without giving you a start. I stopped the taxi at the corner on purpose; but I saw the light in your window, so I knew it would be better to make myself known than to let you think a burglar was creeping and crawling around the house."

"Yes, indeed, dear," agreed her mother. "I'm delighted to have you back. I shall sleep better, by and by, than if you were away; but I'm afraid you were anxious

about me, and made them let you bring the pearls home to string. You needn't have done that, because I was all right. Now you'll be sitting up the whole night!"

"Don't you worry!" Ellen soothed her. "I'm going to bed. Shall I leave the door open between the rooms while I undress, or shall I just kiss you good night now and let you rest in peace?"

The little woman had sat down on the edge of the bed, but, as she spoke, she stood up. It struck the other little woman that for some reason she was in a hurry to get away.

"There's something you don't want to tell me, isn't there, dear?" the elder quietly observed.

"Well, now, what makes you think of such a thing?" exclaimed Ellen, with innocent, wide-open eyes.

"You can't cheat me, lovey," said Mrs. Blackburne. "You ought to know that by this time. You've tried it before. Not that I want you to tell me anything you'd rather not tell."

"Well, you are the most wonderful woman!" replied Ellen. "I believe you could see through a wall! It's only that I didn't want to wake you up and make you nervous, so that you'd have a bad night."

"If that's the only reason, I shall have a better night if I don't need to rack my brain thinking over a thousand things that might have happened—each one worse, maybe, than what really has happened."

"Oh, all right!" sighed Ellen, and sat down again. "I shall get a better night, too, for having a safety-valve. You're a grand safety-valve, you know, mother, because I can talk my heart out to you, and be sure that whatever I say will be locked up in your strong box. Only—you're certain we hadn't better wait till to-morrow?"

"I shouldn't close my eyes!" said Mrs. Blackburne. "But I can say this to begin with—you did the right thing. You always do, my dear."

"This is different from anything I ever did before—different from anything in my experience," Ellen answered.

"Well?"

"Well, I told you before I started I thought I was in for an exciting job. It



wasn't only that Mr. Sands is a sort of celebrity, and every one has been talking of Mrs. Sands as a beauty. The man himself gave me a sort of thrilled feeling the minute I saw him."

"Yes, you told me that. You said he was better-looking than his pictures in the papers, and seemed a good deal younger than you'd have thought, and real manly and interesting."

"He is all that. Mother, as I sat by him in that taxi, on the way to his house—not talking much, but thinking a whole lot, both of us—I couldn't help saying to myself that Roger Sands is the sort I could fall in love with, if I was the falling-in-love kind. I don't know how to describe him exactly; but he made me feel as if I'd like to do something for him—something to make him remember me. Even before we got to the house, I began to feel that, I believe, though I didn't tell myself any such thing then. I was mighty keen to find out what Mrs. Sands would be like—I suppose to see what type of woman he'd worship enough to pick up from the gutter."

"Goodness me, child!" broke in Mrs. Blackburne, absorbed. "You don't mean that's where she came from? I never heard—"

"No, no! I oughtn't to have used that expression," Ellen confessed, "though they tell all sorts of stories about her origin. I dare say none of 'em are right, and not a soul knows the truth. Women who hoped to catch Roger Sands for themselves or their daughters started the ball rolling, I guess. They call her 'the girl from nowhere'; but you've only to see her to realize at once that whatever she was, she must have been brought up like a princess. She has the air of one."

"You mean she puts on airs?"

"No, princesses don't have to. She's fine because she's *made* fine."

"Handsome?"

"A dream of beauty!" Miss Blackburne said enthusiastically. "She's worthy of her husband that way, but she's not in other ways. That's my excuse."

"Your excuse, lovey? For what?"

"For what I did. But I can't make you understand why I did it, or forgive me for

doing it, unless I tell you more, first, about the effect she made upon me."

"Go right on, dear, and take your time. I won't interrupt again."

"Well, mother, the instant I laid eyes on her, like a vision, all sparkling in white and silver, I felt she was trying to hide some tremendous excitement—not to hide it from me particularly, but from her husband. She was dressed up to kill, almost as if she'd been going to a ball; but there wasn't a party, so evidently it was all for him. I guessed that they'd had a row, and she was wanting to make up. It seemed to me I was walking straight into a mystery, maybe a tragedy. The first thing that happened was Mr. Sands inquiring of the butler if any one had called while he was out. The way he waited to ask the question till Mrs. Sands could hear what was said told me that he wanted her to *hear*. He's not the man to spy on his wife behind her back! But she—I could see by her face how her heart turned to water in her breast under all her diamond stars and bursting suns! She said that if any one had been there it wasn't a caller—just a man who'd brought our little Clo Riley home from some excursion. But Sands stuck to his question as a bulldog would stick to a bone that some one wanted to snatch out of his mouth. Said he: 'Was it Justin O'Reilly who came?' Her reply—'Yes, he stopped only ten minutes'—was like a confession and an excuse tortured out of a martyr on the rack. Except that she wasn't a bit like a martyr. She was more like a conspirator with a plot to hide. Mr. Sands had a stricken sort of look, as if his worst fears had been confirmed; and all my sympathy went right over to him. It seemed to me that a woman who would conceal things from a splendid man like that must be a sly, ungrateful cat, if not worse!"

"You're sure you weren't doing the poor thing an injustice?" Mrs. Blackburne could not help putting in; for in her personal experience the man, not the woman, was invariably to blame.

"No, I'm not sure," Ellen admitted. "I'm only telling you how I felt, so you can understand better how I acted. Mr. Sands couldn't stand much more after that.



He was afraid either of breaking down or of saying something before me that he might regret. Anyhow, he excused himself, explaining that he had to dress and dine at his club. This seemed to be a big surprise to Mrs. Sands, but I don't know whether she was sorry or pleased. All I know is that she looked awfully queer. She'd forgotten me for a minute and stood staring after her husband when he turned away; but she pulled herself together, and said she hoped I'd dine with her before beginning my work. I saw that the thought of having to go through a meal was almost more than she could bear, so I refused, telling her that I'd had tea at home with you. She was too miserable to rejoice in anything so small as that, but she was relieved; and the next minute she was showing me into a room she called her boudoir. By this time she was telling me about the pearls, but she was thinking hard about something else. She didn't even take the trouble to open the gorgeous velvet case—simply pointed it out, on a table, among a lot of books and flowers and chocolate-boxes. Then a bell rang somewhere, and she gave a sort of jump and turned paler than ever. 'I must go and speak to my husband,' she explained, and rushed out of the room.

"Where she really went, or what she did, I don't know, unless she was with Clo Riley; but I found out afterward that she didn't go to Mr. Sands, because—but I haven't come to that part yet. She had told me to look at the pearls in their case, so I know she didn't mean me to wait till she came back. I expected something astounding, from the case itself—a grand thing, with a gold crown on purple velvet; but I can tell you I didn't expect anything so astounding as what I *did* see!"

"What was that?" gasped the old lady, as her daughter paused for breath.

"Just nothing at all—that's what I saw!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the case was empty—the pearls gone!"

"My goodness me!"

"Exactly what I said! I never had such a scare in my life. Mrs. Sands had told me how she had been dressing in her bedroom, with the door wide open into the boudoir,

because the pearls were there, all ready for me to begin on, if I arrived before she got into her gown. She either believed the pearls were in the case, or else she wanted me to believe that she believed it. The desperate state she was in, under her pretty manner, made me think she might be playing some dreadful trick; and after I'd got over the first shock of surprise I was mad—furiously mad, through and through, with that woman. 'She doesn't care if she ruins me, so she can save herself from a scrape,' was what I thought about her."

"What did you do?" breathed Mrs. Blackburne.

"I rang the bell for the butler. He came to the door in an instant—must have been close by, in the hall. I told him to call Mrs. Sands at once, as I had to speak to her on an urgent matter. I thought that would fetch her sure; but it didn't. It was the man who came back. He seemed a bit embarrassed; said he'd delivered my message, but Mrs. Sands was very busy at the moment, and he was afraid it would be a little while before she was at liberty. That made me wilder than ever. It looked as if she was playing with me. It came into my head that she was leaving me alone as long as possible in the room where her wonderful pearls were supposed to be, so she could accuse me of making away with them—perhaps through a confederate—when the truth had to come out, that the pearls were gone. I would have bet something big that the woman had given 'em to the man who had called while Mr. Sands was coming after me—the man they called Justin O'Reilly. I saw just one thing to do—a thing to put me right, and at the same time to punish her for trying to make an honest woman her scapegoat. I told the butler to call Mr. Sands, quick. 'Mr. Sands is just going,' he said. 'I was ready to help him on with his coat when you rang.' 'Well, beg him to step in here for one instant,' said I.

"The man went out; and I couldn't have counted ten before Mr. Sands appeared. I pointed to the empty case that was lying open on the table, and told him in about a dozen words—I wanted to finish before madam arrived—that Mrs. Sands had told

me to look in the case for the pearls; that she went out in a hurry; and that when I looked the pearls weren't there. 'I sent and asked her to come,' I explained, 'but she was busy.'

"Well, mother, the face of that man just broke my heart! I don't know even now what his expression meant; but it wasn't all surprise, anyhow. It was more as if some awful thing that he'd half expected had come true.

"Does my wife know you asked for me when she couldn't come?' was the first thing he said after he had stood quite still for a second or two, with a kind of unseeing look in his eyes. I told him no, I had taken the responsibility on myself, and I hoped I hadn't done wrong.

"Not wrong," said he. "You meant well, I'm sure. Still, I wish the news had come to me from my wife and no one else."

"I felt just *sick*, mother—the way a bull in a china-shop would feel if a human mind came into his fat old head the minute after he'd broken all the finest things. 'I'm so sorry!' I sort of groaned. And I think I must have begun to cry. 'Oh, please don't tell her you know!' I begged him. 'I see now, she'd so much rather tell you herself. I've been stupid. She'll hate me. She'll think I'm a silly cat, or a spiteful one!' I went on this way for a second or two, sobbing and sniveling, till he said: 'Don't cry. I'll think about it—about what's best to do.' With that he walked over to the window and stood looking out, while he made up his mind. I glanced over at him once; but if I hadn't known he was there, I shouldn't have seen him. The curtains were drawn, not all across, but partly, and it was a sort of bay window, so there was room for him to stand behind the curtains, in the shadow they made. He hadn't been there two seconds, I give you my word, when the door flew open and Mrs. Sands bounced in.

"You sent for me?" she said, and threw a look around the room, as if searching for some one. I felt I should die if her husband came out; but he didn't show himself. I must have been as pale as a turnip, but I managed to blurt out that the pearls weren't in their case, and so on; and it

seemed as if my words turned her to a block of marble. She didn't speak a word. She just stared at me. Nothing of her seemed alive except her eyes.

"I tried to bring her back to herself, suggesting that perhaps she'd been absent-minded, and put the pearls somewhere else, after all; but it didn't rouse her much. When she answered, she didn't say a thing that a mean cat, plotting to ruin me, might not have said. She insisted she had left the pearls in their case, and begged me not to tease her. The words were nothing to judge by. It was her look and manner that began to make me feel perhaps I'd judged wrong. She did seem so genuine, and so young! Besides, when I gave her a bold lead, and said right out: 'Maybe you think I stole the pearls!' she didn't follow it up the way I thought she might. She assured me quite nicely that she believed nothing so foolish, and that even if I'd wanted to steal the things, I couldn't have smuggled them out of the house. Of course I could, though! If I was that sort, there had been time. My heart melted to her a bit, I must confess. But I was thinking more of her husband, and of my putting him in such a bad position by begging him for my sake to keep dark. It just occurred to me, too, that he might possibly be the guilty one. For revenge upon his wife, he might have hidden the pearls. For a minute, I'd have been almost glad to believe it, so as to take the blame off her; for you know you've brought me up, mother, to be on the woman's side whenever I can. However, it was my fault he was stuck there behind the curtains, and I thought it was up to me to get him out of the fix. I suggested to Mrs. Sands that it might be a good thing to call in Clo, to see what the girl could make of the business, and Mrs. S. agreed.

"The instant she was gone, out from the bay window stalked her husband. By that time I was close to the door. I had opened it for Mrs. Sands, who hadn't seemed to notice; and I hardly dared glance at him—it seemed so prying. I can't tell you whether what he'd heard had made him feel better or worse, for I didn't look him in the face. All I knew—all I know for sure now—is that he stopped for an instant

at the table. He had to pass it on the way from his hiding-place to the door. I suppose then, when he paused there, that he would be gazing at the empty velvet case; but he may have been doing something different. I'll tell you what in a minute.

"I stood without moving, in case he didn't care to notice me; but as he came near the door he stopped again. 'Miss Blackburne,' he said, 'you've been mixed up against your will, and not by any fault of your own, in an unfortunate business. It's a family affair, and I feel certain you'll keep your own counsel. You seem to me to be that kind of woman. Don't think I'm trying to bribe you. I'm not; but I should like you to accept this.' My arms were hanging straight down at my sides, like pump-handles, but he managed to stick something into one of my hands. What do you think it was?"

"Money," her mother guessed.

"Of course! It wouldn't have been a *billet-doux*. But how much?"

"Fifty dollars?"

"Fifty! It was—five hundred!"

"My Heavens! Enough to pay off the mortgage. But I suppose"—Mrs. Blackburne swallowed heavily—"you felt you couldn't possibly accept it?"

"I felt that way, though I wanted it almost more than I ever wanted anything—at least, anything I could get. I said no, I had done nothing to earn a cent, and wild horses wouldn't drag from me anything I'd seen, or heard, or even imagined, in his house. But Mr. Sands insisted. 'It will give me pleasure for you to have the money. It's little enough,' he said. Then he walked right out, without giving me time to thank him. He must have gone back to his own room, instead of leaving the flat just then, for I saw him again later. I'll tell you about that, too; but do you think it was wrong to keep the money?"

"I—well, in the circumstances, no," Mrs. Blackburne decided. "It would have hurt his feelings to refuse, after he'd put it the way he did. Oh, my dear, five hundred dollars! It's like a fairy gift at this very time, when we're needing it so much!"

"That's exactly what a voice kept saying to me. Well, I'd just got the bills tucked

away out of sight when Mrs. Sands came running in. She didn't speak of the pearls. She didn't speak at all, but simply made for the table. She hadn't a glance for the velvet case. She was searching for something else. Oh, mother, it scared me to see her! She threw everything about. She was out of her head. A tall vase of flowers tipped over, splashing water on the books, and even on the velvet case, but I don't think she knew it had happened. Books fell on the floor, but she didn't see or care. When she'd turned every solitary object upside down two or three times, she gave up, and sank all of a heap into a big chair close by. 'The envelope!' she said. No, 'said' isn't the word. She gasped as if there was a hand on her throat, choking her life out. 'It was there. Where is it now?'

"I told her I hadn't seen any envelope, which was perfectly true; but she wouldn't take no for an answer. She described it—quite a big, long envelope, made of linen, and sealed with several red seals. I could only go on shaking my head and insisting I hadn't seen an envelope of any description, and at last she had to believe me; but the worst was to come. 'Did you leave the room, for so much as a second, after I left you?' she asked, with her eyes on my face. Well, that was an easy one! I told her I hadn't stirred outside the door; but what I was scared of came next: 'Did any one come in?'

"Oh, lovey, I hope you didn't have to tell a falsehood?" wailed the little woman in the bed.

"That depends on what you call a falsehood," said Miss Blackburne. "I hate fibs as much as you do—or nearly; but look here, mother, it was an awful fix!"

"It was," her mother agreed.

"You see," Ellen went on, to make her position clear, "I had asked Mr. Sands not to let his wife know I had called him in. It was for me he stopped there behind the curtains; anyhow, it was for me in the beginning. Afterward, perhaps, he saw it would be best all round to let sleeping dogs lie. Then, later, he pressed that money on me, and I took it. He didn't mean it for a bribe, I'm sure; but I felt as if it had bought me, body and soul, to be on his side.

I guessed at once that when he stood by the table, and I kept my eyes down, he must have seen that envelope, and taken it. Well, now, I ask you, could I give him away?"

"I don't see how you could," wailed the old lady.

"Neither did I. 'Did any one come in?' I echoed, when Mrs. Sands put the question. 'Wouldn't I have mentioned it to you the first thing, if any one had?' That's what I said. Was it a falsehood?"

"Er—it was a prevarication," answered Mrs. Blackburne.

"Then I prevaricated to save the situation. There wasn't any other way that I could see to get out of the hole. What would you have done yourself?"

"I—I think very likely I should have done the same thing."

"Thank goodness!" sighed Ellen. "That's what I wanted to know. You don't blame me, then?"

"No-o. I—I feel you acted for the best. And—it's done, now!"

"Yes, it's done," the pearl-stringer echoed. "And what's done, can't be undone—ever!"

#### XXIV

ROGER SANDS dined alone at his club that night. Many men hailed him as he came in, and in sixty seconds he received six invitations to dine. He refused all, however, saying that he had an important matter of business to think over, which must be decided before the morning. Besides, he was "rather expecting a man who might look in by and by."

As a matter of fact, it was the hope of meeting this possible caller that had brought Roger to the club. He had excused himself to Beverley on the plea of an appointment, because he had felt that, for both their sakes, he must leave her, and he had said the first thing which came into his head.

A few minutes later, answering an urgent summons from Miss Blackburne, he had gone into his wife's boudoir. There he had learned that the queen's pearls had disappeared; and on the table, where they should have been, he had found a sealed envelope addressed to Justin O'Reilly.

It was upon an impulse that he had taken the envelope. He felt afterward that his whole course of conduct, from the moment when he entered the room till the moment when he left the flat, was radically wrong. He ought, perhaps, to have shown himself to Beverley when she came in, despite Miss Blackburne's appeal. If he had done this, he would have learned in an instant something, at least, of the truth about that envelope. Roger was not sure whether it had been already on the table when Miss Blackburne called him, and in his preoccupation he had failed to notice it then, or if his wife had brought it with her.

If she had seen her husband at such a moment, Beverley must have betrayed herself, Roger thought, if there was anything to betray in connection with the envelope. Had its concealment been important, she would mechanically have sprung to hide it. Had it been left inadvertently by O'Reilly, for no concern of hers, Beverley's ignorance of its presence, or her indifference, would have cleared her in Roger's eyes.

Believing that she had lied to him about O'Reilly—lied in saying that the man had no part in her secret trouble—Roger saw the woman he loved fallen from the pedestal of his worship. Even if she were not, in the lowest sense, a guilty woman, she was guilty of having deceived him; and in his revolt against her Roger's obstinacy and pride would not let him openly put himself in the wrong. He could not say to Beverley—it would sound like a confession:

"I stood still behind the curtains in your boudoir when you came in. I heard all you said to Miss Blackburne. I found an envelope addressed to Justin O'Reilly on your table. I took it, without stopping to think. I give it back. But I expect you to tell me how you came by it."

"I never dreamed that you would be mean enough, low enough, to spy upon me!" she could reply, if he said this. "Why didn't you show yourself, like a brave man, instead of hiding?"

No, he would not do this thing. He would not tell Beverley that he had been a witness of the scene between her and the pearl-stringer, or that he was responsible for the vanishing of O'Reilly's envelope.



Let her think what she liked about its loss, just as he—Roger—was free to think what he liked about the disappearance of the costly pearls!

Now that what he had done was done, and could not be undone, he would wait for Beverley to tell him that the pearls were gone. Her carelessness, to say the best of it—her ingratitude and disloyalty, to say the worst—gave him the right to keep his knowledge to himself. He would wait; he would see what Beverley meant to do.

As a kind of self-punishment, however, he determined not to use his secret advantage over her and O'Reilly as he might use it. He would resist the fierce temptation he felt to break the seals on the envelope, and read what was inside. He had been a spy by accident. He would not be one by design.

So desperate was that temptation that Roger feared he could not fight against it for long. He feared, unless he put it out of his own power to yield, that in the end he might fall. He decided, therefore, to send back the sealed letter to O'Reilly. Ten minutes after leaving home, he had given the envelope to a messenger, with directions to take it at once to the Dietz.

It was when he had thus disciplined himself that Roger turned toward the club. A man who was an old acquaintance of his, and a friend of O'Reilly, often dropped in there of a Sunday evening when his wife was spending a week-end in the country. Possibly he would come that night. Roger had thought of a question to ask. He saw that there might be a way of getting even with O'Reilly.

While he pretended to dine and read an evening paper, Roger could not keep his mind from the contents of that sealed envelope. He had never forgotten a certain sealed envelope which had had much to do with the making of his marriage; but it was one of those things upon which he had refrained from questioning Beverley. She had given it to him to keep safe from some unknown person supposed to have boarded the train on purpose to look for it—and for her. He had kept it safe; and it was only after their marriage, when Beverley—as well as the mysterious envelope—was under

his protection, that she agreed to take charge of her own property again.

What had since then become of the envelope with the monogrammed gold seals, Roger did not know—knew no more than he knew of the seal-ring that Beverley had worn when first she appeared at his state-room door. The ring had vanished from her hand before he saw her the second time. He had sometimes wondered about its fate; he had often caught himself wondering about the envelope. Now he asked himself if the latter was contained in the larger envelope with the coarse red reals addressed to O'Reilly?

A hateful little voice in Roger's brain chirped suggestions to him. What if Beverley had somehow been in O'Reilly's power? What if she had written him love-letters which she wished to get back, and he refused to surrender? What if she had contrived to steal them, and O'Reilly had followed, for reprisals? What if, since then, the man had been torturing her, and Clodagh Riley—a poor relation of Justin's perhaps—had been acting as a go-between? What if the girl had pretended illness as an excuse to bring O'Reilly into the flat, and the man had frightened Beverley into giving him the pearls?

There were many discrepancies, many missing links and twisted threads, among these deductions. For one thing, if Beverley had handed the pearls over to O'Reilly, why had the supposed love-letters addressed to him been lying on the table? If Beverley had got back her correspondence, what hold did O'Reilly retain over her? Why should she give him the pearls and the letters, too? And why should the envelope be addressed to O'Reilly in his own handwriting, which Roger Sands had occasionally seen, and had not forgotten?

These were not the only notes out of tune with the luring music of suspicion; but the high, sharp notes drowned the few that were out of harmony. They were low and indecisive, and impressed themselves but lightly on Roger's brain. He heard them; yet he felt that, if he dared to count upon their importance in the theme, dared to let them dominate, his judgment would again be clouded.



He was sipping his *demi-tasse*, and had ceased to expect the man he wanted, when that individual walked into the room. Before he could sit down at a neighboring table, Roger hailed him. He was a small, dark man of Jewish type, a man of forty-five, perhaps, with the brilliant eyes of a scientist and the arched brows of a dreamer.

"Hello, Dr. Lewis! I've been hoping you'd drop in," Sands said cordially. "You haven't dined yet, I see? Won't you eat with me?"

Lewis came, protesting.

"Why, I'd like to, of course; but you've finished. I'd be keeping you."

"I've nothing to do which would interest me as much as a talk with you, my dear chap," Roger assured him.

"That sounds good!" said the other, flattered. He sat down at Sands's table. "I'd have got here a long while ago," Dr. Lewis went on to explain, "but just as I was leaving the Dietz, where I have a patient, I was asked to stop and see—whom do you think?"

"Your friend O'Reilly, perhaps," Roger ventured with an air of indifference. "Some one mentioned to me that he was there."

"No," said Lewis, "not O'Reilly; but, as it happens, a friend of O'Reilly's, in the same hotel, who suddenly collapsed."

"I can guess then," replied Sands. "I know the Herons are at the Dietz. Your patient was one of those two—Mrs. Heron, I should say. I can't imagine Heron collapsing."

"Oh," Lewis excused himself hastily, "that was a figure of speech, and rather indiscreet, eh? I wouldn't have used it except with a mutual friend. My patient was Heron, not his wife. The attack was nothing serious, but Mrs. H. was scared. She knew from O'Reilly that I was attending Sam McCulloch at the Dietz, and she phoned to find out if I was in the hotel. As luck would have it, I was. You and Heron are as fast friends as ever, of course?"

"I admire John Heron in many ways," Roger answered indirectly.

"And he ought to admire you, as certainly he does! Nobody has forgotten your services to him last year. Nobody dares

call him the California Oil Trust King since you got it decided, once for all, that there was no trust, so there could be no king. A good many people thought you risked your life, throwing yourself into that business the way you did, Sands; but you came out on top, and brought Heron out on top. Your reward was great!"

Roger smiled. He was thinking of the journey back, after his triumph, and of Beverley. She had been his reward. Once it had seemed great.

"So I thought you'd be interested in my small piece of news," Lewis was going on. "Have you seen Heron since he got to New York?"

"Not yet," said Sands.

"Well, he's not been here long. I've known certain forms of influenza to begin with a fainting-fit, out of a clear sky, as you might say; but this isn't the time of year for influenza. The man has been overworking, no doubt. Such men always do; never occurs to 'em to take any rest! But Heron's a wiry chap. It needs a good deal to knock him over, even temporarily, as in this little attack to-night. If it had happened last summer or fall, when the big row was on, there'd have been plenty of excuse, as Mrs. Heron remarked. It appears the two had been quietly sitting together down below, in the big hall, watching the crowd, and waiting for Justin O'Reilly to go in with them to dinner. Mrs. H. sent Heron back to their rooms, to find something she had forgotten—incidentally, to hurry Justin a bit, also—and she got scared at last when time passed and neither of the two men came down. She went to see for herself what was up and found her husband in a fainting-fit. She phoned and caught me, as I was leaving Sam; and by the time I arrived on the scene, O'Reilly had floated in from the next-door suite. He'd been out while the Herons thought he was dressing to dine with them—some misunderstanding, I suppose—and he hadn't been back in his room many minutes when he heard Mrs. Heron scream. Quite a little drama, I assure you, but all's well that ends well. Heron will be as brisk as ever in a day or two, I expect, if he goes a little slow to-morrow."

"I'm glad to hear that," Roger said gravely. The conversation had not yet taken the turn he wished it to take; but he was interested in the news Lewis brought, and there was time for the rest to follow. "As you say, Heron's not a man to be knocked over easily. Last year, when I was in California, he came within an ace of being shot one night, and never turned a hair."

"Wasn't that the same shooting-match when you were used for another target?" insinuated Lewis. "I heard something like that—and that you didn't turn a hair, either."

"I'd had a short cut that morning, and there wasn't much left to turn. Heron has had enough experiences of the sort at one time or another to make him jumpy; but they haven't had that effect."

"When he came to," the doctor went on, "his wife asked him a lot of questions. She seemed to think that perhaps some one had attacked him; but Heron positively denied it. O'Reilly was a bit puzzled over the business, too, it struck me. If there really was anything queer in it, he may get it out of Heron, though Mrs. H. couldn't. Heron wouldn't want to worry her, naturally. Didn't she have some great shock last summer or fall, while you were out West—a brother who was killed, or killed himself?"

"Her brother died suddenly. There was no proof of violence, though the papers talked for the sake of talk. But it didn't happen while I was there. As a matter of fact, I believe the young man's death occurred the day I left, and not in California, but in New Mexico, near Albuquerque, at a house belonging to Mrs. Heron. She was the great beauty of that region, I've been told, when John Heron met her."

"She's a great beauty now," said Lewis.

"They haven't been married many years," Roger told him. "Not more than eight or ten, I think. Mrs. Heron can't be much over thirty. I never saw the brother. I believe he had an accident, or a bad illness, in his boyhood, and was something of an invalid. He lived always at this place in Albuquerque, and his sister stayed with him sometimes, when she could. He was a

few years younger than she. I remember being shown a photograph of the two taken together. He was a handsome, but somehow a strange-looking fellow, with rather a sinister sort of expression—the result of illness and suffering, I suppose."

"I noticed to-night that Mrs. Heron wore black, and no colored jewels—only diamonds and pearls," Lewis remarked. "Rather a gorgeous conception of mourning, however!"

"Gorgeousness is the lady's line," said Roger.

He had had enough of the Herons as a dish of gossip with Dr. Lewis, and was keen to bring on the *pièce de résistance* of the meal. He did not intend, however, to let Lewis know that the invitation to sit down had been given with an object. The man was to suppose that he had been captured solely for the pleasure that Sands felt in his society. It was fortunate that this impression wasn't hard to give, for Roger really liked Dr. Simon Lewis.

"I hope," he went on, "that Heron will be all right in a day or two. I don't expect to see much of him. Whenever I have leisure just now I cut down to Newport to see how the decorators are getting on with a cottage I've bought there for my wife. It has been quite an amusement to me for the past few weeks when I have time to be amused. My wife hasn't had much, as she has been helping to nurse a young girl she's interested in. You may have seen something in the newspapers. If you were a bone man, you would have had the case. But speaking of cottages makes me think of houses. I'm tired of living in an apartment, though ours isn't bad, as flats go. I want a house, and I want an old one—or my wife does—with a little romance of history attached to it. I'd like to get hold of one as a surprise for her. I know there aren't many in the market nowadays, but there must be some left. I suppose there's nothing good to be found in your neighborhood?"

"Well, as you know, the Gramercy Park district has been pretty thoroughly modernized," said Lewis, who lived in a big new apartment-house close to the park. "The only fine, old-fashioned mansion I

can think of that would just suit you is Miss Theresa O'Reilly's. She's a patient of mine, when she's any one's patient. Do you know anything about the ancient dame?"

Roger knew so much that he had waited for Lewis because Miss Theresa O'Reilly was a patient of his. That bit of information had come to him in a roundabout way; but he was working up to the acquisition of more.

"Isn't she related to your friend Justin O'Reilly?" he inquired, as if more through politeness than through personal interest.

"She's a distant cousin. As for the house, Justin feels that it ought to be his. I have this from her, not from him. The old lady told me the other day that she heard Justin had been hoarding up his money to buy the house, and was coming to New York on purpose to talk matters over, but she had made up her mind to refuse to see him."

"She must be a cranky old bird!" Sands sympathized. Like children in a game of hide-and-seek, he was "getting warm."

"You're right, she's all of that. Last year she mentioned to several people—myself among others—that she thought of offering the place for sale, if she could get a good price, because the New York climate gave her rheumatism, and she would like to try the Riviera; but the minute she had spoken to me—a friend of Justin's—she could have cut out her tongue. You see, Justin's great-grandfather built the house, and it remained in the family till a few years before Justin's birth, when his father was obliged to sell through poverty and move out West. This old lady, Theresa O'Reilly, was the purchaser. She was, of course, a youngish woman then, though no chicken. The story is that she loved Justin's father, and tried to catch him with her money—she was a rich heiress. He was on the point of engaging himself when he fell desperately in love with a poor girl whom Theresa employed as social secretary, or something of the sort. Out of revenge, Theresa went to work in secret ways to ruin O'Reilly, who was a gay, careless fellow. She is said to have put men up to

lead him into bad investments. Anyhow, she got the house, and O'Reilly went out to California. I imagine there was a hard struggle out there at first. His son, young Justin, had to carve his own fortune; the father and mother, and an older brother, died when he was a boy. All this long story came out of your wanting an old house. It can't have interested you much, I'm afraid!"

Roger did not say whether it had or had not; but in fact his interest had been intense. This was what he had wanted to hear from one who knew Justin O'Reilly well. But he wanted to hear even more.

"Certainly, there's romance attached to that house!" he said with a short laugh. "But Miss O'Reilly has changed her mind, and won't sell?"

"So she assures me," answered Lewis. "You see, she couldn't be sure that Justin wasn't standing behind a dummy buyer, now she knows he's definitely after the place, and able to purchase for a decent price. It'll be nuts to her to think he wants the old house worse than he ever wanted anything in his life—this son of her rival and the man who threw her over for a nobody. I take it that in the circumstances she won't sell the place to any one. Perhaps she never meant to sell it, when the test came."

"So poor O'Reilly wants the home of his ancestors worse than he ever wanted anything in his life!" repeated Roger.

"He does. I've known of that dream for years. He told me once that he'd grown up with it. There was no time for him to mention the subject to-night, though, at the Dietz. Heron filled the horizon for us all. O'Reilly may not know yet that the old lady means to shut herself up like a hermit-crab, and not even listen to any offer from him."

"Quite a domestic drama!" said Sands.

"Isn't it?" echoed Lewis.

At that point the conversation switched to the President's attitude toward the European war. Dr. Lewis hoped he hadn't bored Roger Sands; and Roger, as he discussed politics, determined to write to Miss O'Reilly the moment Lewis had gone.

*(To be continued in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)*

